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Beside *the* Beautiful Willamette

By

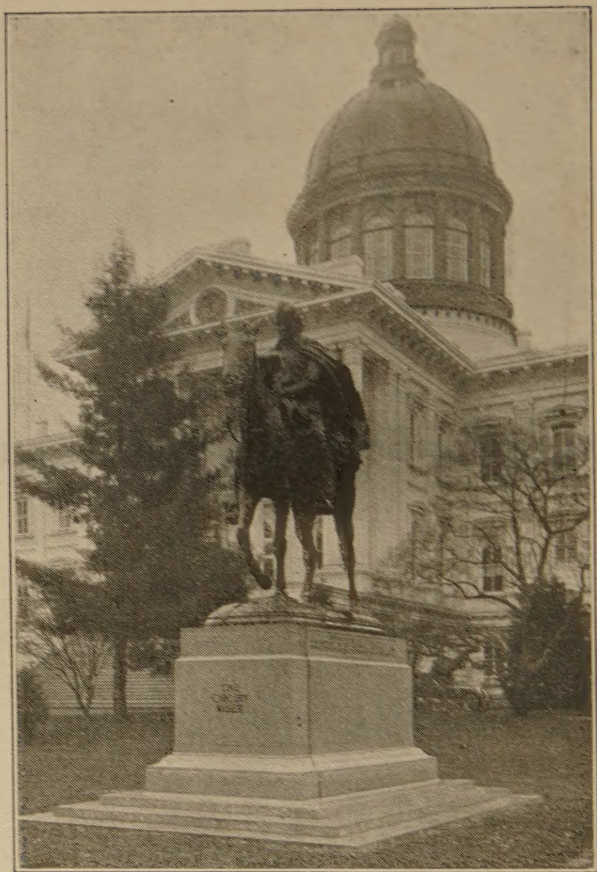
John Parsons



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Beside the Beautiful Willamette



THE CIRCUIT RIDER

Presented to the State of Oregon in reverent and grateful remembrance of Robert Booth, pioneer minister of the Oregon country, by his son, Robert A. Booth, commemorating the labors and achievements of the ministers of the gospel, who as Circuit Riders became the friends, counselors and evangelists to the pioneers on every American frontier.

*Beside the
Beautiful Willamette*

By
JOHN PARSONS



*"Take it, Lord, and let it be
As something I have done for Thee."*
—LONGFELLOW.

1924
METROPOLITAN PRESS
Portland, Oregon

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TO THE MEMORY OF
ANNA PITMAN LEE

ONE OF THE FIRST GROUP OF
FOREIGN MISSIONARY WOMEN OF
THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN MARRIED
IN OREGON, AND THE FIRST WHITE
WOMAN OF OREGON TO ENTER THE
PORTAL OF THE SKY. A LEADER, WHO,
IN FAITH, IN HOPE, IN COURAGE, IN
SACRIFICE, AND IN LOYALTY TO GREAT
IDEALS, EMBODIED AND EXPRESSED THE

SPIRIT OF THE NOBLE
PIONEER WOMEN
OF OREGON

“NO COUNTRY I HAVE YET SEEN
EQUALS THE BEAUTY OF THE
VALLEY THROUGH WHICH THE WIL-
LAMETTE RIVER FLOWS. THE SCENERY,
WHICH IS BEHELD FROM ANY PART
OF THE OPEN COUNTRY, IS NOT ONLY
BEAUTIFUL, AND EMINENTLY CALCU-
LATED TO EXCITE THE IMAGINATION,
BUT IT IS ENTIRELY UNIQUE.”

—J. Quinn Thornton.

Orin, 11-25-57

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"Vision is the Golden Key."—Page 48

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HARVEY W. SCOTT began his noble address on "Jason Lee's Place in History" with the following impressive words: "That faith which foresees and believes and is the substance of all things, was the inspiration of the Oregon Missions and the creative power of the growth of the great States of the Pacific Northwest." The achievements of that faith in the Oregon Country are fresh proof of the oft repeated claim that faith is the essence of heroism, and the miracle working wonder of the ages.

*Faith of
Our Fathers*

To honor that faith is the aim of this book. Historic accuracy has been diligently sought after, but the main objective is a record of "faith working by love" in the men and women of Old Oregon. Heroism was a common thing in those days, and sacrifice a daily practice; but these were the fruit of a spiritual tree. Faith was the vital and vitalizing element in the life of the pioneers, and, like one of the ancient worthies, they "endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

*Aim of
the Book*

In gathering the material for this book the author has had access to some original sources of information. Among these the following precious documents are worthy of mention: The diary of Jason Lee, a fragmentary but valuable record; the manuscript diary of Cyrus Shepard, which was written mostly on the Oregon Trail in 1834; the diary of Alvan F. Waller, which was written at

*Precious
Documents*

Oregon City about 1841; the diary of James H. Wilbur, which was written mainly in 1846-7, during the voyage from New York to Baker's Bay; the diary of J. Quinn Thornton, which was written in 1846 and published in 1849; the recollections of Mrs. Kesiah Belknap, a pioneer of 1847; and the Official Journals of the Oregon Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, beginning with 1853. The author is debtor to these records of the daily life of individuals for many human situations and interesting stories.

We have called this book "Beside the Beautiful Willamette." Two considerations suggested the name. (1) The first house in the Oregon Country dedicated to Christian civilization, and American patriotism, was situated on the east bank of the Willamette river a few miles north of Salem, and from that house religion and patriotism radiated in all directions. And (2) the reaction of the pioneers to the scenic wonders of Oregon was just as enthusiastic as that of Nature lovers today, and their interpretation of the beautiful and the sublime frequently struck a high note.

Jason Lee is the outstanding character of the book. This fact needs no apology. His person was the embodiment of the faith of the pioneers; and his life was sustained by courage, driven by enthusiasm, and glorified by sacrifice. He was an interpreter of the Holy, a visible record of invisible things; and Bishop Simpson called him "the peer of any man who adorns the roll of modern workers of the Church of Christ." It has been said that he impressed upon the Willamette Valley a character for religious and literary aspiration which remains to this day.

John Parsons

Portland, 1924.

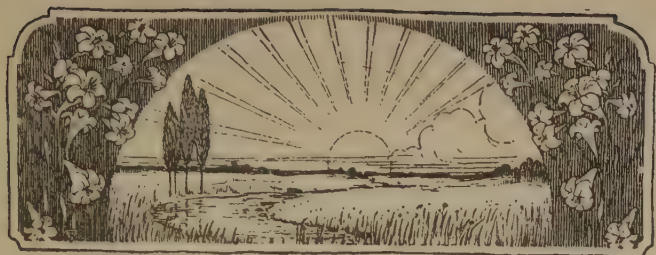
I.

The Oregon Sunrise



JASON LEE

*"His spirit is here, and the work he set in motion is
a possession here forever."—H. W. SCOTT.*



I.

JASON LEE

"The results of his services constitute an epoch in the history of the church, and an honorable incident in the history of his country."—BASHFORD.

OLD OREGON was cradled in romance. As a life picture one story is pathetic and heroic. The Indians knocking at our Western gates, begging for the white man's book of Heaven and the white man's God, and the five men leaving their country, their kindred, and their father's house, is a sight once seen never to be forgotten. To the Church it was an inspiration, and to mankind a blessing.

It was a weird and pathetic tale, which seized the imagination and fired the heart of the Church. St. Paul's vision at Troas, on the west coast of Asia, seemed paralleled in the quest of the Flathead Indians; or, it was a new expression of the ancient saying that men should seek the Lord if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him. Disappointment and death overtook the poor Indians, part of them at least, but their cry was not in vain. For the papers printed it, and from pulpit and platform it was sounded out, until the quickened sentiment of America crystallized in the mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church and, two years later, in that of the American Board.

The overland trip to Oregon in those days was a formidable undertaking, almost, if not quite equal to that of Stanley across the Dark Continent. But Christian heroism was equal to the task, and, obedient to the heavenly vision, Jason Lee, Daniel Lee and Cyrus Shepard, mounted their horses and followed the "Oregon Trail." They left the Atlantic coast in March, 1834, and arrived in Oregon in September of the same year.

In Missouri they were joined by Philip L. Edwards and Courtney M. Walker, making a party of five.

DAYBREAK IN OLD OREGON

Their arrival in Oregon created an epoch in the history of the West. One writer called it the Oregon sunrise, and in truth it was; the coming of the missionaries was like the dawn of day.

Take a look at the picture. Behind the Cascade Mountains a light wrestles with the darkness; but gradually the clouds are broken up and chased away, and the dark streaks along the edge of the horizon are transformed into violet and crimson and gold. The sun appears, like a ball of fire, and, between Hood and Jefferson the sky is a blaze of glory. The radiance is reflected in the water and glitters on the walls, while a host of flowers smile in the sunshine, and the grateful birds sing songs of praise. It is a beautiful picture, passing the power of fancy to conceive or the hand of man to paint.

But for the social, civil, intellectual, political, and religious life of Oregon the advent of the missionaries was similar. It was the Oregon sunrise, the dawn of a new day.

ANCESTRY OF THE LEES

The leader of this great adventure was a young man of thirty, and belonged to an old New England family. Jason Lee was a lineal descendant of John Lee, who came to America early in the seventeenth century, and settled on Massachusetts

Bay. Daniel Lee, the father of Jason, enlisted in the army of the Revolution and participated in the battles of Lexington, White Plains, Long Island, and other engagements. Little is known of his mother, except that she was a woman of rare courage and great personal force.

About the year 1796 Daniel Lee joined in the emigration to northern Vermont, and settled on a tract of land which the international survey, made and accepted about 50 years later, placed partly in Canada and partly in the United States. The house of Daniel Lee was about a stone's throw north of the American line, but the family regarded themselves as American citizens. Here Jason Lee was born June 27, 1803, and here he died March 12, 1845.

The last twelve years of his life, 1833-1845, were devoted to Oregon, and in those years he achieved the results which placed him in the forefront of Oregon history.

OREGON'S MOST HEROIC FIGURE

One of the most romantic and heroic figures in Old Oregon is that of Jason Lee. He has been called, "Oregon's most heroic figure." His ancestors were sincere and sturdy folk. In school he won the admiration of his classmates and the confidence of his instructors, and when the Church needed a man to plant the Oregon Mission Wilbur Fisk said:

"I know but one man—JASON LEE."

He was intended seemingly for great things. Nature gave him a constitution like iron. His person was tall, being six feet three inches high, and well developed; his complexion was almost blond, with light hair and grayish-blue eyes; his manner was grave without dullness, gentle without weakness; his mind was large, and responsive to all the pure aspirations of the human conscience; his spirit was brave, tireless, indomitable; and his character was sincere and exemplary, benevolent and all-embracing.

For heroic faith and splendid devotion his career is worthy of comparison with that of his great namesake, Jesse Lee, who pioneered Methodism in New England and challenged Calvinism on Boston Common; and his desire to win souls for Christ was like that of him who carried the Gospel into Macedonia and planted the cross on Mars' Hill.

Jason Lee was what Emerson calls a sufficient man, a man equal to his office. With the Indian in his wigwam and with the representatives of the Hudson's Bay Company he was equally at home; for both admired his spirit and approved his work, the latter giving him donations of cattle and money.

Twice he crossed the Rocky Mountains; his first visit to the United States kindled such enthusiasm that the Missionary Society granted more than he asked, and the government gave him financial aid.

To him it was given to plant a Mission, to establish a Church, to found a College, and to bring the largest mission party to Oregon, which, prior to that time, had ever left an American port. In this way he established the preponderance of American sentiment in the disputed area, and laid the foundations of great States.

What a hero he was! He climbed mountains, he forded streams, he trailed woods, he battled with forest growths and human savagery, and counted no sacrifice too great in order to publish the glad tidings of the grace of God.

He died in Canada while on a visit to his native hills, but his monument is the Oregon Church, and his epitaph the reverence of the people. Solomon ascended on steps of ivory to a throne of gold, but by faith and consecration Jason Lee ascended to his coronation. He was a great and good man, and lives in the world's life because he renounced his own.

SOURCE OF HIS LIFE

The source of his life was the hill of the Lord; indeed, like

every great life, his was a jet from the heart of things. Nature was his first school, and things his teachers—the great forests, the mighty prairies of the north, the hills, and the vast overhanging sky mirrored God to his soul and made him devout. But though nature was the anchor of his purest thought, the nurse, the guide, the guardian of his heart, and the soul of all his moral being, as Wordsworth would say, still his life was without purpose or aim.

In his twenty-third year, however, an event occurred which uplifted his life and rolled it in another sphere. It was a revival of religion, before which the hearts of the people trembled like their own pines fretted by the gusts of heaven. Jason Lee did not yield to the Holy Spirit at once; indeed, he listened to the two voices—faith and doubt wrestled for the mastery. But when the contest was over earth was “crowned with heaven” and every common bush was “afire with God.” He could not tell what he saw—no one can—but the source and the direction of his life were changed, and the vision remained with him to his dying day.

Almost from that moment his mind was made up, and had he spoken his mind he would have said: “I thank God that I have now found my calling, wherein, with or without perceptible results, I am minded diligently to persevere.”

Straightway he became a student at Wilbraham, where he fell under the influence of Wilbur Fisk. And, on the other hand, Jason Lee won the heart of the great instructor, who looked upon the young man as a top-notch in the student body.

His life was a demonstrated dream; all great lives are. To his sense-governed brethren Joseph was a dreamer, a master of dreams, and they flung him into a pit, then sold him into slavery. But he kept on dreaming dreams, and when his hour came his dreams became shining realities. The English Johnson says that Milton’s “Paradise Lost” was a vision long before it was a fact; and Lincoln confessed that he was driven by the hand of

God to emancipate the slaves. Some call this belief in destiny, but the Bible finds the source of these impressions in the Spirit of God. It says that Jesus was driven by the Spirit into the wilderness, and that St. Paul heard the voice of God, saying, "Depart, for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles." Similarly, God told Jason Lee that his calling was to preach the Gospel, and that his work would be among the red men of the West. He wrote Osmon C. Baker, his college friend, afterward a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, "I have not forgotten the red men of the West, though I am not yet among them"; and he offered himself for work among the Indians of Canada. But God had another place for him, and when the door opened he entered in, doubting nothing, and saying:

"My time be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth,
And death complete the same!"

Death did complete it; he died at the age of forty-one, with his heart in Oregon and his face toward heaven.

A GENUINE HERO PRIEST

Carlyle would call Jason Lee a genuine hero-priest, a spiritual captain of the people. In college he was a leader among young men, and led them to Christ. On the trail he was a great favorite with the men, and his influence was uplifting. He preached the word at Vancouver, and nineteen persons were baptized, one being Lady McLoughlin.

Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, paid a fine tribute to his work when he said to Jason Lee: "Before you came into the country we could not send a boat past The Dalles without an armed guard of sixty men. Now we go up singly and no one is robbed." It was a tribute,

in fact, to the restraining and civilizing power of the Gospel, and Jason Lee thought of that saying, "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain."

At his first camp meeting, held for the benefit of the white people, nineteen unconverted persons were present, but before the meeting closed sixteen of these had been converted. It was in this meeting that Joseph Meek, a wild mountaineer, and notable man in old Oregon, turned to the preachers and said: "Tell everybody you see that Joseph Meek, that old Rocky Mountain sinner, has turned to the Lord."

The effect of Jason Lee's preaching cannot be better expressed than by the Indian who remarked, after listening to one of his sermons: "The truth never appeared to cheer me before; always when I attended worship my mind has been on those about me, but now it has been of what was said."

Jason Lee was a voice crying in the wilderness, a voice from the unseen heavens, and an interpreter of God to men.

STAR OF THE COMING DAY

I will give him the morning star. This is Jason Lee's decoration, his badge of distinction and honor, which no man can take from him.

On the western slope of the Rocky Mountains he preached the first Protestant sermon delivered in the West. The time was July 27, 1834, the place was a grove of trees, and the congregation consisted of about thirty Indians, and as many white folks.

Daniel Lee opened the service by reading the Psalm, beginning, "Who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?" They sang the hymn, "The Lord of Sabbath Let Us Praise," and Jason Lee led in prayer.

Then Jason Lee preached the sermon, using as his text the words of St. Paul, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

In his sketch of the service Cyrus Shepard said, the congregation gave the most profound and solemn attention, and for himself it was a means of grace. "It was as if an angel, in his passage to the skies, had shaken his bright wings over the people for an instant, at once a shadow and a splendor, and had shed down a shower of golden truths upon them."

After the service two Indians visited Jason Lee in his tent. He showed them the Bible, and explained, as best he could, that it was given by the Great Spirit to mark the trail leading to the beautiful country behind the hills of death. Cyrus Shepard said, they gave the utmost attention, and went away satisfied.

Likewise, in the valley of the Columbia, Jason Lee rendered a similar service. The date was September 28, 1834, and the place was Vancouver. In the morning he preached on the "Salvation of Jonah," and in the evening on "Zechariah's Branch," who, it was said, shall build the temple of the Lord. Cyrus Shepard wrote of this day's work, "The season was one of great comfort to my soul."

Bishop Bashford concurs in this fine statement from the pen of Harvey K. Hines concerning Mr. Lee's leadership in missionary work: "In the missionary annals of the Methodist Episcopal Church Jason Lee bears the same relation to Melville B. Cox as in our early history Bishop Asbury bore to Bishop Coke. Coke was the prophetic dreamer; Asbury realized Coke's dream. So Cox was a splendid prophecy of the triumph of the kingdom. He entered Africa with comprehensive plans and flawless consecration on March 9, 1833. Four months and twelve days later he lay dead upon the field, leaving the Church only his heroic summons, 'Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up!' Lee had barely time to hear the dying cry for Africa before taking up his march toward the western shores of America. There he became in fact what Cox was in splendid purpose—the man who set the stamp of his life, as

well as the glory of his death, upon the missionary enterprises of the church."

LEADER IN COLONIAL WORK

To other things Mr. Lee occupies a similar position. "It is due the truth of history," wrote H. W. Scott, "to show that Jason Lee was the leader in colonial as in missionary work in Oregon, and that his journey to the East in the interests of Oregon, and his appeal to Washington, antedated the journey and the appeal of Whitman by five years."

In 1836 Jason Lee wrote a petition addressed to the United States Government praying for the establishment of a territorial organization in Oregon. Together with William A. Slocum, an officer of the United States Navy, Mr. Lee got the settlers' signatures upon this document. Mr. Slocum was the custodian of this petition. He carried it to Washington, D. C., and it was presented to Congress in 1837.

On the 7th day of February, 1841, the first effort was made with a view to the organization of a civil government in Oregon. The meeting was held at Champoege, and Jason Lee was called to the chair. He advised the selection of a committee for the purpose of draughting a constitution and code of laws for the government of the settlements south of the Columbia river.

Jason Lee and party brought cattle through with them, which, J. Quinn Thornton says, were the first owned by any American citizen west of the Rocky Mountains; and Mr. Lee initiated the movement, which, in 1837, broke the cattle monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company. Six hundred head of cattle were brought safely into the Willamette valley from California, and distributed among the settlers. Gustavus Hines said of the undertaking: "This successful enterprise, which laid the foundation for a rapid accumulation of wealth by the settlers,

was mainly accomplished through the energy and perseverance of Jason Lee."

He has been called the father of American civilization in Oregon, and is entitled to this unique distinction.

"It is impossible to go beyond Jason Lee in Oregon history," wrote T. T. Geer in *Fifty Years in Oregon*. "Back of him there is a wild—no schools, no churches, no agriculture, no homes.

"Indeed, there was no civilization.

"There were trappers, fur-traders, a few white men with native wives, adventurers without purpose in life.

"But Lee, with his companions, on the sixth day of October, 1834, pitched their tents on the banks of the Willamette River, ten miles below where Salem now is, and proceeded to found the Methodist Mission, from whence at once began to radiate the influence of Christianity for the first time in all the Oregon country."

A SINCERE HUMAN SOUL

The diary of Jason Lee, though fragmentary, is a human document, mirror of a sincere human soul. At times he is like the hot springs, which they passed on the trail, whose water is warmed in unknown depths, and forced up by the inner forces of Nature. In one of those intense and burning moments, Jason Lee wrote:

"Thank God, I have peace through believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost. My ardent soul longs to be sounding salvation in the ears of these red men. I trust I shall see many of them rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. Lord, hasten the hour, and Thou shalt have all the glory!"

Frequently he is like one of the mountains through which they passed, a tall peak in a vast range of moral and spiritual elevation. One year after his departure from home, to embark on his long and perilous journey, Jason Lee saw a vision pass

before his eyes. Five brothers stood before him, four sisters, their husbands, and their wives, his nephews, nieces, friends and companions of his youth, never expecting to see his face again. He saw eyes filled with tears, and faces flushed with anguish, but he turned his back upon the group and hurried away, and, he asked, "For what?" Then he adds:

"For riches? Honor? Power? Fame? O, Thou searcher of hearts, Thou knowest! O, how I long to erect the standard of my Master in these regions, which Satan has so long claimed for his own!"

It was the call of duty, which for him was the call of God, and it must not be denied.

Later, Jason Lee stood forth like the hill of the Lord, a brave disciple of duty, and his gifted wife showed that courage and truth were the pillars of her being. Speaking of the feelings of that hour, Jason Lee wrote: "The Master called, and duty required me to leave home and wife and friends, and retrace my steps to the land of civilization." Driven by duty he became, once more, a pilgrim of the long trail, and, just before his departure, his wife put into his hand the following words:

"Must my dear companion leave me,
Sad and lonely here to dwell?
If 'tis duty thus that calls thee,
Shall I keep thee? No; farewell!

Go, then, loved one, God go with thee
To protect and save from harm:—
Though thou dost remove far from me,
Thou are safe within His arm."

The forest, which Jason Lee knew so well, standing forth in the twilight, with bowed heads and branches crossed, and the wind sighing among the trees, was more than once a fit symbol of his soul. In fact, a wounded human spirit turned on its bed

of pain. Sorrow smote him blow on blow ; but when he looked deathward, he looked over death and upward. In one shining moment, he wrote :

"I sometimes contemplate myself occupying an enviable position ; the spirits of two beloved companions awaiting my arrival, ready to welcome me to that bright abode, where those hearts which always beat in unison, and those hands which never touched a discordant string on earth, will unite and engage with celestial ecstasy in the glorious employment of those around the throne."

JASON LEE'S LENGTHENING SHADOW

In his career in Oregon Jason Lee appears in a variety of aspects. He is teamster, farmer, carpenter, tailor, cook, as well as minister of the Gospel. For they had to produce their own food, build their own houses, make and mend their own clothes. It brings to mind the fine saying of Carlyle, "Sublimar in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint. * * * Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself."

It is the fate of genius to be misunderstood. Stoning the prophets is one of the pastimes of the world. What else are they for ? To this rule Jason Lee was no exception. Some charged him with seeking to acquire property, and thus secularizing the mission ; and some charged him with dabbling in current politics. One, however, indicated his far-sighted zeal for the kingdom of God, and the other his vital patriotism.

Jason Lee was a man of clear vision. He had no illusions about the red men, or his right to possess a country which he did not know how to use. He saw the full significance of the westward march of civilization, which had been likened to a deluge of men rising unabatedly, and daily driven onward by the hand of God. By faith he saw a tide of men pouring over the mountains and rushing down into the valleys of the West, and his plans were made accordingly.

His supreme objective was a social order controlled and directed by the United States. He did not live to see this objective fully won; but he initiated the movement among the pioneers, and was its central figure.

In his official relation Jason Lee moved in a large orbit. His plans were those of a forward looking man. He planned mission stations at Salem, Oregon City, Astoria, The Dalles, Puget Sound, and Southern Oregon, part of which he successfully planted. Agriculture was developed, manual training of Indian youth was encouraged, cattle was imported from California, and he stood in the forefront of every movement for social and civil betterment. And, when the transition period arrived, he seized the opportunity by organizing a church in Salem, first on the Pacific Coast, and by establishing a school, which grew into Willamette University.

Emerson called institutions the lengthening shadows of great men. And, if such they are, it must be said, the shadow of Jason Lee is forever lengthening in all the territory of old Oregon.

On the western slope of the Rocky Mountains Cyrus Shepard wrote in his diary: "We have passed the divide between the waters of the Atlantic and those of the Pacific." At this point their feet rested on the headwaters of a river, which flowed on and on, its size and volume increased by tributary streams, and which found its home at last in the Pacific Ocean. Such, indeed, was the mission party itself. It was the beginning of a national stream, which flowed onward, with ever increasing volume and force, overcoming every obstruction, and, in a few years, the flag of the Republic was securely planted on the shores of the Western sea.

HONORS FOR JASON LEE

Sixty-one years after his death the sacred dust of Jason Lee was removed to Oregon, and on June 15, 1906, it was interred

in the cemetery at Salem that bears his name. Representatives of three States, Oregon, Washington and Idaho, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and of the Oregon Historical Society devoted the entire day to exercises in honor of the man who, it was frequently declared, did more than any other one person to make Oregon a part of the United States.

Fourteen years later, October 20, 1920, in the Hall of Representatives at Salem, Oregon, an oil painting of Jason Lee was unveiled by Governor Olcott in the presence of about one thousand people; and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Thomas A. McBride, said in his presentation address, "I hail him the ideal Christian, the faithful patriot, the father of American civilization in Oregon."

It would be easy to make a Chaplet for Jason Lee in the literary gardens of Old Oregon. We close this chapter with three flowers from these gardens. Mr. J. B. Horner says:

"There was something so permanent and far-reaching in what Jason Lee did that only as time passes can we see the results of his labors, and fully understand the colossal efforts put forth by this Christian gentleman for the enlightenment of Oregon."

"Jason Lee is more than a missionary, a pioneer, a colonizer, a patriot, a statesman," wrote Edgar B. Piper. "He is a symbol—a symbol of duty seen and done amid trials and perils, of opportunity realized and crystalized against official ignorance and neglect, of ministry bestowed on the friendless Indian and the homeless immigrant, and of service performed to his God and to his country, once indifferent, now grateful."

And C. B. Bagley, of Seattle, voiced a common feeling when he said:

"If any individual deserves to be canonized for his grand work in 'Old Oregon,' it should be Jason Lee."

II.

DANIEL LEE AND CYRUS SHEPARD

DANIEL LEE was like a cedar in Lebanon; he grew to God until in size, height, strength, and durability of character, he was like one of the monarchs of the forest.

Cyrus Shepard was a palm tree in the house of the Lord; his life was beautiful, fruitful, useful, and his presence was a benediction.

The communion of saints was a sacred and living reality with these men. In the Rocky Mountains Cyrus Shepard wrote: "I retired to a distance from the camp after supper with Brother Daniel Lee, and there we read the Scripture, sang and conversed together, confessing our sins before the Lord, imploring forgiveness and the quickening influences of the Spirit. The season was solemn, interesting and profitable." After the death of Cyrus Shepard, Daniel Lee wrote: "After I was stationed at The Dalles, we corresponded at every opportunity. In my frequent visits to Willamette, I was kindly received by all, but by none with more affection than by Brother Shepard. He has hobbled to the gate, on his lame leg, to meet me, when he would embrace me in his arms, his face beaming with delight, while his tongue gave utterance to the glad emotions of his heart." Both hearts were keyed to the same tune, and their inspired melody was an Alleluia sent up to God.

TEN YEARS IN OREGON

Daniel Lee was a nephew of Jason Lee. He was a preacher, teacher, farmer, mechanic, a doctor without credentials, skillful with a canoe, and versed in the Indian language—a collection of qualities which made him a valuable man in old Oregon.

He it was who found Jason Lee in the pineries of Canada, spoke to him about his soul, and brought him to Jesus.

The courage of Daniel Lee was like the strong mountains, and he did not spare himself. Drenched by the rain, baked by the sun, chilled by the frost, in peril among the Indians, and tossed by wind and wave, still his zeal was unabated. In an overland trip from The Dalles to Salem he and his party were lost in a trackless forest, and their food was exhausted. Two horses were killed, the meat was dried, and they subsisted on it several days. Twenty times he canoed up and down the Willametter River, four times from Vancouver to Astoria, and thirty-two times between Vancouver and The Dalles. Sworn to duty and happy in his work, he opened his evangel everywhere.

What was the result of his devotion? Victory! For with bare feet and scanty clothing the Indians went through frost and snow to hear him preach the Gospel, and with glad hearts and radiant eyes they cried, "Micah Jesus Christ e-toke-te!" which is by interpretation, "Thou Jesus Christ art good." Then the delighted red men called upon others to taste and see that the Lord is good.

When Daniel Lee was in charge of the station at The Dalles there was a glorious revival of religion. He records that twelve hundred Indians attended a camp meeting, a dance hall was converted into a place of prayer, class meetings were organized in their villages, and in one visitation two hundred and fifty persons were baptized.

In the spring of 1843 the health of his wife began to fail, and for her sake he left Oregon. Early in August he said farewell at The Dalles after a sermon and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and he heard the sigh of heart-strings snapping, and saw the responsive tear of grief. The next Sunday he preached in Oregon City, and the following Sunday in Astoria. Crossing the bar of the Columbia River, he gave rein to his memory, and, as the sun went down in a sea of glass mingled

with fire, and the Oregon coast vanished out of sight, he wrote in his journal:

“Farewell! Oregon, far West!
Land of my exile, may you ever be blest!
Land of my toil, anxiety, pain;
Land which my feet shall not press again:
Land where mercy, kindness, love,
In showers have blessed me from above!”

Daniel Lee died in 1895. Before his departure the veteran wrote Daniel Dorchester, saying: “My heavenly Father has taken special care of me. How deep, how high, how enduring is His love!”

A FLOWER FOR THE BREAST OF GOD

Cyrus Shepard was a flower for the breast of God. Gentle in spirit, consecrated in life, and finding his meat and drink in doing the will of God, he deserves to be known as Cyrus the Good.

Mr. Shepard was born in Acton, Mass., August 14, 1789; he was converted, January 1, 1826; arrived in Oregon, September 15, 1834; and died at the Mission, January 1, 1840. His father was a soldier in the army of the Revolution, and Cyrus lived a soldierly life.

The gift of God is eternal life. Cyrus Shepard received this gift in a profound religious experience, which unmade and remade his soul. For years life was a struggle between the true man and the false man, which gave him much distress. This is the way he describes the conflict, and his fatal weakness: “It was my pride and vanity that kept me from God during those years in which the Spirit so clearly showed me my duty. I wept over my sins, and still clung to my idols. I desired to have religion, but I would have worldly gratifications too.”

The false man had the upper hand, and the true man was kept under.

Grace is a whisper from God bidding the true man to arise and dethrone the false man. Cyrus listened to the voice, and his soul was deeply stirred. He wrote of this phase of his experience: "I feel quite a load of guilt resting on my heart. Why have I not long before this repented of my sins, and placed myself on the Lord's side?" He saw himself in the light of God, and felt the compulsion of a power which he could hardly resist.

In a few days God gave Cyrus a splendid moment, which lifted him sheer out of his sin and unbelief. The past fell from him, and he stood free and clean, a soul new-born and made alive unto God. It was a delicious hour in his life. The chronicle says: "His cup was running over with joy, and he spent the night in praising God."

Cyrus discovered that the rose and lily of Christian experience often grow among thorns. Satan tempted him with the number and magnitude of his sins, and dared him to say God had forgiven him; but he was instructed in the wiles of the devil, and the faithfulness of God, and his confidence returned. He overcame by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of his testimony.

The first day of the year was the diamond day of his life, which he used to celebrate with gratitude and joy, for on that day he was admitted into the kingdom of grace; and it pleased his heavenly Father, on the same day of the year, to receive him into the kingdom of glory.

SERVANT OF GOD AND DUTY

Cyrus Shepard was lifted by the stars; he was impelled and restrained by a great ideal. About the time that Melville B. Cox sailed for Africa, Cyrus Shepard dreamed a dream. In his dream he sailed for Africa with that true man of God; the

good ship rocked on the bosom of the deep, and he was driven on toward that distant and neglected land. Concerning his dream he said to a friend:

"O, brother, I have had a most delightful dream. Would I could realize it! I set sail for Africa with our missionaries, and our noble ship dashed finely on toward that land while my heart leaped within me for joy. I had gathered around me already the sable children of the missionary school, teaching them the word of life, when I was hurried back to know that I have yet to wait for that time." Then he added with joyous expression:

"It will be, I shall yet labor in a heathen land. The Lord has called me, and I have laid my plans."

His missionary call came with his conversion. The Sunday School to which he belonged was organized into a missionary society, and in three years it gave three hundred dollars for this work. By its liberality the New Testament and the catechism were translated and printed in some of the Indian languages of the West. He prized the monthly concert of prayer for missions, and the service brought him great delight. In his heart the missionary spirit struggled for expression, and after almost seven years it broke loose. Of that day and hour, he wrote:

"For more than seven years I have felt a conviction that it was my duty to go to the heathen. My prayer has been that God would open the way, in His providence, and that I might be directed into the path of duty. At times my soul has been on the stretch for the work, and it seemed as if I could wait no longer. At length the Lord has, I trust, in His own time and manner, opened the way before me."

God and duty were the poles of his being, and on them his life revolved. It was a life of sacrifice, but it did not frighten him. "I believe," he wrote, "God called me to make the sacrifice. I have done it, and He has blessed me."

Cyrus Shepard enjoyed the happiness of duty ; and he knew the meaning of that saying, "Those are really highest who are nearest to heaven, and those are lowest who are farthest from it."

He was a man of faith and prayer. Like gold chains, these bound him to the feet of God ; and, frequently, from a happy place, God's glory smote him on the face. On the trail he wrote, "I retired to a willow grove about a half mile from the camp, and poured out my soul in prayer and praise to God. Had a melting season. My heart was humbled within me." Once he yielded to impatience, and his spirit was overwhelmed within him ; but, as his custom was, he went into a clump of willows, and poured out his soul to God in strong crying and tears. God lifted the burden, and turned his sorrow into joy.

When David Leslie and his party arrived in Oregon, in 1837, they were greeted by one, whom they described as "A tall, fine looking man in a brown linen frock." They were evidently struck with the dignity of his person, and the plainness of his dress. But he was as careful about his conduct as he was careless about his clothes. Being reminded once that he needed a new suit of clothes, he replied : "I would buy a suit, if it were not for my propensity to extravagance in dress." To crucify the flesh, with its affections and lusts, was a cardinal doctrine with him. Our Lord's doctrine of the Cross, "Deny thyself, take up thy cross, and follow Me," was his daily practice.

'TIS ONLY NOBLE TO BE GOOD

Cyrus Shepard was a teacher by profession, and goodness was his patent of nobility. Like his Master, he went about doing good. Indian villages for miles around shared in his ministry, and enjoyed his benedictions. If he found a sick Indian he would take him a dish of porridge, a piece of bread, or whatever he thought would do him good ; and thus he brought sunshine into their cold hearts, and neglected homes. When they were hungry, he gave them meat ; when they were homeless and

friendless, he gave them shelter; when they were naked, or in prison, he clothed them and visited them. Goodness was his crown of glory, and diadem of beauty; and he was a living example of the fine saying of Tennyson, "'Tis only noble to be good."

True to nature the Indians loved him, and sent for him when they needed sympathy and help. In his last sickness, they lingered lovingly near his death-chamber; and after his burial, little Indian children used to gather flowers, and lay them on his grave. During his lifetime it was happiness to see him pass, and they kissed his shadow; and after his death they felt very much like the women, who brought spices to the sepulchre of Jesus. It was the adoration of goodness.

Writers of the period speak of the garden of Cyrus Shepard. It was in front of the Mission, and adorned with plants, vines, and flowers; and, it is said, the bright colors and delicious fragrance filled his Indian friends with wonder and admiration. His garden was an emblem of himself. They were charmed into gladness, beguiled into goodness, and lifted toward heaven by the beauty and melody of his life.

William Sutton, for many years a resident of Jefferson, Oregon, was a student in the school of Cyrus Shepard. To the little Indian boy the good teacher was profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction; and, though sixty years had passed, when I talked with Brother Sutton, the memory of his teacher lingered in his life like a strain of solemn music. When he thought of the good man who walked in Judea eighteen hundred years ago, he thought of Cyrus Shepard; for in Cyrus Shepard he saw Him, whose beautiful life is the melody of the world. In fact, Cyrus Shepard fulfilled the ideal of Whittier, who wrote:

"The dear Christ dwells not afar,
The King of some remoter star,
But here, amidst the poor and blind,
The bound and suffering of our kind,
In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Life of our life, He lives today."

God was very near, and very beautiful, to Cyrus Shepard. He saw Him on the great plains, by the rivers, in the hills, and the splendor of the sky was the light of His countenance. When he slept under a tree in the open air, he thought of that Scripture, "They shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods," and when he slept in his wet clothes and blankets, he offered prayer and praise to God, and rejoiced in His past and present goodness. His faith was unshaken, and unshakable.

CYRUS SHEPARD AT VANCOUVER

Two incidents stand out in the work of Cyrus Shepard at Vancouver, where he taught school a few months. One was the singing of the children. So delighted was Dr. McLoughlin with this feature of his work that he requested the children to assemble every Sabbath evening in the dining hall to read the Bible, and sing hymns. It was like the children crying in the temple, and saying, "Hosanna to the son of David!"

In the other incident, Cyrus Shepard stands in the forefront of missionary effort among the Japanese. It was about twenty years before the Sunrise kingdom was opened to Christian missions, and three years before Gutzlaff, the great German missionary, began to instruct shipwrecked Japanese sailors in China. It so happened that three Japanese sailors were wrecked on the Oregon coast, enslaved by the Indians, liberated by Dr. McLoughlin, and became pupils in Cyrus Shepard's school. Before they left for Japan, by way of England, they had learned the Lord's prayer, and other portions of the Bible.

This work of the good teacher was like bread cast upon the water, which appeared after many days. William H. Gray relates that after a brief stay in England these Japanese wayfarers became associated with Gutzlaff in Christian work among their countrymen in China and Japan. God moves in a mysterious way, and His wonders never cease.

One thing more. The first class of converts baptized in the Oregon country, and received into the Church, came from the school of Mr. Shepard at Vancouver. He brought them to Jesus by his example and teaching.

THE VICTORY SUPREME

Cyrus Shepard died at the Mission with the dying year of 1839. And such a death! It was not dying; it was euthanasia.

When the doctor was cutting off his diseased leg, he would frequently exclaim: "God is good! God is good!" During his long and painful sickness not a murmur escaped his lips, and he said the grace of God kept it out of his heart. From his death bed he wrote a cheery letter to Daniel Lee, and subscribed himself, "A part of Cyrus." Before his departure, he said: "All is peace! peace! Oh, what glory! glory! We have victory through the Lamb!"

"On the river's farther side,
He saw the hill-tops glorified.

* * * * *

From out the darkness where he trod,
He gazed upon those hills of God."

One who stood by said: "Surely he is dying?" "Yes," he replied, "I am dying, but dying to live again. I shall soon be over Jordan!"

So the victorious saint passed through the gates of the city, "washed in the blood of the Lamb"; but the afterglow of his life was like that of the sun, when through banks of clouds,

shot through with light, and bathed in golden glory, it enters the gates of the West. Those who stood by had never heard the words of the poet, but they felt his beautiful prayer:

“Glorify for us the West,
When we shall sink to final rest.”

* * * * *

For a good man death is swallowed up in victory. “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” Jesus is our life. And what is life? We have seen it take the dust of the ground and transform it into beautiful flowers, and delicious fruits. And, similarly, Jesus takes the soul and transforms it into a shining seraph, or a white-robed saint. Such was the glory of Cyrus Shepard. Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

III.

THE HOUSE ON THE WILLAMETTE

A QUAIN T cottage, built of logs, and one story high, was the pride and glory of old Oregon. On each side of the house stood a stately tree—one was a fir with spreading branches from the ground up, giving it a cone-like shape, and other was an ancient oak with a crown-like brow. In front of the House there was a bit of garden, enclosed with a crude fence; near the House was the beautiful Willamette River, and beyond the river a low range of hills. Looking eastward from the House the vision embraced the valley of the Willamette, the foothills beyond, and the glorious peaks of the Cascades.

Take a picture of the House. Its size was twenty-two by eighteen feet. Four small windows admitted the light, and the doors were hung on wooden hinges. Behind, and on one side, two buildings were added of like size and pattern. The main building consisted of two rooms and a fireplace. Here dwelt Jason Lee and Daniel Lee, Philip L. Edwards, and the good Cyrus Shepard, with their little household of crude, uncouth, and half-clad boys and girls. Seated around a long table they invoked the Divine blessing, and enjoyed their humble meal. When the children came to the House they were cleansed from filth and vermin, and provided with clothes, which the missionaries made with their own hands.

In the school room, on the teacher's desk, lay a copy of the Bible, and on the wall, over the fireplace, there was a copy of the Declaration of Independence, silent reminders of religion and patriotism, and daily the work of teaching was carried on. Each Sunday thirty or forty persons came together to study the Word of God, and the Gospel was faithfully preached. When

the trees budded in the garden and the vines threw out their tendrils and climbed up the wall, it was a sign that summer was nigh. So when they saw the budding minds of the children, and their little hearts reaching out after God, it was a sign that the dayspring from on high had visited them, to give light to those that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

THE HOME OF GREAT IDEALS

This House was the home of great ideals, and, in fact, of great achievements, and herein lies its celebrity.

Daniel Lee and Cyrus Shepard were very dear friends; indeed, the soul of Cyrus was knit with the soul of Daniel, and he loved him as his own soul. It was March, 1835, when Cyrus Shepard arrived at the House. He spent the winter in Vancouver teaching school for the managers of the Hudson's Bay Company; but early in March, he joined his friend on the Willamette river.

Daniel and Cyrus walked abroad, and in their walk they talked with God. Spring was on the river, and the flowers were out with perfumed breath and gorgeous colors to meet her; and as she passed by the trees rejoiced, and the fields were glad. To Cyrus Shepard, it was a voice divine,—

"A little whisper, silver-clear,
A murmur, 'Be of better cheer.'"

Cyrus thanked God, and took courage. God was reviving His world; and Cyrus prayed, "O Lord, revive Thy work!"

A NOTABLE SERMON

God was not slack concerning His promise. The last Sunday in March, Jason Lee preached a notable sermon. His theme was this, "A Little Maid and Her Message"; and his

text, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for He would recover him of his leprosy."

Jason Lee spoke of the rivalry between Damascus and Samaria, which resulted in a terrible war; of the capture of a little Hebrew maid, and her captivity in Damascus; of the great general, whose genius brought renown to the king of Syria; of the deadly leprosy, which preyed upon the life of Naaman and threatened to destroy it; and of the little maid's faith in God, and in His prophet.

She was likened to a flower, lifting up its head at the foot of a glacier, and talking of the goodness of God.

Naturally, the sermon adverted to the moral training of children, and the value of early piety. With the parable of nature fresh in his mind, Jason Lee said:

"Know this, a child is like a lily among thorns; the lily is sensitive to the sunshine and responds quickly to the breath of spring, but thorns quench the sunbeams and resist them.

"A child is like a sapling in a grove of oaks; the sapling is tender, and easily persuaded, but the oaks are hard and obstinate.

"A child is like a light fleecy cloud among the black clouds of the sky; one is easily transformed and transfigured, but the black clouds shut out the light and hide the sun.

"Must God wait until the garlands of pleasure are hardened into chains of habit? Until the silken thread of tendency becomes a chain to bind our youth hand and foot? Until the sweet harmonies of life are degraded into vile discords? And until they see above them only a dumb and unanswering heaven, and the stars mock their misery?

"God forbid!"

Then the veil lifted, and the little company saw a picture of a wakening soul. It was a boy of twelve summers, who lingered in the temple, and sat among the teachers.

"Why hast thou thus dealt with us?" asked his astonished mother.

And the lad replied, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

The meeting was dismissed, but the sermon was not; indeed, it lingered in the minds of the people, like colors in the sky, and wayside flowers drove home the ancient message, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

FIRST OREGON SUNDAY SCHOOL

The sermon was like seed planted in good ground, which grew into a tree, and yielded precious fruit. The tree was a Sunday School, first west of the Rocky Mountains. It was organized the first Sunday in April, 1835, with thirteen children, and Cyrus Shepard was superintendent. After the first session of the school, Cyrus wrote in his journal:

"This beginning, though small, augurs well for future usefulness, and it is to us a source of encouragement." Then he recorded this prayer: "O my God, look upon us for good, I entreat Thee, and render this infant institution a great and lasting blessing to the people!"

His prayer was answered, and the school grew until it embraced all the children in the neighborhood; and some came a distance of nine miles to enjoy its blessings.

After the fourth session, Cyrus made this notation: "Our Sabbath School continues to have accessions every Sabbath, and I think now embraces all the children in the neighborhood belonging to the settlers and several Indian children that are living with us. Several married people belong to the school, and women come between two and three miles with their infants. Thus we have children and grown people who are just beginning to learn." There have been larger schools in Oregon, but few that were relatively more successful.

This Sunday School is still a plant of renown, and one of the

most fruitful. For the lineage of the Sunday School of First Methodist Church, Salem, runs back to the school of Cyrus Shepard.

The effect of the school was beautiful. "We hope," wrote Cyrus Shepard, "by instructing these youth to save them from ignorance, superstition and folly." His hope was realized; better ideals were grafted into their hearts, and they rose into a better life. It was like the rose in the parable.

"A rose tree grew by the garden wall,
A beautiful shrub with branches tall."

The tree was an event, and a story; it was not always by the garden wall, and it was not always beautiful.

"There's a rose in that shrub," said the gardener, when he saw it in the woods, and he dug it up.

"What are you doing?" asked the shrub, when the spade lifted its roots and tore them out of the ground.

"I have a place for you in my garden, a prepared place."

One day, with a sharp knife, the gardener cut into the bark of the wild rose. The rose shook with pain, and cried:

"What's that for?"

"To make you beautiful and fragrant."

It did. The wild rose became a plant of renown, and its beauty was like the pomp and splendor of the sunrise.

The effect of the Sunday School was similar. One day a man came to Cyrus, and said:

"God converted my soul."

"When were you converted?" asked Cyrus.

"Last Sunday in the class meeting," was his reply.

"What particular thing in the meeting led you into the valley of decision?"

"'Twas those little children, singing and praying and praising God."

He saw a difference between the children of the forest and

the children of the Sunday School. Better thoughts, larger thoughts, were grafted into their minds, and he saw them rising into newness of life. It is a true saying:

“Brought from the woods the honeysuckle twines
Around the porch, and seems, in that trim place,
A plant no longer wild.”

HOME AND HOSPITAL

Goodness was Queen in this pioneer House, and there she held her court.

Boys were received at the home and instructed in the principles of knowledge, religion, and labor.

A lad, without friends, without food, and without clothes, begged to be taken into the home, and he was not turned away.

They received a family of orphan children, and a dead man's slaves; liberty was given to the captives, and the House sheltered them all.

A dying man took his daughter into his arms, and cried, “Ni-kah-ten-as! Ni-kah-ten-as!” which is by interpretation, “My little one! My little one!” It was a sad farewell; but, as the darkness is chased away by the light, so his grief was overcome by the kindness of the Mission.

Two men journeyed from California to Oregon and fell among thieves, who wounded them, robbed them, and departed, leaving them half dead; and when they arrived at the Mission they were cold, weak, hungry, and almost naked. But they found a hospital in the House, and in the missionaries a good Samaritan.

Doing good was their business, and they scattered seeds of loving deeds without seeming to know they were doing it. This is the best kind of goodness; for, as Marcus Aurelius said, “goodness is like a vine which bears a bunch of grapes without expecting to receive thanks for it, and it does the same thing

again as soon as it can. Or, it is like a bee, which makes a little honey in a noiseless and unselfish way."

Herein was the glory of this old House. It was consecrated, not to political power, nor worldly gain, but to goodness.

TIDES OF THE SPIRIT

As such the House was an interpreter between God and man. Two young men stood on the Oregon coast. Behind where they stood lay Yaquina Bay, and in front was the great sea. "What is the message of the sea?" asked one. After a moment's reflection, his friend replied:

"Ocean, wide-flowing Ocean, Thou,
Of uncreated Love."

Just so. God is an ocean of goodness, and the House on the Willamette was a little bay in which His tides of love ebbed and flowed. Besides, when the bay is full of water it mirrors the sun and moon, and looks up with open and tranquil face into the sky. And, similarly, the primal duties of life, and the graces of the Spirit of God, were mirrored in this old Mission, and the missionaries looked up with quietness and confidence into the face of the heavenly Father.

In this House men were lifted by the tides of the Spirit, and floated heavenward. Ships are sometimes stranded on a bar, or high and dry on the beach; but by an extraordinary tide they are lifted off, and restored to the deep channel or the open sea. Such is the story of this old House. Men were stranded on bars of selfishness, and high and dry on the beach of a worldly life; but there came an extraordinary tide of the Spirit, and many were lifted off and floated toward heaven.

One of these was a young man, Webley Hauxurst, first white man converted in Oregon, and one of the thirteen charter members of Oregon's first Church. Before his conversion his life was like a little inlet of the sea; he was feeble in sympathy,

contracted in hope, a selfish and self-centered man. But he heard a voice, saying, "Launch out into the deep," and he obeyed. God was around him there, like a boundless sea, and he felt—

"We cannot lose ourselves where all is home,
Nor drift away from Thee."

A PLANT OF RENOWN

A beautiful vine grew up around this old House, like the honeysuckle around the porch. Its name is Culture. Grace and Culture lived together under the same roof; for Jason Lee and Daniel Lee preached the Gospel, and Cyrus Shepard taught school. To this united pair the place was consecrated.

Opposition to the vine developed among the Indians. Without culture themselves, they saw no need of it in their children. A botanist they called, "A grass man." Sermons in stones, and tongues in trees, lay beyond their reach. In this, however, they are not alone. Socrates was called a dreamer; and in Greek comedy he was suspended between the heavens and the earth, and talking to the clouds. An old writer said:

"The learned is happy nature to explore,
And the fool is happy that he knows no more."

But the vine prospered. At first it was simple and the fruit crude, but out of it came a plant of renown. In fact, the germ of a University was there, and when the time came it burst into flower and ripened into fruit. Out of the school of Cyrus Shepard, the Indian Manual Training School was evolved; the Training School passed into the Oregon Institute; and the Institute developed into Willamette University. These are different stages in the growth of the same plant.

Consecration to this vine was a passion with the pioneers. To establish the Oregon Institute the founders gave from one-

third to one-half of all their property, and its history is a history of faith and consecration. In 1872 the Oregon Conference met in the University chapel. Bishop Foster presided. The college debt hung like a spectre over their deliberations. It was considered by the conference, and addresses were made by Bishop Foster, Dr. Ruben Nelson, and Josiah L. Parrish. Their words were like sparks struck from heroic souls to kindle heroism in the souls of others. The preachers were set on fire, and out of their penury some gave all that they had. Over \$20,000 was given, and the University was saved. In the chronicle of the period it is called a mysterious movement; and, it is said, the Conference sang the Doxology with great spirit. That was a noble kind of faith, a faith which removes mountains.

The smell of this vine is like the smell of Lebanon. Willamette has kept the faith. Above the facts and forces of nature, it enthrones God; over the desires and impulses of humanity, it proclaims the authority of Jesus Christ; and under its shade, the great Hebrew classic enjoys equal freedom with the classics of Greece and Rome.

Think of the fruit of this vine! It gave tone and color to the beginnings of civilization in Oregon, and trained minds to all the walks of life. Indeed, like St. John's tree of life, this vine yields a variety of fruit, and its leaves are a healing power in the land.

HOME OF AMERICAN IDEALS

Other things worth while are related to this old House. A great part was played in the cause of Temperance. It was the center of an organization against rum, first west of the Rocky Mountains, and for years it kept Oregon dry. Men who planned to make strong drink, and had invested money in the enterprise, yielded to the protest of the society, and quit the business. And, be it said to the credit of the brewers, they declined the offer of the temperance folks to make good their

financial loss. Oregon's bone dry law is the fulfillment of these pioneer ideals.

The Declaration of Independence on the wall of the school room was significant of much. This House was the home of American ideals, and they were sown broadcast through the land.

There was no unpleasantness between Dr. John McLoughlin and Jason Lee; indeed, they were friends. But it was plain enough that the Fort on the Columbia river and the House on the Willamette stood for entirely different things. In fact this difference became more pronounced with the passing years until finally, the Fort was the dominating factor on one side of a vital issue, and the Mission House on the other.

It is no surprise, therefore, to find that the House on the Willamette was the center of a business organization independent of the Hudson's Bay Company; that the first Memorials to Congress, seeking for Oregon the civil institutions of the American Republic, were prepared in this House; and that in February, 1841, the "Primary Meeting of the People of Oregon" was held in this old House with David Leslie presiding over its deliberations.

Events leading up to the organization of the Provisional Government received the loyal support of all the members of the Mission family. It was known where they stood; and in public meetings of a political nature some member of the Mission generally acted as Chairman or Secretary, and sometimes as both. They stood in the forefront of the struggle for American occupation and control.

When at last these questions were settled and the election of a Governor was in order the choice fell upon George Abernathy, the business manager of the Mission. For four eventful years he guided the ship of state, and won golden opinions from his contemporaries. One of them wrote: "As a missionary, he was consistent and conscientious; as a business man, he

was honorable, enterprising and liberal; as a governor, he was patriotic, efficient and unselfish."

One of the chief glories of the Oregon pioneers was the establishment of the sovereignty of the United States in the Pacific Northwest. Many persons contributed to this happy result; but it is hardly too much to say that the impact, which set the forces in motion, came from the House on the Willamette. Or, changing the figure, American civilization in Oregon was born, cradled, and nurtured under its friendly roof.

"The Mission," said H. W. Scott, "was the first low wash of the waves where now rolls this great human sea, to increase in power, we may believe throughout all the ages."

A HOUSE OF GOD

Moreover, this old House was a sanctuary, and God dwelt among them. One day in August, 1835, a band of Indians called at the house, and tarried over night. The grave of a lad, who had been dead six days, was opened, and they put in the coffin a few shells, a blanket, and a handkerchief, for the convenience of the dead boy—crude emblems of their faith in the spiritual nature of man, and of the endless life—and then they sat by the grave and wept bitterly.

But, after their departure, it was discovered that they meditated the murder of Daniel Lee and Cyrus Shepard, that they killed seven men on the other side of the river, and that one of the party, the dead boy's brother, wanted to return and kill the missionaries.

In their deliverance, Daniel Lee and Cyrus Shepard saw the finger of God, and a voice from the hills spake unto them, saying, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people!"

The House on the Willamette was a home, a church, a school, a hospital, and an orphanage.

IV.

JASON LEE'S SERMON

THE minister announced that Jason Lee would preach the following Sunday in the village church.

The announcement caused a ripple of excitement and the village was on tiptoe throughout the week.

Jason Lee had been away from the States five years, and he returned a few weeks before to represent the needs of the Oregon Mission before his Church, and to lay certain facts concerning Oregon before the government at Washington.

During his absence from the States the Oregon Question had assumed national proportions; it was discussed in Congress and in the press, and was a subject of diplomatic concern between two great powers.

So a double interest attached to the visit of Jason Lee. Some came to hear about his mission to the Indians, and some about the country by the Pacific Sea.

This fact was known to Mr. Lee, and it accounted, perhaps, for the character of his discourse. He read, as the foundation of his remarks, "The land which we passed through is a good land, a land flowing with milk and honey." Also, "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

A BUNCH OF GOLDEN KEYS

"Vision," the preacher said, "is the golden key which unlocks all the possible, and where there is no vision the people perish."

A door went back, and the people were led into a gallery containing a series of pictures, the materials of which were

drawn from the Bible, and from men who stood near the heart of things.

The background of one picture was the Old World, with its idolatry and superstition, and in front stood a man who was leaving his country, his kindred, and his father's house. Within he saw a world of aspiration, and without he saw a world of achievement. Though old and childless his posterity was compared to the stars, and to the sand along the sea-shore; and he was assured that the clear, musical, triumphant tones of his life should vibrate across centuries and around the world.

"A glorious vision," said Jason Lee; "and out of it there came a family, a nation, a religion, and a Saviour who is Christ, the Lord!"

From the heights of Canaan he passed to the death chamber of an old Hebrew king, where he unveiled a picture of—

"Glory beyond glory ever seen,
By waking sense, or by the dreaming soul."

The central figure was the Lord, high and lifted up, sitting upon a throne, and His glory filled the temple. Above the throne stood the seraphim in their ranks and degrees, and with covered face one cried unto another, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory."

"Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" said the voice of the Lord.

"Here am I; send me!" cried the spectator.

Jason Lee likened his consecration to a red rose, which he called the rose of sacrifice, a rare flower, whose beauty charms, and whose breath is the sweetness of the world.

Then he uncovered another picture, with tones of feeling and chords of color almost divine. It was a mountain scene. Eastward from the mountain was the cradle of the human race; westward was the Great Sea, which floated the commerce of the world; in the north was that goodly mountain, that Lebanon,

which Moses longed to see; and in the south was Mount Zion, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth. On the mountain stood the Man of Galilee, serene, thoughtful, majestic; also the eleven apostles, and, perhaps, the five hundred who saw Him at one time. Above, the heavens were aglow, and angels stood at the golden gate. Below there was a dark cloud, and within the cloud stood the powers of the world. The group consisted of Jewish hate, Roman statecraft. Hellenic philosophy, classic idolatry, pagan superstitions, and the enmity of the unrenewed mind. With upward gaze and outstretched hand, emblems of faith and courage, the divine One was saying: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

Jason Lee told the people how this vision sent Peter to Babylon to revive races that were dying, and nations that were dead; and how it sent Paul to Europe to breathe into its civilization the breath of life, and make it a living soul.

With a deft hand he sketched another picture. Its time basis was modern. Behind was the Georgian age, with its decayed faith and debased morality; and in front was the "Holy Club," with its Bible study and prison work. Near by stood a grand old minstrel, a graveyard, and a great concourse of people; and, excluded from the Church and mocked by the clergy, a young man stood on his father's tomb, saying, "The world is my parish!"

The effect of this vision was described as wonderful. Inspired by it Thomas Coke wanted the wings of an eagle, and the tongue of a prophet, to preach the gospel east and west, north and south; and driven by it he crossed the Atlantic eighteen times, traversed for forty years the British Isles, the United States, and the West Indies, and found his grave at last in the Indian Ocean.

"Eight years ago," said Jason Lee, "four men came to our

Western gate, and asked: 'Where is the white man's book? and the white man's God?' "

Then he told how in their distant home, between the Cascade Mountains and the Rockies, they learned from travelers of the good Book, which the Great Spirit gave to the white race, and which marks the path of duty, and the way to God. Likewise, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, "Where is he that is born King of Jews?" And in his bedchamber, St. Paul saw a man from Macedonia, who prayed, saying, "Come over into Macedonia, and help us."

Jason Lee called these signs, "Births of Providence." Once again the mystery was repeated, and strangers, strangely led, came seeking Jesus, and asking for help. The sky of faith was flushed with rosy red; and in that splendor the heavens were opened, and men saw visions of God.

"Wilbur Fisk saw the vision," said Jason Lee; "and, immediately, we endeavored to go into Oregon, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us to preach the gospel unto them."

OREGON THE BEAUTIFUL

Going back to his text for a new starting point, Jason Lee touched a thrilling chord, and said: "Oregon is a good land, a land with tall mountains, great rivers, and magnificent forests."

It was evident that he had been to a school greater than that at Wilbraham, and that Wilbur Fisk was not his only teacher.

"My ideal mountain," he continued, "is planted in a forest of fir and cedars, and his white face soars into the sky. Dark clouds frequently veil his face and mantle his form, or the lightning leaps from crag to crag, and from peak to peak the thunder peals; but the mountain is unmoved. Glorious, however, is his coronation day; he comes to it with a crimson robe and a golden crown, and the fir tree, the pine tree, and the cedar, shout golden shouts."

The congregation was visibly affected. Some felt as Moses felt, when he said, "I pray Thee, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon." And the village schoolmaster thought of the words of Epictetus:

"God has introduced man to be a spectator of God, and of His works; and not only a spectator of them, but an interpreter."

From the mountains Jason Lee passed to the Oregon forest, and his description lifted surprise into wonder. He spoke of trees forty feet in circumference, and three hundred feet high.

"A paradise for lumbermen," observed the sawmill man.

But, to Jason Lee, the forest was an emblem of invisible things. The sun came down and whispered to the trees, saying, "Seek ye my face"; and the trees replied, "Thy face will I seek." Aspiration is the soul of a tree; its message is hope, its form is achievement.

David was like a tree when he said to God, "In the morning I will direct my prayer unto Thee, and look up"; and, likewise, when he cried, "Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul." And how like the face of a forest is the suggestion of St. Paul that men should pray everywhere, "lifting up holy hands, without wrath or doubting." Of such, it is written, "He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon."

"Be joyful in the Lord," said Jason Lee, "is one of the high notes of the forest"; and then he described a picture. It was an Oregon forest, broken into ridges and canyons, extending from the river to the foothills, and half way up the mountain side. The sun was coming down to earth, and walking with golden feet on the tops of the trees; and the up turned face of the forest was radiant with gladness and joy. It was said of old, "The trees of the wood shall rejoice before the Lord," and, "The trees of the field shall clap their hands."

"The forest," said Jason Lee, "sings its magnificat"; and

it is an example unto us, saying, Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God.' ”

“Amen!” came from several voices in the congregation.

“The plain of Jordan was well watered everywhere, even like the garden of the Lord,” continued Jason Lee, “and the same may be said of that part of Oregon between the Cascade Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.” Then he pictured a sky full of clouds of every form and color, floating over the tops of the hills, and piled together in mountain-like grandeur. The clouds wept and died, but the rivers sang and the land rejoiced. But, beyond the natural sky, he saw a spiritual firmament, and he spoke of One who shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth.

His Oregon was a beautiful country, and its wealth of beauty was an emblem of some better thing; and when he spoke of the one, he was careful to mention the other. A lad listened to the preaching that day, and the words of the preacher were like nails fastened in a sure place. The lad was F. R. Smith, he was not a Christian then; but he came to Oregon in 1846, he accepted Christ as his Saviour, and in his adopted state was a useful citizen, and a devoted Christian man. He frequently referred to Jason Lee's sermon, which, for him, was like the sun rising upon the world, and flooding the sky with golden light.

NIGHT AND MORNING

The preacher's countenance changed, and his voice struck a solemn chord, as he said: “But I have to repeat the old story of a land, where—

“Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.”

Jason Lee told the story of two Oregon hills, their feet

washed by the Columbia river, and their stony heads soaring into the sky, which, to the natives, were silent monuments of the wrath of God, and the terrible consequences of sin. One hill they called, the "Old Man," and the other, the "Old Woman"; and each represented a human being turned into stone. They despised the truth, and disobeyed God; and God changed them into mountains of stone.

"These hills," said the preacher, "remind us of the pillar of salt between Sodom and the mountains, and they witness to the moral sense of the natives of Oregon. They believe in One greater than themselves, and that men cannot escape the consequences of wrong doing."

But there is another meaning in the mythology of the hills, for, in reality, they pictured their own stony hearts. Daniel Lee invited one of their chief men to attend divine service, which he declined, saying:

"I know enough to steal, and this is enough for me to know."

A native, a devout man, was killed, and Daniel Lee told his friends that Jesus came to heal the broken-hearted.

"What's the use of praying?" they asked; "our brother prayed, and he is dead. If prayer will not save us from dying, why pray?"

"But," said Jason Lee, "they knew enough to add, 'If we pray, we can't avenge the death of our friends.'"

He described the older Indians as past feeling, dead in trespasses and in sin, and their hearts as dead to the Gospel as the stony hills to the rays of the sun. But, on the other hand, little children respond to God, like violets to the breath of spring, and are easily led into the kingdom of heaven. It was a rift in the cloud, through which the children's friend appeared, and it was like One, saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Life, at its best, is made up of duties and charities. One of our poets said:

"The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
The charities that sooth, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers."

But in the path of the Oregon Indian thorns were more plentiful than flowers, and he walked under a cloud-draped if not a starless sky.

He sold his daughter, as he would his horse; and in the hands of her husband a woman was a slave. He could work her, he could beat her, and if he killed her he had little to fear except from the hands of her friends.



NATIVE FAMILY OF OLD OREGON

Children were a burden, and frequently the young child was killed. One woman confessed to the killing of her infant children, and she gave as a reason the drudgery of a woman's life, and the abuse and cruelty of her husband.

Slavery obtained, and when sick the poor wretches were sometimes buried alive. Jason Lee told of one man, who lived near the Mission; he was sick, but not dead. They buried him, however, and when they stepped into the shallow grave to tramp down the dirt, the half-buried man groaned aloud.

"The dark places of the earth," said the preacher, "are full of the habitations of cruelty; but the entrance of God's word giveth light."

The face of the congregation was an interesting study. One question was written on it.

"Watchman, what of the night?"

"The morning cometh," he replied.

Jason Lee's confidence was inspiring, if not inspired. "One morning," he said, "Mount Hood wore a frowning face, and the heralds of the sun wrestled with the clouds; but when the sun came, the clouds were broken up and chased away, and the glory of his coming flushed half the sky."

It was a glorious transformation, and the preacher added: "It was like the appearance of the glory of the Lord; and the voice of God spake unto me, saying, 'This shall be a sign unto you.'"

Then, in a few words, he described the Oregon Mission; its location, its difficulties, its success, its needs. It was a picture of the lily of Christian experience growing among thorns, like the saints in Caesar's household.

* * * * *

SONG AND PRAYER

"We will look to God for his blessing," said the preacher. Some bowed their heads, some kneeled upon their knees, and he prayed:

"O God, Thou hast said, the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Ask of Me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou didst say to the heathen, 'Seek ye my face'; and they are saying, 'Thy face, Lord, will I seek.' Lift upon them the light of Thy countenance, and in Thy light may they see light. Amen."

"Let us sing the missionary hymn," called out the minister of the Church.

Jason Lee had listened to the voice of the forest when it was touched into music by the breath of the sky. He had listened to the voice of the sea, as it rose and fell, expressing sadness and joy, and its great swelling notes floated over the hills, and trembled in the valleys. But the music tones of the congregation were almost celestial, and they made him think of the song of the angels when Jesus was born.

The hymn was a mirror of man's duty and man's need. It was this:

"From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?"

"No, no," their hearts replied. And they called on wind and wave to spread the good tidings of the grace of God.

V.

THE VOYAGE OF THE LAUSANNE

EIGHTY-FOUR YEARS AGO (1840) the Lausanne entered the Columbia river with a cargo of religion and patriotism. The arrival of the ship was an event, and a story. As an event it settled, potentially, the "Oregon Question"; and as a story it is full of romance, of sublime and heroic faith. It was, in fact, the beginning of the immigration movement inaugurated by Jason Lee, which Harvey W. Scott pronounced, "His greatest work in behalf of Oregon."

SIGN OF VISION AND VICTORY

The Lausanne is a big V in the story of Old Oregon, and it stands for vision and victory. Vision of a greater Oregon, of a social order guided and controlled by the United States, came to a small group of pioneers in the Willamette Valley in the spring of 1838. The vision resulted in two outstanding and decisive transactions.

1. Daniel Lee, and H. K. W. Perkins had been appointed to establish a Mission at The Dalles, and before they left Willamette station a general consultation was held on the subject of a greater enlargement of the Missionary work in Oregon. After canvassing the matter a unanimous resolution was adopted, advising Jason Lee to make a visit to the United States for the purpose of representing before the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the public generally, the true condition of Oregon, and of the Indians, and to solicit men and money for the successful prosecution of the work. Reluctantly, for domestic reasons, Jason Lee

concurred in the decision of his brethren, and undertook the overland journey to the United States.

2. Almost immediately a petition to the United States government was drawn up setting forth the extent and fertility of the country, its mild climate, its certainty of speedy settlement, the advantage of the Pacific ports for trade with China and India, and petitioning the government to extend its laws over the territory. This petition was the creation of Jason Lee, David Leslie and P. L. Edwards, all members of the Methodist Mission. It was signed by twenty-two Americans and several French Canadians, thirty-one persons in all.

When Jason Lee left the Mission on the 26th day of March, 1838, to execute his great task, he carried this petition with him, and it was presented to the Senate January 28th, 1839.

STIRRED WITH A GREAT ENTHUSIASM

Soon after his arrival in the United States, Jason Lee began preaching and lecturing on the Oregon Mission and on Oregon. The effect of his message was overwhelming. Gustavus Hines, one of the Lausanne group, says: "His success was unparalleled, and an interest was excited throughout the land amounting to enthusiasm. Crowds thronged to see and hear the pioneer missionary beyond the Rocky Mountains, and the converted Indians who accompanied him."

What was the result? Public sentiment was aroused, and the value of the Oregon country, as a national asset, was recognized as never before. Jason Lee lectured at Alton, Illinois, and the Alton Telegraph, in a burst of enthusiasm said:

"Citizens of the West, will you tamely consent that Oregon, one of the loveliest regions that Nature ever bestowed upon man, shall become a powerful country in the hands of England? If Oregon goes from us, the honor of the United States goes with it. Never, no, never yield!"

The appeal of the Alton Telegraph is more than a burst of

patriotism; it is a photograph of Jason Lee and his message. It pictures a man terribly in earnest, pushing a campaign based on religion and patriotism. In his itinerary Mr. Lee visited a dozen states, and spoke in the principal cities of the country.

Men who speak with authority agree on one thing, namely, that Jason Lee's campaign gave the impact which set the people in motion towards Oregon. "This campaign," says Charles B. Moores, "was the greatest single influence in starting the immigration of 1843."

DRIVEN BY THE WINDS OF GOD

Jason Lee unchained the wind, and it filled the Church. When the call for life service was sounded out men and women responded, saying, "Here am I, send me"; and the appeal for money to finance the enterprise brought thousands of dollars into the Lord's treasury. It was a day of the Lord; new glories filled earth and heaven, and men were driven by a celestial gale. Harvey K. Hines says of this aspect of Mr. Lee's victory:

"Poverty donated its little, wealth gave its 'gold, frankincense and myrrh.' The culture of Boston responded; the pride of New York cast its jewels into the treasury. The staid sobriety of Philadelphia wept and shouted and gave. Baltimore outdid the renown of her ancient missionary fame."

It was a great achievement. A lumberman, called of God in the pineries of Canada, and driven by the Spirit to the western coast of America, was received everywhere as a hero and hailed as a prophet.

A profound impression was made upon the Missionary Society by Mr. Lee, and his plans were adopted, though, as Bishop Bashford pointed out, fundamental changes in the policy of the Society were involved. What changes? Let Bishop Bashford tell the story. He says:

"The change from pure evangelism to applied Christianity,

and the adaptation of the Mission in increasing measure to the white people while caring for the Indians."

See how it worked out. Under the spell of his spirit the Missionary Society authorized Jason Lee to bring fifty-two persons on the Lausanne to Oregon, sixteen of whom were children. In addition, the Society authorized the purchase of machinery for farming, including a threshing machine, the iron works for a saw mill, for a grist mill, and all kinds of merchandise, so as to render the missionaries as far as practicable independent of the Hudson's Bay Company, and enable them to introduce civilization and Christianity among the Indians and the white people.

Some of the practical and forward looking plans of the Centenary movement were anticipated by Jason Lee.

POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE LAUSANNE

Officials of the government approved the designs of Jason Lee, and gave him a helping hand. This was a notable victory. The dream of Hall J. Kelley became a shining reality in his plan, and Cabinet ministers gave him financial support. It meant that the voyage of the Lausanne had a political as well as religious significance. Referring to the sailing of the Lausanne out of the harbor of New York, Bancroft says: "No company ever sailed from that port whose departure was watched with more interest by religious and political circles."

Political interest expressed itself in a practical way, which Bancroft describes in the following passage:

"A proof of the favor with which Jason Lee's designs were regarded by the Cabinet is furnished by the appropriation of considerable money from the secret service fund for the charter of the Lausanne. Lee kept the secret, and so did those who gave him the money, until the boundary question was settled between the United States and Great Britain."

The amount of the appropriation is given by one authority

as \$5,000, and by another as \$2,000. The amount is immaterial for the purpose of this story. The fact establishes the influence of Jason Lee upon Congress and the government at Washington, and the significance of his colonization scheme in the settlement of the "Oregon Question."

The historic analogue of the *Lausanne* is the *Mayflower*, and an Oregon writer has well said: "It is a fair illustration to say that the *Lausanne* was to the Pacific Coast in 1840 what the *Mayflower* was to the Atlantic Coast in 1620."

Harvey W. Scott is quoted by John Gill as calling Jason Lee the "Father of American Oregon," and he quotes Bancroft as designating him the "Founder of American Institutions and Civilization on the Pacific Coast." High praise, indeed; but it is justified by the successful voyage of the *Lausanne*.

INCIDENTS OF THE VOYAGE

The Mission party went aboard the *Lausanne*, October 9, 1839, and sailed from New York the next day at half past six in the morning. On May 21, 1840, the *Lausanne* crossed the bar of the Columbia river and anchored in Baker's Bay; and the chronicle says, "On the first day of June, by the good providence of God, we were permitted to cast anchor at Fort Vancouver and terminate the voyage."

The *Lausanne* was their home for eight months, lacking eight days, and they sailed over twenty thousand miles.

During the voyage, the Centenary of Methodism was celebrated with appropriate exercises, and a thank offering of six hundred and fifty dollars was placed on the altar of God. The money was appropriated by a previous resolution for the moral elevation of the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains.

At Hawaii the *Lausanne* tarried about three weeks, and the Mission party was hailed with great enthusiasm, including a reception by the king and members of the royal family. The king was dressed in blue broadcloth, made up in English style,

with epaulettes on his shoulders and a miniature crown on the lapel of his coat. Mr. Lee addressed his majesty through an interpreter, explaining their mission in Oregon, and proposed an exchange of produce between the two countries. The king concurred, said he was very much pleased with the idea, and in effect a commercial alliance was formed.

After leaving Hawaii, Jason Lee delivered a course of lectures on the Oregon country and the work of the Mission.

MISSION CONFERENCE HELD

On the 13th day of June, 1840, a Conference was held at Fort Vancouver to fix the appointments of the missionaries, and the next day they departed for their fields of labor.

John P. Richmond, a physician and minister of the gospel, was appointed to Nisqually, near the present city of Tacoma. He was accompanied by his wife and four children, W. H. Willson, a carpenter, and Miss Chloe Clark, a teacher. They descended the Columbia river in a boat furnished by the Hudson's Bay Company to the mouth of the Cowlitz, ascended that stream some distance, and traveled by land, horseback, from the Cowlitz river to Puget Sound. This event registered the beginning of the work of God in that part of the Oregon Country.

W. H. Willson and Miss Clark were married at Nisqually by Dr. Richmond, the first couple married in Washington. They made their home in Salem, and Mrs. Willson was the first teacher in the Oregon Institute, now Willamette University.

Astoria, or Clatsop, was also among the appointments, and J. H. Frost was sent to that field. This was the beginning of the gospel of God in the Coast region.

VI.

JASON LEE EXPLORING THE UMPQUA

METHODISM drove its first stake in the valley of the Umpqua in 1838. On Friday, the 16th day of February, Jason Lee, in company with Mr. Burnie, left the Willamette Mission to explore the Umpqua country, and returned on the 11th day of March. There lies much of the heroic in his experiences on this trip. It was a toilsome and dangerous journey through deep forests, over mountain fastnesses, and across swollen rivers and creeks.

"The end of the exploration is the beginning of the enterprise," is one of the sayings of Livingstone. It was so in this case. For, henceforth, Jason Lee's plan of missionary expansion included a spiritual lighthouse on the Umpqua.

JASON LEE IN THE UMPQUA

Two weeks and a day after Mr. Lee came back from the Umpqua, he departed for the East to make his great appeal for the colonization of Oregon. The result, in part, was the *Lausanne* and its cargo of fifty-two souls, which arrived in the Columbia river in May, 1840. On the 13th day of June, as already stated, a conference was held at Fort Vancouver to fix the appointments of the newly arrived missionaries, when Gustavus Hines and W. H. Kone were assigned to the Umpqua.

Mr. Kone was a millwright by trade, and it was the intention of Mr. Lee to retain him for some months on the Willamette to assist in the erection of the mission mills; and for Gustavus Hines to explore the Umpqua country, select a location for the mission, and prepare for the removal of their families.

But, hearing reports from that country of a discouraging

character, Jason Lee decided to accompany Mr. Hines to the Umpqua, and satisfy himself with regard to the propriety of carrying out his original design.

The trip occupied seventeen days, and the Hon. Binger Hermann of Roseburg, for many years a member of Congress, says that the narrative of the journey reads more like romance than reality. Four persons were in the party, namely, Jason Lee, Gustavus Hines, Dr. Elijah White, and an Indian guide, whom they designated by the name of "Captain." Dr. White and the guide returned to the Willamette almost immediately, but Jason Lee and Gustavus Hines explored the Umpqua country from the Pacific ocean almost to the headwaters of the river.

Being servants of Jesus Christ, they opened their evangel at once. The first Sunday was spent at a fort on the south side of the Umpqua, where they were graciously entertained by a Frenchman, by the name of Goniea, and his Indian wife, who was related to the principal chiefs at the mouth of the river. A band of Calapooih Indians, twenty-five in number, was camped in the neighborhood. Mr. Lee called them together, preached to them in the jargon of the country, and the chief interpreted the message to his people.

The sermon was a flash of God's own sunlight, inspiring good thoughts, and bringing the people face to face with God. In his report of the service, Mr. Hines says:

"They seemed to be much interested, and were ready to promise that they would all be good."

Suddenly, sin lost all its glamour for the Chief. His sense of right was stirred into life and power, and he said he was going to obey the holy impulse. His people, he declared, had formerly been guilty of adultery, but he had stopped all that a year ago. He allowed himself to have two wives still, but he meant to put one of them away as soon as he returned.

As the ministers expected to pass through his country on their

way home, they engaged to meet his people on a certain day and instruct them in the way of the Lord.

DOWN THE UMPQUA RIVER

The next day, Lee and Hines departed in a canoe to visit the Indians at the mouth of the Umpqua river. It was one of the dark places of the earth, and their lodges were the habitations of cruelty. To safeguard the missionaries, Mrs. Goniea accompanied them to her people, and took them under her protection, which, as it turned out, probably saved their lives.

The news of their arrival ran through the lodges and wigwams, and, after certain formalities had been complied with, three chiefs and fifty-five of their people, mostly men, came out to see them. They seated themselves in the sand in a semi-circle in front of Mr. Lee's tent, and informed them through Mrs. Goniea that they were ready to hear what they had to say.

Mr. Lee faced an audience that was filled with suspicion and fear. It had been reported among them that he carried a medicine bag for the purpose of killing them all off; and that if they permitted him to come into their midst the fatal bag would be opened, and they would all be destroyed.

After Mr. Lee's address, each of the chiefs advanced to within six feet of where he stood, and addressed him in substance as follows:

"Great Chief! We are very much pleased with our lands. We love the world. We wish to live a great while. We very much desire to become old men before we die.

"It is true we have killed many people, but we have never killed any but bad people.

"Many lies have been told about us. We have been called a bad people, and we are glad you have come to see us for ourselves.

"We have seen some white people before, but they came to get our beaver. None ever came before to instruct us. We

are glad to see you; we want to learn; we wish to throw away our bad things, and become good."

This was followed by a unique and stirring religious service. Heber's missionary hymn was sung by Mr. Hines, prayer was offered, all kneeling in the sand, and the gospel was preached unto them. The chronicle says, "They appeared very solemn," and the chiefs expressed their approbation, saying:

"It is all very good, and we have never heard such things before."

In the twilight hour they all returned, as they said, to hear them "talk to God." They built a fire, and seated themselves around it. Mr. Hines sang another hymn, and both engaged in prayer; and, as the Indians still lingered, Mr. Lee gave them another message from the word of the Lord. Then they reluctantly went to their wigwams, and the men of God sought repose on their blankets spread upon the sand.

What a night that was! Restful for some, but full of anxiety for others. Jason Lee slept soundly, but Mr. Hines found that his sleep went from him. Throughout the night their tent was guarded by Mrs. Goniea, her brother, and a member of the tribe who had lived among the whites. They kept up a large fire in front of the tent, which lit up the camp within a circle of two or three hundred feet. They felt responsible for the safety of these men, and neither of them for a moment attempted to sleep.

Duty called and danger, and they were not found wanting. Such loyalty to great ideals is a beautiful flower on the stalk of humanity.

In the morning the sun rose grandly over the world, and a good spirit began to assert itself in the people. Again they gathered together in front of the tent of the prophets, and took their seats in the sand. Fervent prayers were offered in their behalf, and a tender message delivered. Then one of the chief

men kneeled upon his knees, and began to talk. He said in substance:

"We are very glad you have come to see us, and our hearts towards you are like your hearts towards us. We want you to continue with us another day, and tell us about God.

"We had heard about you, and had been told you were bad people. We are glad to see you for ourselves, and are convinced that what we had heard is a lie.

"We now believe you are good people, and we mean to be good, also."

A few presents were exchanged, their lodges visited, and at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning all the people assembled at the river side to witness the departure of the men of God. They had conducted five services—one at the fort, one on the way down the Umpqua, and three at the mouth of the river. Thus, for the first time, the Umpqua country was sanctified by the word of God and prayer.

VISITED THE CALAPOOIH TRIBE

After traversing the upper part of the Umpqua valley, and preaching to a degraded tribe, whose chief had recently killed his wife, and took great pains to justify himself, Lee and Hines crossed the mountains into the valley of the Willamette. Here, on the second day of September, 1840, they met the chief of the Calapooih tribe, according to appointment, and sixty of his people. They stayed with them four hours, and told them the story of "Jesus and the Resurrection." It was probably in the neighborhood of Brownsville, which afterwards became the head of the Calapooih Circuit, one of the great charges of pioneer Methodism.

The relation of Jason Lee to the Calapooih Indians is a human story. A Calapooih boy about ten years old, named Sintwa, was the first child received into the Mission family, November 7, 1834, and before the mission house was finished;

his sister came a few days later, and an orphan from the same tribe was the third child to join the family.

On Christmas day, 1837, the first Missionary Society west of the Rocky Mountains was organized in the Willamette Settlement, and the record says, "The inhabitants generally came forward and subscribed liberally for the benefit of the Calapooih Indians." Think of the time, the place, and the objective of this organization!

Jason Lee's dream of the Kingdom of God in Southern Oregon began to be fulfilled when James H. Wilbur was appointed Presiding Elder of Umpqua District. But that is another story.

VII.

WALLER AT OREGON CITY

ALVAN WALLER filled a unique place in Oregon Methodism. He belonged to the people, like the peaks of the Cascades; and when he died, Dr. William Roberts said: "We are almost jealous of death's selection, and grudge this man to the grave."

GOOD MAN AND SPIRIT FILLED

For thirty-two years, Alvan Waller was identified with every vital interest of the Oregon Church. He labored among the Indians; did pastoral work on circuits and districts; took an active part in establishing the Pacific Christian Advocate; toiled for years to build up Willamette University; labored among the convicts in the penitentiary; and, perhaps, more than any other man circulated religious books among the people. The fathers said: "If we were to characterize the man in a single word, we would say of him what was said of Barnabas: 'For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith, and much people was added unto the Lord.'"

Several outstanding qualities made Alvan Waller a notable figure among the pioneers. He was a plain, honest man, with no meretricious ornament, no sham or pretense about him whatever. Nature herself appointed him to be sincere, which is the first characteristic of heroism.

He was a truly religious man. He prayed, read the Bible, and conversed with men of all classes about their souls. Instant in season and out of season, he went everywhere preaching the Word.

He was an earnest, progressive man. Strong in faith and

sanguine in temperament, he became a leader in matters of education and Church extension throughout the country.

He was a constructive man. He built the first Church in the Oregon Country, the first Church in Salem, and the first brick building on the Campus of Willamette University.

But his master trait was unflagging perseverance. He knew no failure, but struggled and toiled on without weariness.

The evangelical spirit was fervent in Alvan Waller. Dr. William Roberts said of him: "Tireless, self-denying, trustful and patient, he endured as seeing Him who is invisible. In one respect these traits of character were particularly manifest, and this was in pleading individually with men to make their peace with God. By day and night, on the street and in the workshop, he did it. We have known him to do this as long as Jacob wrestled with the Angel, and as a Prince he had power with God and with men. With him this became a ruling passion—strong even in death; for it was not until his feet had touched the cold waters of the river that he ceased to persuade men to be reconciled to God."

His life was beautiful, his death glorious. William Roberts said, he talked about death as if he was going on a journey, and his last word was: "Let me into rest eternal."

BEGINNINGS AT OREGON CITY

In 1840, Alvan Waller was appointed to Oregon City. Gustavus Hines says the town consisted of a small blockhouse, built by the Hudson's Bay Company for their accommodation in passing up and down the river, and about 150 Indians. He adds that sin, superstition and ignorance, had produced the most filthy and degraded looking beings in human shape his eyes had ever beheld. Waller was sent to lead these people from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to the living God.

Things went well until winter set in. There was a frightful battle between the mountains and the sea, and the mountains

were victorious. The breath of the hills froze the streams and rivers, and the falls of the Willamette were clothed with ice and snow. Great icicles hung on the face of the bluff, and the trees looked beautiful in their white robes.

But the storm increased the wretchedness of the people. They lived in miserable huts, with scant clothing and little food, and in their distress they came to Waller for help. He gave them grain for food, and sowed the good seed of the kingdom in their hearts. Waller saw the need of industrial training, and he wrote in his diary:

"There is no way for them to live, except by cultivating the soil, and they must be instructed in agricultural pursuits." After talking with them about it, he added: "This is their desire."

In a few weeks the grip of the ice-king was loosened. The breath of the sea floated over the mountains and through the valleys, and there was great joy. The woods were full of it; the birds sang it overhead; the rain-fed brooks giggled over the change; and the falls of the Willamette shouted its mirth aloud.

Waller flung himself into his work with enthusiasm. Every Sunday he went from lodge to lodge preaching the glad tidings of the grace of God. The folks, he said, were attentive to the word, and evinced an increasing desire to be taught.

In one lodge he found twenty-five Klamath Indians. One of their number, a medicine man, had been killed by a Molalla Indian to avenge the death of his sister, who died while under the medicine man's care; and the Klamaths sat in their tents many days, wailing their grief aloud.

When Waller saw their distress, he wrote in his journal: "If they knew Jesus, how quickly would their grief subside!" But when he looked into their superstitions—saw them confounding medicine with magic, and killing medicine men—he prayed for the entrance of the light-giving Word.

Waller showed them a copy of the Bible, and, by signs tried to explain that God's word is like the sun. What the light of

the sun is to the flowers and trees, so is the Word of God to the life of man.

Then he drove home the message of death, saying, "To be ready to die, you must have a good heart."

Early in March, Waller set the Indians to work splitting rails to enclose a piece of land. When the fence was built they broke up the ground, and planted wheat, peas, potatoes and corn. Soon the seed sprouted in the field, and living forms stretched out their hands toward the sky. But Alvan Waller longed for another revival; he prayed that the good seed might take root in the hearts of the people, and beautify their lives.

WHERE TWO SEAS MET

Disappointment, however, overtook Alvan Waller. We will let him tell the story in his own words. One night he wrote in his journal:

"Poh-poh, an Indian, who professed religion at The Dalles station, and who has resided at the Clackamas for some time, came to my house this evening. For some days he has been in the settlement among the Catholics, and with the priest, who has very much disturbed his mind, giving him papers and beads, curiously wrought—all of which are calculated to prejudice him against us and the Protestant religion. This is the constant course of the Catholics in this country. O Lord, arise! Defend thine own blessed cause!"

Straightway, Poh-poh was circulating among the people, showing a picture, which the priest had given him. The Roman Catholic Church was figured as a tree, firmly rooted in the ground, and reaching up toward the sky; but the Methodist Church and people were parasites, climbing up the trunk of the Catholic tree, crawling out over its branches, and dropping into hell.

Besides, Waller writes, the priest went so far as to say that Boston men, meaning thereby Americans, were going to hell;

and if the Indians followed the Boston men, they would go to hell, too. He also attacked Waller for putting the Indians to work, and cultivating their land.

The result was turmoil and distraction, which hindered the work of God. So, with desire to end the strife, Waller visited the priest, and the following conversation took place:

"Why do you interfere with my work, sir?" asked Waller.

"I am sent to preach the Gospel to all the world," answered the priest.

"So am I," replied Mr. Waller.

"But I am the successor of the Apostles," said the priest.

"I, too, am sent to preach the Gospel," was the quiet reply.

"What!" cried the priest, with rising tones. "You sent to preach the Gospel. You the successor of the Apostles?"

"Certainly," replied Waller; "but we do not believe in a succession of popes and priests. We believe in a succession of faith and consecration."

"But you have a wife!" the priest said.

"So had St. Peter," answered Waller.

"But St. Peter put away his wife," said the priest.

"Prove it," demanded Waller.

The priest leaped to his feet, waved a paper that he held in his hand, and cried excitedly: "If what I say is not true, Jesus Christ is nothing!"

Poor man! He mistook the length of his line for the depth of the ocean of truth. Waller knew, however, that the feet of the priest were in the sand of tradition, and not on the solid rock of Holy Scripture.

The priest continued to practice on the Indians, and to set them against Alvan Waller. Their fears were excited; their superstition was taxed; their vanity was tickled with a string of

beads, or a crucifix; and their pride was gratified with small presents and great promises.

But many of the people clung to Waller, heard him gladly, and in their hearts the flowers of grace appeared.

* * * *

We may add what is already in the reader's mind. The attitude of the Catholic Fathers toward the "Boston men," and the things they stood for, would be comical, if it were not for its tragic ending. While the Whitman massacre was hardly included in their plans, it cannot be said to be entirely foreign to their spirit and teaching. They created the atmosphere, unwittingly perhaps, and let loose the wind, which made possible that frenzy of passion and orgy of blood. Waller's record is a valuable sidelight on this event in Oregon history.

VI.

A FAMOUS OREGON CHURCH

"We began as an Indian Mission; we ended as an American Colony."—GEORGE ABERNETHY.

METHODISM in Oregon City is rich in historic associations. The spiritual tree was planted by Alvan F. Waller under the direction of Jason Lee. He built a church there, the first Protestant church west of the Rocky Mountains; and, likewise, the first residence in the town. The church project was started in 1842, when subscriptions were made to the building fund, and a committee of five were appointed to hold the property and have charge of the work. In 1843 the church was erected. The result was this: What the Hudson's Bay Company and the Catholic fathers tried to prevent actually came to pass—an Indian Mission was transformed into an AMERICAN COLONY.

It was only a step then from the storm-cloud into the far-reaching sunlight, and it was like one saying: "The Lord thy God hath given thee rest, and hath given thee this land."

The church was dedicated in 1844, the Rev. Gustavus Hines preaching the dedicatory sermon. After leaving Oregon City, Alvan Waller lived about thirty years. Among the pioneers he was firm as a rock, fruitful as a tree, fresh and refreshing as a river, and clean as the mountain's white robe.

DEDICATED TO RELIGION AND PATRIOTISM

This church was dedicated to patriotism as well as to religion. In 1846 a Fourth of July celebration was held in Oregon City, and the program was rendered in the church. The

patriots marched to the church with a home-made flag. The Rev. Josiah L. Parrish was chaplain of the day, and made the prayer; the Declaration of Independence was read by Asa L. Lovejoy, and the oration was delivered by Judge Peter H. Burnett.

During the winter of 1847 and 1848 the legislature was called to meet at Oregon City to devise measures for carrying on the Cayuse war. The place of meeting was the Methodist Church and the Whitman tragedy, which had just occurred, filled the assembly with serious thoughts. Dr. William Roberts, pastor of the church and superintendent of the Mission, relates two incidents of the session—one was serious, the other amusing. The Provisional government needed money for one of its undertakings, and the treasury was without funds. Dr. Gary had given the government financial aid, when he was in charge of the Mission, and again the officials sought help from the Church. Dr. Roberts honored the application and furnished the government fifteen hundred dollars.

The other incident was this: Feeling the need of Divine guidance, the legislature requested the pastors of churches in the city to open the morning sessions with prayer, they to arrange among themselves which particular one should officiate. When the hour came for opening the legislature the local Catholic priest entered a protest against any praying being done for his people, except by himself, and he based his protest upon the dogma of the Apostolic Succession. This was an abstruse question in theology, which the legislature was unable to decide, and could not refer to a committee. So William Roberts was elected chaplain, and the priest was excused.

It is not too much to say that among the founders of this church religion and patriotism were almost identical, and both were red-hot. The first governor of Oregon, George Abernethy, was a member of the church, a trustee, and one of the largest contributors to the building fund; and the second pastor

of the church, Gustavus Hines, delivered the Independence Day address at Champoege on July 4th, 1843, and was chairman of the meeting that convened at Champoege the next day to adopt laws for the government of the Colony.

A FORWARD LOOKING CONFERENCE

In 1855 the Oregon Conference met in the old church, and it was a fruitful session.

In a formal report, the Conference declared that it could not find terms too strong to express its abhorrence of the system of American Slavery. It was described as paralyzing the strong arm of enterprise, blunting the moral sensibilities, stifling the kindlings of sympathy, drying up the springs of benevolence, empoisoning the fountains of thought and feeling, perverting the judgment, and searing the conscience.

Traffic in intoxicating liquors was pronounced an "unmitigated evil," and the Conference pledged its efforts to secure a prohibition law.

Final action was taken on the publication of a religious periodical in Oregon, and Thomas H. Pearne was designated as editor. The first issue of the *Pacific Christian Advocate* appeared a few weeks later.

Bishop Baker was invited to take up his residence within the bounds of the Conference. A resident Bishop was one of their aims—not to be realized, however, until forty years later, when Bishop Cranston was assigned to Portland.

It was a forward looking Conference, and its dreams have become shining realities.

The first General Conference delegates from Oregon were elected at this session, the choice falling upon William Roberts and Thomas H. Pearne.

Among the names of those admitted to membership at this session is that of Robert Booth, and his useful ministry extended over a period of sixty-three years. His circuit work covered a

large part of Southern Oregon and the Willamette valley, and for a time he was pastor at Canyon City in Eastern Oregon.

Morley Punshon said in one of his lectures: "Estates and names are not the only inheritances of children. They inherit the qualities by which estates are acquired or scattered." What a goodly estate the Booth family acquired from their godly parents. One son, George M. Booth, was a member of the Columbia River Conference, highly honored by his brethren, and a trusted leader of the Church; and another son, Robert A. Booth, has manifestly received the blessings of his father's life-long excellence. The same might truthfully be said of other members of this pioneer family.

Events across the Pacific Ocean stirred the hearts of the preachers, and their action was prophetic. Four hundred dollars were pledged for a mission in Japan, the first contribution in the Methodist Episcopal Church for this special purpose; and four years later L. T. Woodward offered himself for missionary work in Japan, nearly \$2,000 was pledged for the Mission, and the Conference agreed to raise one thousand dollars annually for his support.

Those old pioneers climbed the mount of Vision, and saw the meaning of Commodore Perry's fleet in the bay of Yeddo. This was seventeen years before the Methodist Episcopal Church established a mission in that country.

INTERESTING EVENTS

A notable item in vital statistics is related to the old Oregon City church, and should be noted. It is given by a writer in the *Pacific Christian Advocate* in the issue of December 24, 1890. The writer says: "Julia Ellen Waller, daughter of Rev. A. F. Waller, now Mrs. Dr. C. C. Stratton, was born in the Methodist Episcopal parsonage in Oregon City in May, 1841, and was doubtless the first white child born in that city."

Alvan F. Waller was not only the founder and builder of the

first church in Oregon City, but the real founder of the town. To him must be credited the city's first residence, first church, and first child.

A famous apple tree adorned the church property at Oregon City for more than half a century. There is a tradition that Mrs. Waller got the seed from a dried apple which she used in the early forties. She planted the seed with a prayer and nourished it, and when Gustavus Hines succeeded Mr. Waller in charge of the mission, she gave him a sapling for the parsonage yard. It was one of the oldest fruit trees in Oregon, and yielded a bountiful supply of delicious fruit. Business expansion demanded the removal of this historic tree a few years ago, and part of the wood was converted into souvenirs. In the summer season the primary class of the Sunday School used to meet under the shade of Mrs. Waller's apple tree.

"No patriotic American," writes Eva Emery Dye, "can know the lineage of the Oregon City Methodist Church without a thrill, for it links back with the very beginnings of civilization on this Pacific Coast."

IX.

TRAGEDY IN SCEPTRED PALL

MILTON said, in his magnificent way, "Gorgeous Tragedy in sceptred pall come sweeping by." Such was the fate of the Methodist settlement at Willamette Falls in 1843, now called Oregon City. The tragedy occurred on the 4th day of February, and the shock was indescribable.

Cornelius Rogers and his family were moving from Salem to Willamette Falls, where he was to assist Alvan Waller in the erection of Oregon's first church. Mrs. Rogers was a young woman of fifteen, daughter of Rev. David Leslie, and a bride of five months. Her mother had recently died, and her father left in September for the Hawaiian Islands with two daughters, where he planned to put them in school. Aurelia, her two-year-old sister, was mothered by Mrs. Rogers, and likewise Helen Leslie.

THE TRAGEDY DESCRIBED

The following account of the tragedy was given in a letter by George Abernethy to Jason Lee on the day that it happened. At the close of his letter Mr. Abernethy said, "I have written under much excitement, but this is as near as I can give it."

The Mission boat left Salem with Dr. Elijah White, W. W. Raymond, Cornelius and Mrs. Rogers, Aurelia Leslie, Squire Crocker and several Indians. The boat was in charge of Mr. Raymond, and bound for Astoria.

Willamette Falls was made in safety. They made the portage on foot down to the point of rocks where the trail went up the hill. Here they concluded to get into the boat, and all stepped in except Mr. Raymond and three Indians, who were

left to hold the rope, while the boat dropped down to the log, where they usually landed.

This point was made safely, and Dr. White stepped ashore. The rest remained on board, when, suddenly the boat took a shear into the current.

Dr. White had a paddle in his hand, which Squire Crocker took hold of to haul the boat back; and at the same time they called to Mr. Raymond to haul, or he understood them so. This shot the boat into the suction of the Falls, and as Mr. Raymond had only the end of the rope he could do nothing against the pull of the mighty cataract.

At this juncture two of the Indians leaped into the current, and got such an impetus that they shot through the water and were saved. The rest stood up in the boat and applied all their strength to reach the island just above the Falls. They were paddling as they went down the first pitch, when they ceased, and the boat, with its precious cargo, made the fatal plunge.

FIVE MEN TO THE RESCUE

Mrs. Abernethy was an eye witness of the tragedy. She saw the boat coming down the river, and was preparing to receive the party. She went up stairs to look out of the window, to see if they were coming through the bushes, when it so happened that the boat was near the edge of the Falls.

"What an awful view!" wrote Mr. Abernethy.

Then he adds, "My blood chills, and I feel an indescribable feeling of horror creeping over me as I write."

George Abernethy was coming from the Mission store, which he had charge of, when Mr. Brown, who was on a housetop, where he could hear their cry and see their danger, came running, and exclaimed:

"The boat is over the Falls!"

Five men, including Mr. Abernethy, jumped into the Mission

boat that lay below the Falls and put out into the water. As they rounded the point, they saw a man swimming. They rowed toward him, but when they were thirty yards away he sank in a whirl, to rise no more. The man was Cornelius Rogers.

This was a sad disappointment to the rescuing party. "Our hearts would have been made glad," wrote Mr. Abernethy, "could we have saved one. But, alas! not one was saved. Brother and Sister Rogers, Squire Crocker, little Aurelia, and two Clatsop Indians were swept into eternity."

Four persons were seen swimming after the boat went over the Falls, but they sunk in a few minutes. In explanation of this Mr. Abernethy says: "The river was very high, and the current sweeping past with frightful rapidity, boiling and whirling in its course; and being so very cold they were chilled immediately."

The ill-fated boat was floating in the water bottom-side up. The rescuing party towed it into an eddy, hoping to find one or more of the bodies, but in vain. They found a number of things, trunks, boxes, and other things belonging to the folks that were in the boat, which they saved. It was now near dark, and with sad hearts they repaired to their homes.

DEEP CALLING UNTO DEEP

Gustavus Hines adds a touch of color to the sad event. He writes: "As the boat approached the awful verge, Mr. Rogers threw himself on his knees before his wife, who remained in her seat, holding her little sister in her lap. For a moment all was still except the rushing waters, then a wail was heard above the roar of the angry flood—they had made the fatal plunge."

The bodies of Squire Crocker and Cornelius Rogers were subsequently recovered, and committed to the earth; the others have never been found. Gustavus Hines was one of the ap-

praisers of the estate of Mr. Rogers, and he made this report concerning the bodies.

No language can describe the effect of the tragedy upon the little company of Oregon pioneers. Mr. Abernethy wrote of the event: "Nothing ever occurred so afflicting to us all as this dispensation of Providence. Every face shows that some awful calamity has occurred."

Then, thinking of David Leslie, already contending with sorrows high, he writes: "What a blow to poor Brother Leslie! May the Lord support him in this severe trial."

And of the little two-year-old child, he added: "Poor little Aurelia! I fancy I hear her say, 'Ti-Ti.'"

Add to this the observation of Gustavus Hines. He wrote of the tragic event: "If by some awful convulsion of nature the whole city of New York were to be submerged beneath the waves of the Atlantic Ocean, the shock to the State could not be greater than was felt by the colony of Oregon, when the Mission boat, with her precious cargo, went over the Falls."

Eva Emery Dye says: "The accident cast a great gloom over the young settlement, in-so-much that many who came with the 1842 immigration passed on down to California and very few remained in this land of howling wolves and terrific rivers."

PERSONAL NOTATIONS

Cornelius Rogers was a native of New York, an efficient teacher and lay missionary, and justly regarded as one of the most useful men in Oregon at that time. He was one of the five men who constituted the building committee of the first church erected west of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Rogers was married to Satira Leslie by Dr. J. P. Richmond on board the ship that took her father and two sisters to Honolulu, as she lay at anchor in Baker's Bay. He was sent to Oregon by the American Board in 1838.

Squire Crocker had been in the country but a short time. He

made the journey across the plains and over the mountains for the benefit of his health. Finding the country better than he anticipated, he had decided to send for his family and make his home in Oregon. But by one stroke of Providence his plans were overruled.

David Leslie was a pioneer of 1837, and acting superintendent of the Oregon Mission during the absence of Jason Lee. Mrs. Leslie died in 1841, leaving him with five interesting girls. Two accompanied him to Hawaii. Satira, the eldest daughter, and Aurelia, the youngest, lost their lives in the Tragedy of Willamette Falls; and Helen Leslie, four years old escaped the same sad fate by being left temporarily in Salem with Mrs. W. H. Gray. One daughter died in Honolulu, and is buried in the old mission grounds there.

Thus David Leslie climbed the great world's altar stairs, that slope through darkness up to God. He returned to Oregon in May, 1843, to find the whole country in mourning, and made his home at Salem.

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE following persons were sent to Oregon by the Methodist Episcopal Church between 1834 and 1840. The list includes ministers, teachers, physicians, and other occupations. It was an experiment in "Applied Christianity."

1834

Jason Lee, missionary.

Daniel Lee, missionary.

Cyrus Shepard, missionary-teacher.

Philip L. Edwards, missionary-teacher.

Courtney M. Walker, engaged for one year as Mission helper.

MAY, 1837

Alanson Beers, blacksmith, wife and two children.

Susan Downing, engaged to Cyrus Shepard.
Elvira Johnson, teacher.
Anna Maria Pitman.
Elijah White, physician, wife and two children.
W. H. Willson, carpenter.
J. L. Whitcomb.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1837

David Leslie, minister, wife and three children.
H. K. W. Perkins, minister.
Margaret Smith, teacher.

JUNE 1, 1840, LAUSANNE GROUP

George Abernethy, Mission treasurer, wife and two children.
Thomas Adams, Indian boy.
Ira L. Babcock, physician, wife and one child.
Henry B. Brewer, farmer, and wife.
Hamilton Campbell, carpenter, wife and one child.
David Carter, teacher, (included by Bashford).
Chloe A. Clark, teacher.
Joseph H. Frost, minister, wife and one child.
Gustavus Hines, minister, wife and one child.
Lewis H. Judson, cabinet maker, wife and three children.
W. H. Kone, minister, and wife.
Orpha Lankton, teacher.
Jason Lee, minister, and wife.
James Olley, carpenter, and wife.
Josiah L. Parrish, blacksmith, wife and three children.
Almira Phelps, teacher.
Elmira Phillips, teacher.
W. W. Raymond, farmer, and wife.
J. P. Richmond, M.D., minister, wife and four children.
Alvan F. Waller, minister, wife and two children.
Maria T. Ware, teacher.

II.

Idyls of Old Oregon



ANNA PITMAN LEE



I.

ANNA PITMAN LEE

*"A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream."*

—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

THE most pathetic and romantic story in old Oregon is that of Anna Maria Pitman. She was a woman of fine natural endowments, cultivated in mind and heart, brought up in polite society, and her thoughts were easily winged to poetry. Indeed, one might say of her, as Wordsworth wrote of Margaret:

*"She was a Woman of a steady mind,
Tender and deep in her excess of love;
Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy
Of her own thoughts; by some especial care
Her temper had been framed as if to make
A Being, who by adding love to peace
Might live on earth a life of happiness."*

Miss Pitman came to Oregon as a missionary in company

with Susan Downing, and several others. They left New York in July, 1836, and arrived in the Columbia River in May, 1837, being ten months on the way.

JASON LEE'S ROMANCE

It was hoped, by friends of both, that she might become the wife of Jason Lee. This was suggested to Miss Pitman in New York, and she pondered it in her heart. It is said that love and reason divide the heart of man; but, at first, reason had the upper hand, and Jason Lee did not take kindly to the suggestion. He says in his diary that he met Miss Pitman in New York but he could not say, "All my being sets to thee." In fact, he regarded the choice of a wife as too personal and too sacred for other people to touch. But, as a man of God, he was willing to follow the indications of Providence.

It is a saying of John Ruskin that Woman is love made visible, and before long Jason Lee felt its significance. Miss Pitman came into his life, like a phantom of delight; and, without design on her part, she became an image gay, to haunt, to startle, and waylay. Henry Van Dyke thinks that love enjoys the neighborhood of rivers. Be it so, or not, Jason Lee lived beside the beautiful Willamette River, and almost before he knew it, he was deeply in love with Miss Pitman. His own story of his romance and his final surrender, is worth telling. He wrote:

"After having formed a pleasing acquaintance and mutually exchanged feelings on the subject, I at length became convinced that she was eminently qualified to do all the duties and kind offices of an affectionate companion and was worthy of my highest regards, esteem and love, and that it was the will and design of our Father in heaven that we twain should become one flesh, as a step, conducive to our mutual happiness

and His glory. With these views I made proposals of marriage."

GIFT OF HEART AND HAND

Miss Pitman's answer was unique and characteristic. It was a poem, suggested by the beautiful story of Ruth, which she placed in the hand of Jason Lee. It was this:

"Yes, where thou goest I will go,
With thine my earthly lot be cast;
In pain or pleasure, joy or woe,
Will I attend thee to the last.

That hour shall find me by thy side,
And where thy grave is mine shall be;
Death can but for a time divide,
My firm and faithful heart from thee,

Thy people and thy charge be mine,
Thy God, my God shall ever be;
All that I have receive as thine,
My heart and hand I give to thee.

And as through life we glide along,
Through tribulation's troubled sea;
Still let our faith in God be strong,
And confidence unshaken be."

Eight months after the wedding they were called to embark on "tribulation's troubled sea," and Mrs. Lee faced it with unshaken confidence.

BRACING A KNIGHT'S ARMOR

In the spring of 1838 a meeting was held to consider the work of the Mission. The result of the deliberation was the unanimous adoption of a resolution requesting Jason Lee to visit the United States for the purpose of representing before the Missionary Board, the Church, and the public generally,

the true condition of Oregon, the needs of the Indians, and to solicit men and means for the work.

Consecration of valor was a vital thing with Jason Lee. Gustavus Hines, who knew him well, said: "With heart as affectionate as ever beat in the breast of man, Mr. Lee never allowed his personal feelings to control his conduct, when they opposed themselves to the call of duty."

But in this case duty to his wife seemed to conflict with duty to his Master, and he did not know which way to turn. Mrs. Lee, however, rose to the occasion like a queen, and her gentle counsel, and prayerful command, Mr. Lee could not hesitate to obey. Into his hand she delivered a poem, from which these lines are taken:

"Must my dear companion leave me,
Sad and lonely here to dwell?
If 'tis duty thus that calls thee,
Shall I keep thee? No; farewell!

Go then, loved one, God go with thee
To protect and save from harm:—
Though thou dost remove far from me,
Thou art safe beneath His arm.

Go, thy Saviour will go with thee,
All thy footsteps to attend;
Though you may feel anxious for me,
Thine and mine He will defend."

In "Queen's Gardens," John Ruskin refers to that beautiful custom in the days of Knighthood, of a lady buckling on the armor of her lord just before he went forth to war; and he added these significant words:

"The soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it, and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails."

Jason Lee was a Knight of the Cross, highest order of Chivalry in the world, just going forth to war, and Mrs. Lee braced his armor, and braced it tightly.

EIGHT BEAUTIFUL MONTHS

Love rules without a sword, and, it is said, love grows and deepens with time. It has been likened to an ivy, growing steadily, slowly, reaching wide and high, till it embraces all in its strong grasp. This is an outstanding fact in the life story of Jason and Mrs. Lee. In the Rocky Mountains, Mr. Lee wrote in his diary:

"Eight months elapsed previous to my leaving for this trip, and our affection for each other had been increasing, and our souls always beat in unison, insomuch, that there was seldom the slightest difference, even in opinion, in reference to any subject that we had occasion to discuss."

Wherever a true woman comes, home is always round her. Jason Lee's house was a log-cabin, the furniture was crude, and the adornments few; but it was the abode of a true woman, and it was sweet and beautiful and homelike. Such a home, ruled by such principles, is never marred by divorce.

Carlyle says, "All deep things are musical," and, it must be said, love is the deepest thing of all. The life of Jason and Mrs. Lee was musical because they touched the notes rightly, and in time. Of this aspect of their life Jason Lee left the following beautiful testimony:

"Not a cross look ever ruffled our countenances, not an unkind word ever escaped our lips, and not a hard feeling ever disturbed the tranquility of our souls during that period. The most perfect harmony subsisted between us, and we were always happy in the enjoyment of each others' company."

In Tennyson's famous lines, "Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might; smote the chord of self,

which, trembling, passed in music out of sight." Such was the brief home life of the Lees, beautiful, musical, unselfish.

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR

One June day, in 1838, there came to this happy pair a pretty boy, "their best hope next to the God in heaven." But twenty days later mother and child were not, for God had taken them. The husband and father was far away from home, in the Rocky Mountains, or beyond, fulfilling the command of duty; and the afflicted band of missionaries committed to the grave the body of this youthful mother, with her little son clasped in her arms. God, in His providence, took her out of the orchestra of life, in which she played an important part; but the music of her life continued to sound, faint and mellow, behind the hills of death.

Anna Maria Pitman was the first white woman married in Oregon; and, likewise, the first white woman of Oregon to enter the portal of the sky.

Her sun went down while it was yet day; but in faith, in hope, in consecration to great ideals, and in sacrifice, she embodied and expressed the spirit of the noble pioneer women of Oregon. In her was mixed the reason firm, the temperate will, endurance, foresight, strength and skill; and, as a result, she approached Wordsworth's great ideal of Womanhood:

"A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of Angelic light!"

II.

A ROMANTIC MEETING IN THE WOODS

GEORGE ELIOT said, "The love which a young man gives to a young woman whom he feels to be greater and better than himself is hardly distinguishable from religious feeling." And, likewise, "Our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object, and loses itself in the divine mystery."

Such was the love which Jason Lee gave Anna Maria Pitman, and Cyrus Shepard to Susan Downing; and their marriage was more than a ceremony, it was a sacrament.

A GOLDEN DAY IN OREGON

Sunday, July 16, 1837, was a golden day in old Oregon. As George Meredith would say, golden ran the streams, golden lay the meadows, gold was in the trees, and the birds sang golden songs. St. Cecelia, up aloft, seated before the golden harps of paradise, pressed her fingers upon two notes, and the woods were vibrant with the music of love and religion.

The occasion of the general joy was the first public Holy Communion west of the Rocky Mountains, and the first wedding of white man and white woman in Oregon.

The Sanctuary was a grove of firs by the river side, about forty rods from the Mission; and the Altar was a tree through which the sunbeams rippled, and the wind played a sacred tune. The place had been carefully prepared and seated for the small congregation that was expected to join in the romantic and historic service.

A motley crowd assembled in the grove, which could hardly be duplicated now. Seven men and five women came from the

Mission. These five were the only white women within two hundred and fifty miles, and there were only two others west of the Rocky Mountains. Thirty or forty Indian children came from the Mission school. Canadian Frenchmen of the settlement with their native wives and half-caste children, sat reverently under the spreading branches of the trees. A few white men, who had drifted down from the mountains, or floated up from the sea, were attracted by the unusual sight. And a few denizens of the forest, oddly dressed, stood on the outskirts of the audience, or sat upon the ground.

The service opened with Addison's hymn of gratitude. Jason Lee read the lines, beginning:

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost,
In wonder, love, and praise."

God is like the overhanging sky, vast and limitless, and his mercies are like sunbeams falling upon field and forest. Such was their vision of the unseen Infinite. And then, looking down the years, and forward into the eternities, they sang:

"Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew."

Jason Lee led in prayer. An old chronicle says, "He fervently addressed the throne of grace, while every knee bent in the attitude of supplication, and many prayers went up as a memorial before God."

SURPRISE DEEPENED INTO WONDER

Straightway, an unexpected romance began to unfold itself. Miss Pitman and Jason Lee had not announced their engage-

ment, and only Daniel Lee knew of the approaching wedding. Saturday evening dinner was served at the Mission in honor of Cyrus Shepard and Susan Downing, who were to be married the next day, and Miss Pitman served. Surprise, therefore, deepened into wonder when the following message fell from the lips of Jason Lee:

"My Beloved Friends and Neighbors: More than two years have passed since God, in His providence, cast my lot among you. During this period I have addressed you many times and on various subjects, and I trust that you bear me witness this day that I have never, in any one instance, advised you to do that which is wrong, but that I have, on all occasions, urged you to 'cease to do evil and learn to do well.'

"I have frequently spoken to you, in no measured terms, upon the subject of the holy institution of marriage, and endeavored to impress you with the importance of that duty. It is an old saying, and a true one, that example speaks louder than precept, and I have long been convinced that if we would have others practice what we recommend, circumstances being equal, we must set the example.

"And now, my friends, I intend to give you unequivocal proof that I am willing in this respect to practice what I have so often commended to you."

The dramatic and unexpected ending of Jason Lee's address sent a thrill of joy through the audience. Faces were mirrors, reflecting the approval of friends and neighbors, and nature seemed doubly beautiful as it joined in the general joy. As surprise deepened into wonder Jason Lee went to Miss Pitman, took her by the hand, and led her to the Altar, where they were met by Daniel Lee, who pronounced the ceremony which united them in Holy Matrimony.

Two other weddings took place that day. Susan Downing became the wife of Cyrus Shepard, the fulfillment of vows made in New England several years before. And Charles Roe was

married to Nancy McKay, a half-breed daughter of Captain McKay. Both couples were married by Jason Lee.

For a moment, at least, on that glad day, "Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might." All felt that the music of love is sweeter than that of any instrument, or of the wind playing upon the trees. In fact love is the music of life, and the sweetest music of all.



"A GOLDEN DAY IN OLD OREGON"

THE WOODS WERE JUBILANT

Once more the gifted musician pressed her finger on the religious note, and the woods became jubilant. The congregation sang:

"Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are,
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory beaming star."

The hymn was significant of much in the social life of Oregon. A stake had just been driven, which marked the dividing

line between the old Oregon and the new. Dr. H. K. Hines called it an "Epoch" in Oregon history. And Governor T. T. Geer said, in "Fifty Years in Oregon," as quoted in a previous chapter:

"It is impossible to go beyond Jason Lee in Oregon history. Back of him there was no civilization in Oregon. There were trappers, fur-traders, a few white men with native wives, adventurers without purpose in life."

The Hudson's Bay Company had no fixed moral aim, and its benevolent rule was a rule of trade mixed with barbarism. But this romantic meeting in the woods was the beginning of a new social order, a promise of better things; and in that night of moral and spiritual darkness, it was like the morning star, herald of the coming day.

In potential value the House on the Willamette was greater than the Fort on the Columbia. For it was the home of Jason Lee and Cyrus Shepard, evangelists of a higher life, and the first center of Christianity and culture in the Oregon Country.

A sermon was preached by Jason Lee. He took for his text the words of Moses: "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." The sermon was a call to duty, and a solemn warning against reversion to lower forms of life. It was a searching message, and the people were shaken by its ideals as trees are shaken by the wind. Sometime later, Jason Lee wrote of the service:

"The subject thrilled, and many tears bore ample testimony that the hearers were not past feeling; and even the furrowed cheeks of some who did not understand the language were not destitute of moisture on that occasion."

After the sermon two young men, Charles Roe and Webley Hauxhurst, were baptized, and received into the Church. Then the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, and a love feast conducted, in which every Methodist spoke, and sev-

eral French-Canadian Catholics expressed sorrow for their sins and their purpose to lead a new life.

NEW STANDARDS FOR THE PEOPLE

Two vital standards were set up that day in the Oregon woods, around which the people gathered.

First, the Church of the living God was publicly recognized in sermon and prayer, in songs and Sacraments; and the call of God to live the Life was acknowledged and accepted.

Second, the institution of marriage stood forth as a sacred thing, solemnized by the ordinances of religion, and sanctioned by the conventionalities of law.

It was a high day in Zion. Indians, mountaineers, and sojourners in the wilderness, were amazed; and they gave glory to God, saying:

“We have seen strange things today!”

III.

THE HARP OF LIFE

THE golden harps of Paradise continued to sound, and the thoughts of Cyrus Shepard were like dreams set to sweet music. Love and life was the theme of the cunning musician, and her interpretations were intoxicating. Cyrus loved Susan Downing with a love that is hardly distinguishable from religious feeling; indeed, as George Eliot said, his love at its highest flood rushed beyond its object, and lost itself in the divine mystery.

LOVE IS OF GOD

Philosophers, it is said, have exercised themselves about the origin of love almost as much as about the origin of evil. But this was no mystery to Cyrus Shepard. God, to him, was like the sun, and love was like the soft invading light. His book of devotion told him that God is love, and love is of God. Faber's lines express his thought exactly:

"All fathers learn their craft from Thee,
All loves are shadows cast,
From the beautiful, eternal hills,
Of Thine unbeginning past."

East of the abode of Cyrus the Cascade mountains rose in solemn grandeur, and the Willamette River flowed at his feet. To Mr. Shepard God was like the mountains, and love was like the rivers. David saw the rivers flowing from the Lebanon hills, the glory of Damascus and Palestine, but they were emblems of some better thing. So he wrote, "There

is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the City of God"; and from the mountains of the Apocalypse flows a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal. Rivers are emblems of love, for love is a refreshing stream and a satisfying portion.

Cyrus listened to the song as it moved along the background of his spirit. It described two young women, cultivated in mind and heart, fresh as a mountain stream, and faithful as the stars. Love led them away from their country, their kindred, and their father's house. For months they sailed the high seas, driven by storm and tempest, and buffeted by wind and wave. They exchanged a garden for a desert, a fruitful field for a wilderness, and did it joyfully. It was sacrifice for the good of others, and proclaimed the old, old truth that love is sacrifice. Cyrus thought of the woman of Moab, and her great renunciation, and of the Cross of Christ, our highest symbol of sacrifice.

From his pocket Cyrus drew a letter, which he received two months before. It was from his dear old mother in New England; and, though separated by thousands of miles, her love was like the great mountains, her heart was like the great deep. Cyrus felt as St. Paul felt, when he asked: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" And as Solomon felt, when he said, "Love is stronger than death: many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

Love is the highest and the best we know. Or, as it has been expressed, love is heroism and courtesy. It is patriotism, altruism and martyrdom. It cares for the small things of life, and governs the greatest. It slays the worst qualities, and sanctifies the best. It unmakes a person and remakes him in the image of God. There is no height of character to which love cannot lift a person, and there is no height of character possible without it. Cyrus Shepard was captivated by Love's celestial melody, and gave himself for the good of others, to make them pure and gentle and holy.

LOVE SEES LOVELY THINGS

In his home and family Cyrus Shepard found the acme of earthly blessedness. Writing to a friend, he said :

"Marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A Paradise below!"

Love is a discoverer of lovely things. "As a lily among thorns," said Solomon, "so is my love among the daughters." Emerson used to say, a young woman may resemble her mother, her sister, or persons not of her blood; but her lover sees no resemblance, except to summer evenings and diamond mornings, to rainbows and the songs of birds. George Meredith's lovers dwell in a world of birds and flowers, of golden fields and daffodil skies, and all nature is in fine sunset color, unable to resist the mounting tide. In like manner, Tennyson's youth saw in the maiden's face a color and a light, like the rosey red flushing in the northern night. Robert Browning called his wife his Lyric love, half angel and half bird; and Mrs. Browning said, "Love transfigured smiles into stars, and she danced through the day at the music of a word." Dante confessed that his love for Beatrice withdrew his mind from vile thoughts; and Tennyson thought his love for his wife brought the love of God into his soul.

Such, I fancy, was the joy of Cyrus Shepard after the wedding in the woods. Love took possession of his heart, and she mixed the sweetest and most beautiful things together, and when he looked around for a figure to describe his new found joy, he could only think of the Paradise of God.

Nobody knew better than Cyrus Shepard that life owes its highest revelations to love. To persons without love Jesus is a root out of a dry ground; He hath no form nor comeliness, and when they see Him there is no beauty that they should de-

sire Him. But to persons who love the Lord, Jesus is the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys, the fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely.

H. W. K. Perkins, the friend of Cyrus Shepard and comrade in service, wrote Rev. Z. A. Mudge that with Cyrus the common-place was glorified by love. He said: "Cyrus Shepard had under his care twenty-five or thirty heathen children of all classes and descriptions. Of the most of them it might be said they were anything but pretty, and anything but interesting; but to Brother Shepard they appeared like so many Angels."

LOVE TURNETH ALL TO GOLD

Another item must be added. Cyrus Shepard was engaged to Susan Downing before he left New England, and he served for her almost as long as Jacob served for Rachel. Indeed, it may be said of Cyrus, as it was said of Jacob, "The years seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her." Love is the greatest thing in the world: it is full of trust, full of hope, full of patient endurance, and by love subsists all lasting grandeur; that gone, as Wordsworth said, we are as dust.

Love is the famous stone that turneth all to gold. A poor Spanish beggar, so the story goes, sat by the way-side begging. His clothes were ragged, his face was pale, and he had eaten nothing for two days. People passed and passed; but three girls stopped and took pity on him.

The first gave him a real, a small Spanish coin.

"Thank you," he said.

The second gave him a small coin.

"May God reward you," he said.

The third—the poorest and prettiest—had neither small coins nor reals; and she gave him a kiss.

The starving man said never a word; but a flower-seller came by, and he spent all the money they had just given him on a big bunch of roses, and presented it to the pretty girl.

What a change! The walls of his prison house melted away, and he was in the Garden of Eden. As Carlyle said, "Life lay all harmonious, many-tinted, like some fair royal campaign, the sovereign and owner of which were love only. Such music springs from kind hearts, in a kind environment of place and time."

LOVE LOVES TO SERVE

Cyrus Shepard lived in that kind of atmosphere. His life was vocal with hallelujahs. A life of loving service was the most beautiful thing under heaven to this good man. One day he wrote: "I would not change my present situation with the richest and most powerful monarch in Europe or Asia." And on another occasion he made this high record: "I would not reverse my lot for thousands of gold and silver." He found something better than gold. It was love, the greatest and best gift from the Father of lights, helping for the sake of others, and giving glory to God.

Cyrus Shepard discovered that life without love is a dreary thing, and that love is the music of life.

IV.

FIRST REVIVAL IN OREGON

NEW YEAR'S Day, 1839, is a red letter day in the religious calendar of Oregon.

Bright and beautiful was the dawn of the day. The sun rose from behind the Cascade Mountains, like a ball of fire, and the sky was a fountain of glory. The mist screens of the Orient were beautiful in form, and exquisite in color, as if they had been woven by Angel's hands, and the white robes of the mountains were fringed with crimson and gold. Finally, when the king of day swung above the hills, shining and sparkling and flooding the world with light and heat, the trees wagged their heads, and the birds seemed to say: "The Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings."

Cyrus Shepard stood still and gazed upon the spectacle until his heart began to glow. It was the anniversary of his great experience, when God rose upon his consciousness, and he was celebrating the illuminated mind, and the burning heart. For him the sky was more than a sunrise, it was a declaration of the glory of the Lord. When he returned to the Mission he was repeating to himself the inspiring words, "With healing in His wings"; and his face showed that he understood the vision, and the meaning of the meeting on New Year's eve.

Cyrus was right. Jesus is the light of the world. What the sun is to the natural world, giving it light and heat, Jesus is to the spiritual world, giving it grace and truth. To the mind he gives light, and to the heart love; and he makes life beautiful as the flowers, and musical as the birds.

A HEART SEARCHING MESSAGE

The mission family had been praying for a revival of religion, and God was answering prayer. The last Sunday of the year was a notable day. A prayer service was held the evening before; and Sunday morning there was a love-feast, a sermon by David Leslie, the Lord's Supper was administered, and two children were baptized. A great impression was made on the congregation, and one man went home with the arrow of conviction in his soul.

H. K. W. Perkins preached in the evening. Mr. Perkins arrived in Oregon in September, 1837, with David Leslie. He was an evangelist in temperament, full of fervor and enthusiasm, and his Gospel trumpet was clear, musical, triumphant. His theme was "The Holy Spirit," and his text, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

The sermon went down to the very center of moral and spiritual life. The family of God is a new creation. Founded upon the great miracle of redemption, it grows by the ever-repeated miracle of conversion. It is entered, not by the natural way of birth, but by the supernatural way of the new birth.

The head of this divine family is the Lord Jesus Christ; its form in the world is the Church, its laws are faith and love, and its animating spirit is the Holy Ghost.

Trees are emblems of men. God likens them to the palm tree and the cedar. Mr. Perkins had seen trees rooted in the ground, and their heads lifted up toward the sky; but the branches were leafless and fruitless. In organization they seemed perfect; the sun shined upon them, on them the rain fell, and through them was breathed the breath of the sky. But the trees did not respond, there was no leaf or bud or blossom.

He had seen other trees rooted in the same soil, they were

similar in size, height, and stateliness of form; but the branches were beautiful, and fruitful. They caught the sunshine, drank the moisture, inhaled the breeze, and transmuted them into delicious fruit. They were the trees of the Lord, and their branches were stretched out like the hands of God.

Souls without the Holy Spirit are like trees without life; but Spirit-filled souls are like the trees St. John saw in the midst of the paradise of God.

Sons of God! The Father of the divine family is like the sun in the sky, full of grace and self-revealing.

Mr. Perkins had seen the sun rise upon the world, and kindle a glow in the sky; then he moved onward and upward, crowning the hills with splendor, and walking with golden feet through the valleys. It is similar when the Sun of Righteousness rises upon the consciousness of the believer. For darkness, He gives light; for sorrow, He gives joy; for misery, He gives happiness; for bondage, He gives liberty. God smiles upon the conscience, and the soul is free as an angel's wing.

The sermon concluded with a brief prayer. The minister asked God to lift up the light of His countenance upon the people; to bring forth His righteousness as the light, and His judgment as the noonday; and to turn men from darkness to light.

THE OREGON PENTECOST

David Leslie gave out the invitation hymn, lining each stanza, and the congregation sang:

"Come ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore.

* * * * *

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him."

Some felt their need of Him, and three persons came out on the Lord's side. The meeting continued many days, and about thirty souls were added unto the Lord.

The last day of the year was observed as a day of humiliation, thanksgiving, and prayer; and mingled with their songs, and prayers, was the voice of the penitent in desires and resolutions to flee from the wrath to come. It was past midnight when the meeting closed, and, even then, the congregation lingered in the room.

One remarked, "Surely God is in this place!" And another said, "Satan trembled."

New Year's morning, by the river side, a young man was converted. He went there to pray, and, as he prayed, there broke from his sullen heart a power, like the rainbow from the shower. It was the dividing line between his old life and the new life in Christ Jesus.

Great sinners were brought to God in the revival. Two men were lifted out of their selfishness, like trees torn up by the roots. In their agony and despair they cried aloud, and one felt as if he was "just falling into hell." Before their conversion they were enemies; but each laid his enmity at the foot of the Saviour's cross, and they became friends. It fitted into a beautiful Scripture, and Cyrus Shepard opened his Bible and read: "Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another; even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."

It was a white flower in the garden of God, the flower of forgiveness, and the Mission was filled with its fragrance.

In the school the effect of the revival was delightful. The school, in fact, was like a bed of flowers, and Cyrus Shepard, the teacher, was feeding among the lilies. One boy, who was converted, was the son of the first chief of the Walla Walla, a powerful tribe east of the Cascade Mountains. The lad grew in grace, and his mature life was rooted and grounded in God.

Some years later his father was called to California, and he

took his son, whose English name was Elijah, with him. While there Elijah was barbarously assaulted and killed by a white man. When he saw that he was appointed to die, Elijah said:

"If I am to die, give me time to pray."

Elijah kneeled upon his knees, and prayed, and while he was in the attitude of prayer, the cruel man killed him.

Down the river a man heard of the work of God at the Mission, and became concerned about his soul. H. K. W. Perkins made him a visit, prayed with him, and he was converted. And David Leslie, who was in charge of the work there, rejoiced in the conversion of his three daughters.

RELIGION AND CIVILIZATION

The end of the revival was new ideals, new habits, new customs, new laws. Old things passed away; all things became new.

This is an old story. When the Spirit of God moved upon a formless and lifeless world, life throbbed in its heart, and beauty flashed in its form. It is similar in the social order. Christian civilization began with a religious revival, and the revival is its chief propaganda. Christianity is not merely a system of doctrines, nor a code of morals; but a life, a new life in Christ Jesus. It is the living creature in the wheels of the world.

V.

LEE AND PERKINS AT THE DALLES

DANIEL LEE was appointed to The Dalles in the spring of 1838, and his associate was H. K. W. Perkins. They left the Mission on the Willamette March 14th of that year, and arrived at The Dalles eight days later. About three miles below The Dalles, and a half-mile from the river on the south side, they found a valuable spring of water, some rich land, and a good supply of timber, mostly oak and pine, and an elevated and pleasant location for a house, almost in the shade of the trees. The site afforded a fine extended view of the Columbia River, three miles on either hand. The background was broken, hilly and thinly wooded. Here about April 1st, the construction of a house was begun. The Indians took kindly to the enterprise, and they assisted in cutting timber and bringing it to the spot.

DARKNESS AND SHADOW OF DEATH

A rollicking and noisy set of people lived at The Dalles. It was the Wasco Tribe, which consisted of twelve or fifteen hundred people. They spent the nights singing and dancing, and the wail of their voices and the roar of their tom-toms could be heard a mile. When their manner of life was challenged they were angry, and the ministers were obliged to obtain guns for defense; but carnal weapons were not needed when the Spirit of God fell upon the people. It was found, as St. Paul said, that spiritual weapons are mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.

On the day of Pentecost the disciples received a special bless-

ing before the people were "pricked in their heart." And it was similar at The Dalles. Lee and Perkins waited upon God until they felt—

"As flowers the sun and dew,
The one true life their own renew."

Then, with apostolic zeal, they went from village to village, and from wigwam to wigwam, praying with the people, and exhorting them to put on the Lord Jesus Christ.



THE MISSION AT THE DALLES

In old Jerusalem the disciples met in an upper room to pray. But, in one village, Lee and Perkins called the people together in a cave, which had been used for a dance-hall. It was a large room, capable of seating three hundred people. A few men and boys, and about twenty-five women came to the first service; but the number increased daily until all the people were gathered together. And what a picture of degradation! Perkins described them as, "Naked, dissipated, diseased, deformed, blind, lame, without God, and without hope in the world." And Daniel Lee said, "Destruction and misery were in their way." But

in simple words, and with fervent feeling, the beautiful story of the Saviour was told; and the ministers sang:

“Hear Him ye deaf; His praise ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.”

THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH

In a day or two the people seemed to awake as from a dream, and some were converted. Then they began to talk about the new life in Christ, and to blaze abroad what God had done for their souls.

“Why are you up so early?” said Mr. Perkins to one of their chief men.

“I cannot sleep,” he answered; “when I lie down I think of your words, and when I sleep I dream that I am in meeting, and my heart is talking over what you say. Before you came my heart was asleep, but now it is awake.”

Mr. Perkins thought of that saying, “And when they were awake, they saw His glory.” In a few days the man was fully awake, and he saw the glory of the Lord. Straightway he sought his wife and daughter, knelt with them, and taught them to pray.

Mr. Perkins took an old man out for a walk, and they went into a clump of trees to pray.

“How do you feel?” asked Mr. Perkins.

“My heart is very sore and sorrowful,” replied the man. “Yesterday I prayed all day out behind that hill, but my heart is still bad.”

“Jesus can make your heart good,” said Mr. Perkins. Then they knelt on the ground, and prayed. The poor old man believed in Jesus, and his heart was full of light and love and joy.

To another man the beautiful story of Jesus was the soul of harmony and bliss. After listening to the wonderful tale, he said:

"This is the talk I want to hear."

Then he drew a coal out of the fire, and said to Mr. Perkins: "That is what you came to do for me, to pull me out of the fire." He had never heard the prophet's fine phrase, but he knew he was "A brand plucked from the burning."

In one village the story of Nineveh was repeated, for the people turned unto the Lord from the least to the greatest. And in another village it was like the work of God in Samaria, for with one accord they gave heed unto the things which were spoken. Signs and wonders followed. With bare feet and scanty clothing the people went through frost and snow to hear the Gospel; the voice of prayer, and praise, was heard in lodge and wood and glen; twelve hundred people attended a camp meeting; classes were organized for religious instruction, and leaders appointed; the Lord's Supper was administered to several hundred people in one service; and in one visitation of their villages two hundred and fifty persons were baptized.

It was a tide of grace, a high tide of the Spirit of God. Souls of men were lifted up, just as their canoes were lifted by the swellings of the Columbia; and their heart-throbs were like those of the river, as it sang with gentle melody along the shore. When the tide lifted them up, higher, still higher, one exclaimed: "Thou, Jesus Christ, art good!"

"Certainly Thou art good!" cried another. "Jesus is good! Jesus is very good!"

"Their countenance changed," said Daniel Lee. God transfigured their face, just as the face of a cliff is transfigured when the golden sunlight plays upon it.

Soon after the great awakening Alvan Waller was appointed pastor at The Dalles. He relates that he preached to the people, and his sermon was repeated in two dialects by two inter-

preters. But, in the midst of the sermon, one interpreter was overcome with joy, and cried out, saying: "Jesus is good! Jesus is very good!"

SERVE THE LORD WITH GLADNESS

Those Wasco Indians were not learned in the Scriptures, but the triumph of their faith was quite Scriptural. Deep things are musical, and religion is the deepest thing of all. Describing their experiences the early Christians said they were quickened together with Christ, and raised up together, and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; and they gave wing to their faith in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord. Such was the experience of those Indians at The Dalles. God gave them singing hearts, and voices jubilant with praise; and they joined with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, to laud and magnify His glorious name. It was their way of saying,

"There's music in my soul today,
A carol to my King."

Whence this melody? Who maketh the heart to sing? Read the words of Carlyle: "Our highest Orpheus walked in Judea, eighteen hundred years ago: and His sphere-melody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men; and, being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold accompaniments, and rich symphonies, through all our hearts; and modulates, and divinely leads them."

VI.

FRUIT OF THE SPIRITUAL TREE

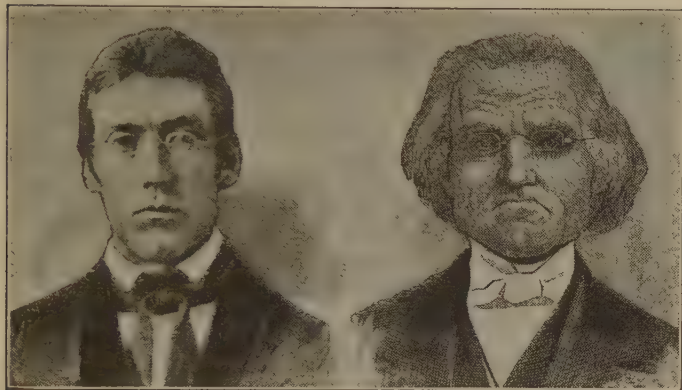
DANIEL LEE and H. K. W. Perkins planted a Spiritual tree at The Dalles, and it soon began to bear fruit. According to St. Paul, the fruit of the Spirit is joy, and, it must be said, there was great joy at The Dalles. The grace of God lifted the people into a new world; and Jesus filled the earth, the air, and the sky. Flowers in their beauty, forests in their grandeur, sunbeams in their gentleness, and the stars in their silent march, proclaimed the glory of a present God. And their great river, the mighty Columbia, constant in its march and beneficent in its ministry, symbolized that river of life, whose streams make glad the city of God.

JESUS IS VERY GOOD

It is a long way from these simple dwellers on the Columbia River to the massive mind of Jonathan Edwards, but there is little difference in their sense of Divine things. As a result of his conversion, Edwards found the appearance of everything altered. In cloud and sky, in field and forest, he saw a sweet cast, or appearance of Divine glory. Nature was the living garment of God, and His autograph was the flowers of the field. Such was the joy of the Wasco Indians, and they went about saying: "Jesus is good! Jesus is good!"

After the day of Pentecost believers continued steadfastly in the apostles doctrine and fellowship, in breaking of bread, and in prayers. Prayer is the fruit of the spiritual tree. Just as the Word brings God to the soul, so prayer brings the soul to God. One is just as necessary as the other. So the converted Indians

learned to pray. At first they sat down and watched the missionaries talk of God, but soon they began to pray themselves. Daniel Lee, in "Ten Years In Oregon," gives this prayer by one who had been converted:



DANIEL LEE

DAVID LESLIE

"O Thou great God on high, we now pray to Thee. Our fathers knew Thee not, they died in darkness, but we have heard of Thee. Now we see a little. Truly we are wretched! Our hearts were blind, dark as night,—always foolish,—our ears closed! Our hearts bad,—all bad,—always bad,—full of evil,—nothing good, not one!

Thou knowest! Truly we pray to Thee. O make us good! Put away our bad hearts. Give us Thy Holy Spirit to make our hearts soft! Our hearts are hard like stone. Give us light. O make our hearts new,—good,—all good,—always good.

Formerly we stole,—told lies,—were full of anger; now done! Never again so! Now we desire Thee. O come into our hearts,—now come! Jesus Christ, Thy Son, died for us. O Jesus, wash our hearts! Behold and bless. Amen."

If faith is to be very sure of God, this man had faith. If man is forever the prodigal son, with his history and his hope, this man was returning swiftly to his Father. His prayer is the uplifting of a sincere soul, a jet from the heart of things.

A COLUMBIA RIVER MYSTIC

Related to the revival at The Dalles is the beautiful story of Elippama, and it goes to show that in some cases the Indian did stay converted.

Twenty years after the revival a small boat was wrecked on the Columbia River, just above The Dalles, and the party reached the north bank, wet and worn, and sought shelter in the lodge of Elippama. He was an old man then, and in feeble health, but his appearance was impressive and venerable. In the party was Dr. E. R. Geary, a Presbyterian minister, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Elippama said to Dr. Geary:

"I have heard of you. You are God's man, and I am glad to see you. We both have one God, and I talk to Him every day."

"Who told you of the great God you worship every day?" asked Dr. Geary.

"The priest," he replied.

Then from a corner of his lodge Elippama brought forth a carefully folded buffalo robe. Within the buffalo robe there was a dressed deer skin, within the deer skin there was the skin of a badger, and within the badger's skin there was a bright blue cloth wrapped around a small book. Elippama held up the book, and said:

"This is God's book. The priest gave it to me!"

Dr. Geary thought he was a Roman Catholic, and he asked the name of the priest who gave him the book.

"Jason Lee," was the prompt reply. "He talked to us, and then he talked to God; and I have talked to that God ever since."

Dr. Geary said, "Elippama lives in my memory as a beautiful example of simple faith, and Christian kindness, that would have adorned the highest civilization."

It was a religious book, not the Bible, as Elippama supposed; but to him it was a holy of holies.

Elippama grew to God, and his kindness was beautiful. His conversion from paganism to Christianity was like making a flower out of the dust of the ground.

A VENERABLE PATRIARCH

George Waters, Indian minister, and member of Columbia River Conference, tells of another man, whose victorious life dates from the great revival at The Dalles. Mr. Waters said:

"One of our oldest Christian fathers is dead. His name was Thomas McKay, and his age was one hundred and twenty years.

"All the old settlers were his friends. He often talked about Father Waller, and Father Wilbur, and the old ministers. He joined the Church with other Klickitats in 1840, and since then he never forgot the true religion of our Lord."

The day of his death was the day of his coronation. Just before he died, he said to his daughter: "Daughter, I am going to leave you now. I am so tired here on earth. I am going where Jesus has gone to prepare a place for me. I trust in Him."

In that hour he closed his eyes in death. And, I fancy, the host of heaven sang triumphant welcome when the old warrior arrived safely home.

VII.

SAMPSON'S CONVERSION

JASON LEE concluded a letter, written in the spring of 1843, with these words: "The above is but a faint description of the meeting; and most of the meetings the past winter have been attended with similar power." He had just finished his story of a revival at Willamette station during the winter of 1842.

The rose and lily of Christian experience often grow among thorns. Such was the experience of the old Mission. "Several years ago," wrote Mr. Lee, "some of the children experienced religion, and for a while were happy in the love of God; but they were children in more senses than one, and most of them relapsed, and became indifferent about spiritual matters."

Discouraged persons began to prophesy against the undertaking, saying, "Nothing can be made of Indians."

THE GOOD HAND OF OUR GOD

But the hand of the Lord was upon the work, and it prospered. Jason Lee wrote of the visitation: "The Lord, in His mercy, saw fit to appear again in their behalf, and commenced a powerful work among them. I think I have never felt more of the presence of the Lord, or witnessed greater displays of His power in any part of the world, than I have seen among these simple and artless children of nature." Then he added, "I could never attend one of these most interesting meetings, without feeling that these children of the forest have learned to "move the hand that moves the world."

A striking example of the hand of God was the conversion

of Sampson. He was a native man, member of the Mission school for several years, but without God and without hope.

Sampson attended the revival meeting. But while one after another of his associates yielded themselves unto God, and rejoiced in the saving power of Jesus, Sampson seemed past feeling, having no part or lot in the matter.

One of the boys commenced praying for Sampson, and Mr. Lee said, "Such a prayer!" God seemed to roll a burden of soul upon all His children, and intercession became universal. Soon Sampson was in the midst of the group, trembling like a leaf in the wind, while they plead with God for his conversion.

Springing to his feet Sampson cried out: "My friends, I have been great sinner. I afraid I go to hell. Pray for me, my friends. I pray for myself!"

Then kneeling upon his knees, and with strong crying and tears, he confessed his sins and cast himself upon the mercy of God. The enemy seemed determined not to give up his victim. "The conflict was severe," said Mr. Lee, "but the united prayer of faith prevailed."

"Praise the Lord," was heard in soft accents throughout the room.

Soon Sampson arose, with a light heart and radiant face, and said: "My friends, I happy now, the Lord has blest my soul."

He had found the pearl of great price, religious satisfaction, and like the saints of the New Testament he rejoiced greatly, having believed in God.

THE ROMANCE OF RELIGION

Conversion is the romance of religion. Henry James in his monumental work, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, calls it a process, gradual or sudden, by which "a self hitherto divided, and consciously wrong, inferior, and unhappy, becomes

unified and consciously right, superior, and happy, in consequence of its firmer hold upon religious realities."

St. Paul referred his great experience to a shining moment in the Damascus road. Describing it, he said: "I saw a light from heaven—brighter than the brightness of the sun—shining around me!" Henceforth the crust of his life was broken, and he was free from every entanglement.

The effect was beautiful. He called it joy unspeakable and full of glory. He became "consciously right, superior and happy."

Professor James cites the experience of Billy Bray, a drunken Cornish miner. "I became the companion of drunkards," Billy said, "and during that time I was very near hell." The stuff of hell pressed him down, and only the Lord saved him from utter ruin.

After his conversion he used to say: "I can't help praising the Lord. As I walk along the street I lift up one foot, and it seems to say, 'Glory!' And I lift up the other foot, and it seems to say, 'Amen!' And so they keep on like that all the time I am walking."

Harold Begbie tells of a degraded Miserable going out from a religious meeting into the streets of a great city. He was conscious of some great change in himself which seemed to affect the world outside of him. The pavements shone with fire, the distance was a haze of bright light, and the leaves of all the trees in the road seemed like hands waving to him. He was glad in himself, and the outside world seemed glad.

Sampson's light heart and radiant face, and his triumphant cry, "I am happy now, the Lord has blest my soul!" were gleams of the same heavenly light.

III.

On the Old Oregon Trail



VISTA HOUSE

Monument to the Oregon Pioneers on the Columbia River Highway.



I.

PILGRIMS OF THE TRAIL

*"As o'er a sea untried and dark,
Into the setting sun,
Columbus drove his gallant barque
Until a world was won.
So, on for the West with heart as strong
As ever unfurled a sail,
Into a wilderness, deep and long,
Lee followed an unknown trail."*

—WILLIAM STEWARD GORDON.

OLD OREGON was a big country. It embraced all the territory from Alaska to the California line, and from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Oregon, Washington, Idaho, British Columbia, and parts of Montana and Wyoming, were included in the Old Oregon Country.

The Oregon Trail was a long road. It ran through all the country from the Missouri River to the Columbia, and the route was through Nebraska, Wyoming, Southern Idaho, and Eastern Oregon. A part of the trail was traversed by Lewis and Clark in 1805, and the whole distance was covered by Jason Lee in 1834. The story of the trail is full of mystery, tragedy, romance, hardships, faith and endurance.

Today the Old Oregon Trail is again in the public eye. Dur-

ing the Rose Festival of 1923 the lower Columbia River section was dedicated, and a few days later the Eastern Oregon section was glorified with a magnificent program. President Harding honored the occasion with his presence and made an address.

STARTING FOR THE WEST

Jason Lee joined the company of Captain Wyeth the last week in April, 1834. The camp was on a prairie, about eight miles from Independence, Missouri. "Our party," wrote Cyrus Shepard, "numbers upward of sixty men. There are about two hundred animals of burden, namely, horses, mules, and eighteen or twenty head of horned cattle."

The Mission family consisted of five: that is, Jason Lee, Daniel Lee, Cyrus Shepard, P. L. Edwards, a layman of Richmond, near Independence, and Courtney M. Walker, who was hired for one year to assist in establishing the Mission.

The company started for the distant West at 8 o'clock a. m., on Monday, the 28th day of April.

We are debtors to Mr. Shepard for a glimpse of the party in motion. He wrote: "The appearance of our company, while on the march, reminds me of the caravans of the Oriental countries, of which I have often read. Each man rides a horse, and leads two others, laden with merchandise and necessary baggage."

Towards the evening of the first day they pitched their tents in a beautiful situation, near a crystal fountain and shady grove.

Nature in its terrible majesty made the second day of the journey memorable. They were overtaken by a violent storm of thunder, lightning, hail, rain and wind. "Our animals," wrote Mr. Shepard, "refused to go forward; our clothes were completely drenched, and our boots filled with water." Not liking the prospect, one of their horses broke loose, and bounded off on the homeward track. That night the men lay down in their wet clothes, and slept comfortably.

God, however, was in the storm, and to Mr. Shepard the war of the elements was a means of grace. "During the day," he wrote, "I have experienced great peace of mind, and my soul was filled with inexpressible joy. Praise the Lord, O my soul!" This was Cyrus Shepard's way. He could no more keep from praising God than a plant can keep from blooming in the spring.

THINGS ALONG THE TRAIL

Appreciation of natural beauty was strong in Cyrus Shepard, and he saw in beauty a symbol of God. Nature was beautiful and jubilant. At different places on the trail, Mr. Shepard made the following observations in his journal:

"We moved through plains and over hills profusely decorated with the most elegant flowers."

"We crossed some ravines, one of which must have been sixty feet deep, worn out by the action of water for ages past. They are now dry, and ornamented by the most elegant wild flowers."

"The rich green carpet, which covers the plains and valleys in its season, is decorated by numerous wild flowers, many of which are rare and exceedingly beautiful."

"For several days past we have been passing through a most romantic country, beautifully diversified by hill and dale, prairie and woodland. The prairie is clothed in a robe of lively green, decorated with elegant flowers, in rich profusion and variety."

"We have passed this day in most rural scenes—widespread plains, and gentle swells of land clothed in deep green, and embellished with numerous flowers, and verdant groves of heavy timber stretching out on either hand. While passing these delightful scenes, almost untrodden by the foot of civilized man, my mind was inspired with adoration of the great AUTHOR. These are the works of His hand, and the earth is full of His goodness."

"The banks of the river continued to present during the day the same beautiful appearance; the verdant hills and extended

plains, upon the opposite side, reminded me of the hymn beginning,

“There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign.”

Cyrus Shepard's diary is like a moving picture, and many things of interest are filmed in its pages. At different points along the trail the following things were seen:

“We saw on our way a herd of deer, which bounded swiftly out of sight at our approach. A little later he added: “Deer are frequently seen bounding over the hills, prairie hens are common, and turkeys are found, but not abundantly.”

“During the afternoon we passed near a vast herd of buffaloes. The sight produced within me the most thrilling emotions.”

These animals seemed to almost cover the country in some places. The dark rolling masses made a low, dull rumbling sound, like an approaching earthquake—such was the rattling of their hoofs and horns. The sight of them was one of the wonders of the trail.

“While passing the side of a stream, a huge grizzly bear started out of the willows, and sprang at one of the mules. He was overcome after a sharp contest, in which he received eighteen rifle balls. He would probably weigh seven hundred pounds.”

Talk about thrills! What an exciting hour that must have been! Hand to hand conflict with bears was not unusual on the trail.

“In the evening we encamped opposite some rugged bluffs, which our imagination could easily transform into old castles, ruins of ancient cities, and fortifications.”

This was another wonder of the trail. Mr. J. Quinn Thornton had no difficulty in recognizing the ruins of Babylon at

this point. He saw a royal bath, a vast amphitheater, a splendid mausoleum, the temple of Belus, the old palace and the new one, the celebrated hanging gardens, numerous streets with magnificent buildings and lofty domes. "Imagination rules the world," is one of the great sayings of Napoleon, and these old rugged bluffs stimulated that faculty to its highest pitch.

"Near our encampment are twelve or fourteen springs of mineral water. The gas as it escapes causes a constant agitation of the surface, like the boiling of water in a kettle."

"I visited a spring about a half mile distant, which issues from a rock on the margin of a river. The water is at a temperature of 90 degrees. As it proceeds from the rock, the noise much resembles the puffing of a steam engine."

"We passed American Falls, on Lewis River. The scenery is very grand and sublime, as it is on this river generally."

These are a few of the things Mr. Shepard saw along the trail. The trip was full of beautiful scenery, unusual phenomena, and thrilling adventures.

FAITH AND PRAYER

Faith and prayer bring the soul to God. Herein was the stronghold of the Mission family. For the first time, perhaps, in 1834, the Old Oregon Trail was sanctified by the word of God and prayer.

God said to Moses, "Let them build me a sanctuary that I may dwell among them." The tent of the Mission family was a holy place. Just before entering upon the journey, Mr. Shepard wrote in his journal: "I erected our tent, and dedicated it to the service of God. The season was one of great profit, my soul was refreshed while imploring Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to come down and take possession of the tent."

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house. To Cyrus Shepard the tent was the house of God, and the gate of heaven. "My mind is in a happy frame," he wrote. "I found much enjoyment

in bowing around the family altar with Brother Edwards, and offering our morning devotions." After another splendid moment, he wrote: "I enjoyed family worship, and felt heaven come down to earth, not in the thunders of Sinai, but in the gentle whisperings of the Holy Spirit."

Fountains were opened in the desert, and these devout souls drank of the water of life. One evening after supper Daniel Lee and Mr. Shepard retired to a distance from the camp for a quiet hour with God. Of the meeting Cyrus Shepard wrote: "We read the Scriptures, sung and conversed together, confessing our sins before the Lord, imploring forgiveness and the quickening influence of the Holy Spirit. The season was solemn, interesting and profitable."

God gave him a shining moment out among the trees, and Cyrus was happy. This is his report of the tryst with God: "Retired about a half mile from camp to a willow grove, and poured out my soul in prayer and praise to God. My heart was humbled within me. Faith and prayer seemed to take hold on the promises, while

"The bending heavens around me shone
With beams of sacred bliss."

Religion is love fired and inspired by joy. Cyrus Shepard knew no other kind. His favorite Scripture was this: "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." "On awakening in the night," he wrote, "my soul was overwhelmed with the presence of God, so that I shouted for joy." The fire and energy of God rushed in upon his soul, filling him with moral warmth and spiritual earnestness.

The missionaries were in the midst of an unfriendly environment, but their spirits clung to a sure stake. Of this aspect of life on the trail, Mr. Shepard wrote: "I am surrounded by a wicked, profane and licentious company of white men, and scores of Indians, whose minds are sunk in deep moral dark-

ness." His way of overcoming the tide of evil is told in a single line: "MY EYE IS TURNED TOWARD THE LAMB!"

On the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, Jason Lee preached the first Protestant sermon delivered in the West. The time was July 27, 1834, the place was a grove of trees, and the congregation consisted of about thirty Indians, and as many white folks.

Captain McKay, a gentleman in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, requested that the service be held and the grove was near his camp. He was a good man, and helped the Mission family in many ways.

The order of the service and the effect of the sermon have been described in a previous chapter.

FROM WALLA WALLA TO VANCOUVER

One afternoon Cyrus Shepard and P. L. Edwards gained the summit of a hill, and looked down upon Fort Walla Walla. It was next to the last day of August, and the Mission family tarried at the fort four days.

The country around Walla Walla was barren and beautiful. "The soil," he said, "in this vicinity, is entirely barren, consisting of loose sand, except some narrow strips covered with verdure on the banks of the creek. High barren hills and bluffs, to a considerable distance, rise, in stately grandeur, above the broad waters of the Columbia."

In the loose sand on the bank of the river the Indians had their habitations. They were indolent, filthy, disgusting, and the pity of Mr. Shepard was deeply stirred. His feelings found expression in the following sentence: "When, O when, shall these poor darkened minds be illuminated by the bright beams of the Sun of righteousness, and learn to provide diligently both for their bodies and souls?"

The trip to Vancouver was made in boats owned by the Hudson's Bay Company. Captain Stewart, one of the company's

agents, accompanied them. The boats glided swiftly down the stream, and at 6 o'clock they encamped on the shore. Admiration for the great river broke loose in these words: "The banks of the Columbia, so far as we have come, are guarded by high, rocky bluffs; the stream is deep, clear, and highly beautiful."

At the falls of the Columbia there was a portage of a mile in length, and they were assisted by the Indians in carrying their boats and baggage. A large company of Indians were encamped at the falls for the purpose of catching salmon. The salmon were there in great abundance, sporting, and sometimes leaping quite out of the water. Seals, or sea-dogs, were also swimming about, or sunning themselves on the rocks.



FORT VANCOUVER

The falls of the Columbia are described by Mr. Shepard as "Highly Beautiful," and the scenery at the Cascades as "Most Picturesque." Then he adds: "The channel of the river is interspersed with numerous islands, covered with trees in full verdure."

Passing the rapids was no easy task. Their goods had to be carried three-fourths of a mile, and their boats taken through the water. The greater part of the time they were nearly to their waists in water, and the rain fell in torrents from the clouds. At last, wet, cold and weary, they went into camp for the night. They pitched their tent, built a fire in front of it,

and tried to dry their clothes; but this was impossible, because the rain continued with unabating fury. Were they discouraged? Read this:

"Having taken a cup of tea and a small quantity of dried salmon, we offered prayer and praise to God, and lay down in our wet clothes and blankets, rejoicing in the past and present goodness of God."

The next day, September 15th, at 2 o'clock, they arrived at Fort Vancouver. The gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company received them politely, and prepared a large and convenient room for them to occupy. There was something delicious in the experience of that day and hour. Mr. Shepard shall tell it in his own way. He wrote:

"I retired to rest, exceedingly fatigued, on a bunk, prepared for the purpose; being the first time I have lain aside my clothes to rest, or slept in a house, for 140 days, having traveled 105, and rested in camp 35 days, during that time."

Jason Lee and his associates were the most significant party that ever traversed the Old Oregon Trail, and their arrival in the valley of the Willamette was the greatest day in Oregon history, which T. T. Geer called its beginning, or *natal day*.

II.

FELLOWSHIP WITH INVISIBLE THINGS

MAX MULLER called the religious instinct the indestructible granite of the human soul. Go where you will you will find this granite. In some folks it lies near the surface, while in others it is deep down in the heart.

What did Max Muller mean by the religious instinct? Not the opinions one may have concerning the unseen Infinite; but what a person feels for sure about his vital relations to Almighty God, and about his duty and destiny.

God is very near to such folks. Indeed, for them, as Carlyle said, the Universe is the star domed city of God; through every star, through every grass-blade, and much more through every human soul, the glory of a present God still beams.

FIRST THINGS FIRST

These are the outstanding things in the experiences of two young people, who traversed the "Oregon Trail" in 1846. Mr. and Mrs. J. Quinn Thornton left Quincy, Illinois, on the 18th day of April, 1846, and arrived in the valley of the Willamette on the 18th day of November, being exactly seven months on the trail. Both had lost their health in Illinois, and the long journey was undertaken with the hope of recovering it.

The Thorntons were members of a large party, consisting of 130 men, 65 women, and 125 children. They had seventy-two wagons, and about seven hundred head of cattle and horses. Some of the party were bound for California, and some for Oregon.

Mr. Thornton was thirty-five years old, a fine intelligence,

a finished scholar, a lawyer by profession, endowed with a rich and beautiful imagination, with gifts of observation and interpretation that remind one of Wordsworth and Ruskin, and a master of English prose.

In Mrs. Thornton he found a fit companion. Bits of information picked up here and there indicate that she was cultured in mind, cheerful in disposition, filled with love of truth and love of human kind, and an ardent lover of Nature in all its manifestations.

The Peter Bells of the company said that the Thorntons were "always either writing, or prowling about after weeds and grass and stones and such truck." They enjoyed the beauty of the day, and were well equipped with intellectual implements and tools.

But, after all, their religion was the chief thing about them. Religion to them was something that justified itself by exquisite fitness and joyous satisfaction. Their last Sabbath in Quincy was spent in a Methodist church, where they listened to a sermon with unusual attention and interest. They were about to enter upon scenes in which they would have to endure great mental and physical suffering, and they felt that it was especially necessary to go up to the house of the Lord. They believed that the grace of God is just as much adapted to life in the wilderness, as to life in an improved and settled state of society.

Mr. Thornton's objective in life was not simply to wear out his boots, as Emerson expressed it, but to reach the land of promise.

"I have observed in my journey through life," he wrote, "whenever any formidable object interposed between me and the object I was endeavoring to arrive at, and that object would neither get out of the way, nor be avoided, that it was never best to sit down upon a rock at the foot of it, and waste time in whining; but that true wisdom always admonished me to take

my staff in hand, and press forward with resolution and courage until I got over the obstacle."

FEELING THEIR FAITH

Events soon justified their faith. Writing amidst the hardships of the trail, Mr. Thornton said: "We certainly knew before that Christianity was suited to the necessities of fallen man, and adapted to his moral powers in all stages of his development; but this we had not FELT, as at present, as a sensible, practical, and, in some sense, tangible fact."

A few facts will indicate how deep down in their hearts was Max Muller's indestructible granite. Faith is being very sure of God. At one point on the journey Mr. Thornton was overwhelmed with misfortune—sick and weak and bleeding at the lungs; but he looked to God for help, and wrote:

"I resolved that, with the blessing of God, I would not permit my energy to be broken, nor my spirit to be saddened by misfortune; but looking to the Strong for strength, and to the Wise for wisdom, go right forward, with courage, resolution, and cheerfulness, which my circumstances seemed not to admit."

They rose above disaster, and triumphed over it. After a bitter experience, involving loss of property and untold hardships, Mr. Thornton wrote: "We enjoyed a happy experience in realizing that this, notwithstanding all our toil and suffering, was not our permanent abiding place. We knew that there remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God. Property and business might fail, but still the eye of faith could fix itself on other objects."

Truth is within the soul, and responds to God like plants to the sunshine. Mr. Thornton saw this, and wrote: "Virtue is a plant which does not grow in the coldness and darkness of barbarism, but in the genial warmth and benignant light of civilization and Christianity."

He magnified the stewardship of life. Selfishness is the em-

peror of the vices, and happiness comes when Christ is enthroned as Lord in our hearts. Mr. Thornton knew this, and said: "The present peace and future happiness of man are increased in proportion as he becomes unselfish, by the means of the power of the Christian religion, chastening and subduing his natural propensity."

What a picture he sketched of the beautiful life! He said in substance: Selfishness is put off by the Christian, like a worn-out garment; and a noble, generous, self-sacrificing, self-denying spirit is put on. Reason has moderated his wishes, expectation doubled every present good, and his heart is neither gangrened with envy nor corroded with care. The elements all minister to his happiness; and those blessings which are usually regarded as coming round in the regular operation of the laws of Nature are to him new and valued acquisitions, for which his heart devoutly glows with gratitude, love, and thankfulness to the Supreme Giver of every perfect gift.

It is a picture of God and the soul, embracing and kissing each other.

LISTENING FOR GOD

Listening for God was their daily habit. Nature is God's mouthpiece, and the whisper of His voice is everywhere. Of this aspect of his life, Mr. Thornton wrote:

"Nature has never deserted me in adversity; but a thousand times it has whispered in my ear the promise of a new and better condition of being, in a world not subjected to the decree of the fell destroyer, where the fields are ever fresh and verdant, and the flowers never fade."

At one place on the trail, water gushed from a thousand veins of the earth, although it had, until recently, been congealed by the frost of winter. The whisper of God was in the water, and the message was full of elevated gladness. Mr. Thornton said:

"It murmured and leaped and sparkled down the green hill-

side, and ran joyously to unite itself with the stream below, as if it did indeed rejoice that the prison in which it had been so long barred and bolted, had been broken at last by the genial Spring."

A few days later Mrs. Thornton looked upon the water, and, seeing in it an emblem of some better thing, wrote in her journal:

"I now write entirely alone, with no eye upon me but that of the great God. As this little river flows gently by, and waters and refreshes the parched valley, so may His grace flow in upon my thirsty spirit, which longs for my Saviour as does the panting hart for the cooling stream. This is a journey that tries the temper and disposition, no less than it does the bodily frame."

Then she added this prayer:

"Dear Saviour, be very merciful to us, and give us wisdom and grace, according to our necessities. And may they be to us as a well of water springing up into everlasting life. O, let Thy presence and blessing be with us through the day, and through life."

Faith and prayer being the soul to God, and these pilgrims of the trail walked in the light of His countenance.

III.

MIRRORS OF CELESTIAL LIFE

THOMAS A. KEMPIS called Nature a mirror of life, and a book of holy doctrine. Such, indeed, it was to these pilgrims of the Oregon Trail. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton enjoyed many splendid moments with the mirrors of God.

DELIGHT THYSELF IN THE LORD

Jubilant nature proved an antidote for sadness. One of Mr. Thornton's favorite nature poems said: "Go to the fields and nature will with pleasant thoughts thy bosom fill." And such was his experience. Early he wrote in his journal:

"Nature here, and all nature, appeared to be too happy and beautiful to be left behind. I was as happy as the birds, and my heart seemed to drink in the general joy."

As spring advanced everything seemed calculated to put them in good humor with themselves and each other. Frogs were heard in great numbers among the pools and along the reedy margin of the stream, and the sound was far from being disagreeable. Indeed, it was music appropriate to the place, the scene, and the circumstances, and the effect was soothing and quieting. The chirp of the cricket, and the voice of the whip-poor-will at night, brought sensations of pleasure that were inexpressible.

The sap was coursing its way through the plants, and the vital fluid moved quickly through human veins with a new thrill of delight. A narrow strip of the richest and most beautiful forest trees skirted both sides of the river. Beyond the woodland, as far as eye could reach, there was a plain, broken into gentle swells, and covered with a coat of grass.

Nature was a mass of trembling glory, and the travellers' feelings were expressed by the psalmist when he said: "The little hills rejoice; the valleys shout for joy, they also sing."

THE MINISTRY OF BEAUTY

Mr. Thornton could easily qualify as a Rosarian. Botany was one of his delights. He was fond of flowers, knew their names, understood their language, and could tell their family relation. This is the way he talked about them at different times along the trail:

"The daisies, the first-born daughters of spring, were lifting their modest little faces to their father, the sun."

"Many roses and other flowers contributed to add an interest to the way, and to beguile the tedium of our toils."

"A beautiful white flower, resembling a poppy, lifted up its head, and a multitude of wild flowers were spread out before us."

"Many beautiful white flowers, and one of delicate blue, resembling flax blossom, charmed our fancy and cheered our hearts."

"I observed a great variety of flowers, including the tulip, sweet briar, honeysuckle, and the wild rose."

"The flowers were in large clusters upon a stalk, shooting up from the center, some of straw color, others pinks, and some white."

"A green carpet, spotted with flowers, covered the hills and valleys, and a robe of deep green, variegated with beautiful blossoms, was hung upon thicket and forest."

"Leaf-buds, dandelions, buttercups, daisies, and a thousand flowers of every hue, lifted their soft, mild eyes to Heaven in thankfulness for the warmth and the sunlight."

Beauty was a sacrament of goodness, and the flowers of the field were singing and making melody unto the Lord.

"Devout nature," said Whittier, "shames the prayerless heart

of man." But it was not so in this case. To both pilgrims the joyous aspects of nature were a means of grace. The young man left this testimony:

"It was, indeed, with emotions of the purest delight, that I looked upon jubilant nature, decked in her fairest dress; and I could not but think, that these grateful and inspiring influences would find a ready response in every heart."

And the young woman indicated her reaction to the loveliness of the world in these golden words:

"Nature rejoices in its freshness. Perhaps my happiness would be too great had I time to run about and drink in its beauties, and gaze upon the tops of the high green hills, which seem to be vocal with hymns of thanksgiving and hallelujahs of praise."

Their own hearts were aglow with religious feeling, and they joined with the flowers in their offering of praise and thanksgiving.

DEEP THINGS ARE MUSICAL

Pythagoras thought that nature is set to music, and Carlyle declared that all deep things are musical. Judge Thornton subscribed to both declarations. In a fine passage he wrote:

"To me every thing in nature was musical, if it had a voice at all. The chirp of the cricket, and the voice of the whip-poor-will at night, produced sensations that were inexpressible. The sounds fell upon my ear, and ran along every nerve in my body, reaching even to my fingers' ends, like the vibrations of a harp string."

Nature was a great organ, touched into music by its Maker; and the performers were singing and making melody unto the Lord.

The message of the morning was full of hope, and opened springs of gratitude in his soul. He saw the light struggling with the darkness, and the darkness dissolving into light; and

when the light conquered the darkness the clouds and the mountains shouted golden shouts. It seemed as if a woman of rare genius and radiant beauty had come forth to lead the orchestra of the world. Accordingly, he wrote:

"Nature seemed to have put on a robe more fresh and green, and to have assumed an aspect more smiling and lovely than ever, as she turned aside the curtains of darkness, and showed her pleasant face, covered with new charms, and glowing with radiant beauties."

Responding to her call, the green woods became vocal with happy choirsters, whose songs of joy and thanksgiving charmed the air, and whose gay plumage inspired delight. The star of the chorus was a wood-thrush, which poured forth wild and sweet notes from the border of a stream. It appeared to exert its musical powers to the very utmost, and its song swelled up as if to make its way to heaven. Mr. Thornton wrote:

"I felt my mind tranquilized by its music, and my heart inspired with hope, and at the same time filled with gratitude to the great Creator who made such a bird, and taught it to sing so delightfully."

It was a concert of the woods and prairie, in which other performers took part, and when the concert was over for the day the spectator wrote in his journal:

"I lifted up my heart in thankfulness to that beneficent Being who had thus given to nature a voice that echoed the outpourings of my own soul."

THE GOD OF GLORY THUNDERETH

God having his way in the whirlwind, and in the storm, was more than a fancy. The first storm was encountered early in the journey. The lightnings leaped from cloud to cloud, like advance columns of approaching armies engaged in deadly conflict, and thunder warred upon thunder in a manner that awed every faculty, and hushed every feeling except that of the

sublime. But soon the declining sun threw out a beautiful rainbow, and columns of mist began to ascend from the earth.

Devout Nature seemed in the act of worship, and Mr. Thornton said it was like the incense of grateful hearts going up to heaven for God's providential care and goodness.

One night a terrible storm broke around them. Cloud warred upon cloud, and the heavens were one vast sea of flame; the thunder leaped from one side of the heavens to the other, with a rapidity and crushing that seemed to rend the sky and earth, while torrents of living fire descended and ran like shining serpents upon the ground.

Nature was abroad in her most terrible majesty. The earth feared and trembled in the presence of its Maker; but Mr. Thornton forgot to be afraid, and exulted in the presence and splendor of God. Indeed, a mighty spirit stirred within him, and he wrote:

"I enjoyed emotions which were as irresistible as they will be impossible ever to be forgotten." And Mrs. Thornton said: "The scene was sublime, and I could not but rejoice that I was here to witness it."

To Mr. Thornton the spectacle was more than a phenomena, it was a divine Apocalypse, and he was overwhelmed with the majesty of God. He saw the Deity careering upon the storm, and riding upon the wings of the wind; while the lightnings seemed to struggle, that they might escape from His hand and descend upon a guilty world. Man seemed insignificant in comparison with other objects that concerned the *Deity*, and he found himself repeating the words of David:

"When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

IV.

WINGED IDEALS

“**N**OTHING can hold against hell, except the winged ideal,” wrote Edwin Markham, which saying is a good text for this story. Mr. and Mrs. J. Quinn Thornton were idealists, and the ideals enshrined in their hearts held against all sorts of untoward circumstances.

DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it. This was a cardinal doctrine with the Thorntons. They believed the company ought not to travel upon the Sabbath, and desired to remain in camp; but the majority having no scruples of the kind, determined otherwise.

What did they do? Faithful to the light, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton sat down to their morning meal, on the first Sabbath on the trail, with hearts of thankfulness and gratitude to God for His abundant mercies. This being over they went forward on foot in advance of the company, for the purpose of spending the day in as much retirement as possible, and of enjoying in some measure the sacredness and beauty of the hallowed hour.

It was a rare day in their lives. Their hearts were filled with inward sweetness, and their souls were winged with pleasant views and contemplations of God. Of that day, Mr. Thornton wrote:

“The morning was warm, cloudless, delightful, and seemed to bring with it not merely rest, but sacred rest, the returning moments of which our reviving hearts welcomed and rejoiced in. We endeavored to call off our thoughts, as far as practicable, from every care, and from every external object, except so far

as these assisted us to contemplate the power and wisdom and goodness of God."

The weekly Sabbath is one of God's great charities. Mr. Thornton held that individuals or a community, who habitually disregard the Sabbath, will not be blessed of God in their labors; and that social order and the supremacy of the law are maintained to an extent corresponding with the sacred observance of the Sabbath.

A TRYST WITH DEATH

The meeting-place with death is always solemn; but in the wilderness, and far from the busy abodes of men, it seemed to have a double solemnity. The first death in the company was that of an aged woman, and they halted to bury their dead.

A grave was dug under the spreading branches of a venerable oak, and thither the body was followed by a silent, thoughtful company of emigrants, who were thus admonished that they were indeed pilgrims, hastening to a land "from whose bourne no traveler returns."

One of the company was a minister. He preached to the people as they sat around the grave, and under the green boughs of the tree. The message was full of hope, and the preacher exhorted them to seek another and "better country," where there is no sickness and no death."

In the evening twilight, Mr. Thornton turned aside from the noise and bustle of the camp, and retired to the new-made grave in the wilderness, to commune in spirit with the departed. The result was a beautiful meditation, tending to patience when affliction strikes, to hope and love, to confident repose in God, and reverence for the dust of man.

He had witnessed the approach of death; sometimes betraying his advance by the insidious attacks of consumption, and sometimes assailing his victim in a less questionable manner. He had seen the guileless infant, with the light of love and innocence

upon its face, gradually fade away, like a beautiful cloud upon the sky melting into the dews of heaven. He had seen the strong man, who made this world his trust, struggling violently with death, and heard him exclaim:

"I will not die!"

And yet death prevailed. The sound of hammer and plane ceased for a moment, the ploughman paused in the furrow, the schoolboy stood still, and the very atmosphere seemed melancholy as the tones of the funeral bell came slowly and solemnly upon the motionless air. At such a moment, he found himself saying, "He is gone! But O, most merciful God, whither?"

For a final answer, he looked above and beyond death. Its meaning and mystery are explained by religion. Accordingly, he wrote:

"Religion would not have us forget the dead, but cherish for them affection that shall be immortal. This fills the heart with higher, holier, and better hopes; and takes away the bitterness of our recollections by pointing to a glorious and sinless world, a world of peace and joy, where we shall meet and enjoy the society of friends from whom we were separated on earth."

The effect was immediate, beautiful, and satisfying. To his troubled spirit the comforts of religion were like oil upon the turbid waters. His spiritual vision discovered objects of supreme magnificence upon which he could place his trust, and his soul was inspired by hallowed hopes of more enduring happiness.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

Near the end of the journey, the faith of these pilgrims was severely tried. The country through which they passed was like Dante's hell. Mr. Thornton said it was "the river of Death dried up," while the setting sun had an "angry look," and the mountains seemed to rise out of a "bed of flame" and to put "crowns of fire on their awful heads." Weary in body, distressed in mind and almost without food, they finally sat under

a tree at the mouth of Cow Creek canyon. At length, with staff in hand, they ventured into the rocky bed and icy waters of the creek. It was a terrible experience, a four mile walk in water from one to four feet deep. Mrs. Thornton fainted in the midst of the stream, and Mr. Thornton was afraid she would die.

After the trials and disasters of Canyon Creek, Mr. Thornton was greatly discouraged. One day he retired from their camp-fire, sat down upon the trunk of a huge pine, and bowed his head upon the palms of his hands. A dark cloud rested upon the future, which intercepted every ray of light, and shut him up in the dark forebodings of a fearful issue.

Life amidst so many misfortunes was felt to be a burden, and he was ready to adopt the language of Job, and say:

"What is my strength that I should hope? and what is mine end, that I should prolong my life? My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away." And with Jacob he was ready to exclaim, "All these things are against me."

In this state of mind he suddenly remembered that far back upon the road he saw an eagle flying backward and forward, in a half circle, far up in front of an immense precipice. She had built her nest upon a narrow projection of a rock of great height, and had so placed it that an observer would not fail to remember the passage:

"Doth not an eagle mount up at Thy command, and make her nest on high? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off."

At length he saw the eagle was trying to induce her newly-fledged eaglets to leave their lofty rock-built nest, and take to the wing. She fluttered over the nest, upon the edge of which the eaglets were sitting, then she circled upward, evidently endeavoring to induce them to follow her in her aerial flight.

This she did frequently, but the young eaglets declined to follow.

Finally, after various unsuccessful attempts to induce them to come abroad, the eagle darted at the nest, and threw it and the eaglets down the face of the rock.

But in a moment she was below them with outspread wings, as though she intended to break their fall. Very soon, however, the young birds learned both the fact of their having wings and the manner of using them. They began to rise, slowly at first and rather heavily. Soon the parent bird led the way, and her young one followed with ever increasing ease and grace. Upward they soared until the eaglets became mere specks upon the sky, and then disappeared, and soon the parent bird herself was lost in heaven's deep blue.

The recollection of this event brought to mind many texts of Scripture, and the discouraged man repeated the great words of Moses concerning the hand of God in the life of Jacob:

"He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; He led him about, He instructed him, He kept him as the apple of His eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord did lead him. He made him ride on the high places of the earth, that he might eat the increase of the fields; and He made him to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."

Immediately his faith revived, the providence of God became real, and he returned to their camp-fire with a mind at rest.

THE STARRY SKIES

The sensitive soul of Mrs. Thornton was distressed by these experiences, and out of the depths of her anguish she cried unto the Lord. Her feelings found expression in the words of an old hymn, and she repeated these lines:

"A stranger lonely, here I roam,
From place to place am driven,
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
I have no home but heaven."

Mr. Thornton told her about the eagle and the eaglets, and the hand of God in the life of Jacob. In a short time she was as cheerful as a lark, and they sat down to their simple and scanty meal as happy as if it had been far better and more abundant.

That night the clouds passed away, and Mr. Thornton spent many sleepless hours looking up at the starry skies. He had not seen Faber's lines, but they express exactly what he felt.

"The starry skies, they rest my soul,
Its chains of care unbind;
And with the dew of cooling thoughts,
Refresh my sultry mind."

Wonderful is the devotional power of the skies. Men have always felt it. Abraham lived among the stars. David saw the glory of God in the sky. John Tyndall, the eminent scientist, declared: "One of the ends of the Creator in setting those shining things in the heavens is to woo the attention, and excite the intellectual activity, of His earth born children." These children of God, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, felt that power in the valley of the Umpqua.

V.

THE END OF THE TRAIL

WHAT manner of man was J. Quinn Thornton? S. A. Clark, historian of the pioneers, furnishes a glimpse of him. He describes him as "Dignified, self-respecting, well read and scholarly, a man who would appear to advantage among statesmen and have influence where the best results should be accomplished." Bishop Bashford says that his success at Washington was due to "a mind, a heart, and an ability to win friends to his ideals somewhat resembling Lincoln's."

SENT TO WASHINGTON

Who was J. Quinn Thornton? What did he do for Oregon, and for public education in particular? Mr. Thornton was born August 24, 1810, in West Virginia, and his ancestors came from England in 1636. He was a studious youth, with a dreamy, far-away look, and his mother desired him to study for the ministry of the church. But he decided on the law as a profession and went to England to study, remaining nearly three years in London. On his return to Virginia he studied law under John Howard Peyton, and after his admission to the bar he attended law lectures in the University of Virginia. He practiced law in Missouri and Illinois, and was editor of a paper one year. He was probably the best trained and most widely read man of the American colony at Oregon City in 1846. It is necessary to know these things in order to understand his immediate ascendancy in Oregon affairs.

February 9, 1847, less than three months after his arrival, Mr. Thornton was appointed judge of the supreme court of Oregon under the provisional government. Affairs in Oregon

were drifting toward a crisis and many anxious hearts felt that something must be done. Accordingly, in October, 1847, Governor Abernethy sent Judge Thornton to Washington with letters to the President explaining his mission. His selection, it is said, was recommended to the governor by many prominent men in Oregon at that time, including Dr. Marcus Whitman.

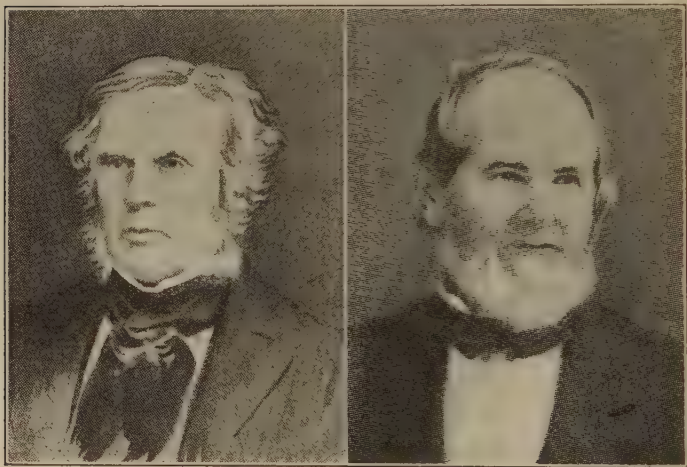
The bark *Whiton*, which brought William Roberts and James H. Wilbur to Oregon, was about to depart for California and the East, and Judge Thornton embarked on her. He left Portland, October 19, 1847. There was no money in the treasury of the provisional government, and Mr. Thornton's expenses were met in part in the following way: Rev. George Gary, superintendent of the Methodist Missions, gave him a draft on the missionary society of the Methodist Church in New York for \$150; Noyes Smith gave or loaned Judge Thornton 50 barrels of flour, with permission to sell the flour in San Francisco and use the funds; and Governor Abernethy, M. M. McCarver and Samuel Parker jointly signed a note for \$300, which was given to Thornton.

On May 5, 1848, Judge Thornton arrived in Boston, being over six months making the trip, and he reached Washington on May 11. His arrival there was an event and a story. On the following day, May 12, Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, whose friendship he had long enjoyed, introduced Judge Thornton to the President, who received him kindly and respectfully, and to whom he delivered the letter from his excellency, Governor Abernethy. The next day, May 13, Judge Thornton had a private interview with the President for the purpose of more fully communicating a knowledge of the condition and wants of the people of Oregon, whose interests he had come to promote.

MISSION VITAL TO PEOPLE

The list of the wants of the people of Oregon, as written out

by himself, included a variety of things, but his mission centered in two supreme objectives: (1) The admission of Oregon as a free territory, and (2) to obtain, if possible, a grant of the 16th and 36th sections of land of each township for educational purposes. Judge Thornton did not originate these objectives, but the duty of reaching them, if possible, was laid upon him. This was his task at Washington.



JOHN McLoughlin

GEORGE ABERNETHY

Governors of Old Oregon in Pioneer Days.

What was the result of his mission? The Oregon bill passed the senate, August 14, 1848, three months after his arrival in Washington, constituting Oregon a free territory, and the land grant for the public school was doubled. Judge Thornton was in Washington at the time, and after the passage of the act he wrote with becoming modesty:

"Upon the final passage of the Oregon bill, I received a num-

ber of letters from members of Congress, congratulating me on the event and attributing to my efforts, and to the information which my residence in that country had enabled me to communicate, far more influence than I could conscientiously claim for them."

What the congressmen wrote might well be true. There was no precedent in favor of enlarging the land grant for educational purposes, and in the case of the territory of Wisconsin a similar proposition had been recently denied. Judge Thornton said the proposition was deemed important in Oregon; he believed in it, worked for it, and helped carry it to a successful issue.

This fact stands forth in the history of pioneer Oregon like one of the peaks of the Cascades and will stand there forever. Bishop James W. Bashford was convinced of this fact, and wrote in his book, "The Oregon Missions," the following impressive words:

"Without Judge Thornton's presence in Washington it is clear that Oregon would not have received the grant of two sections of land in each township for free schools; without Judge Thornton's presence Oregon would not have been admitted at all as a free territory in 1848. His influence with the members of Congress of both parties proved strong and wholesome."

What did the educational feature of this achievement mean? It gave to the original territory of Oregon over 16,000 square miles of land for public schools, and opened the way for the grant of more than 26,000,000 acres in the States, including Oregon, admitted to the Union since 1848. The part played by Mr. Thornton in securing this grant is enough to give him imperishable fame.

Judge Thornton was in Washington to serve the people of Oregon. It is true that the estimates of the value of that service range from the zero temperature of Bancroft and Mrs. Victor to the warm, sympathetic and splendid eulogies of S. A.

Clark, Professor Lyman and James W. Bashford. It is probable that the real value of his service lies somewhere between these two extremes.

CHARACTERISTICS

It has been said: "Send two boys out for a walk; ask them what they saw, and you have the key to their character and abilities." The Thorntons have told us what they saw on the trail, and revealed themselves.

One incident, related by Judge Thornton, will indicate what he meant by the "luxury of prayer," and reveals his inmost soul. At one time, while in Washington, D. C., his purse contained only half a dime. He arose at sunrise from a bed to which he had retired at two in the morning. His rest had not only been brief, but disturbed and feverish. His fidelity to his mission had gathered a storm-cloud above him, and no ray of hope penetrated the dark and threatening mass. Before he left Oregon, his wife said to him:

"Husband, if you get into any trouble, go to the Strong for help."

Kneeling upon his knees, at the side of his bed, he addressed himself to the Invisible Being and implored help of Him at whose command Peter cast his hook into the sea, and brought up tribute-money in its mouth.

His prayer was answered, and he adds: "When I arose from my knees every care was removed, and every anxious thought had passed away."

During that day he received more money than his present necessities required. And at night Captain Montgomery of the United States Navy, having no knowledge of his need, generously tendered him his purse.

And how he loved nature! This, as we have seen, was one of the most notable of his characteristics; and he studied nature, not for its own sake, but as the countenance of God.

Education was a passion with these pioneers. After leaving Oregon City, Judge Thornton wrote in his journal: "I had there the honor of being superintendent of a Sabbath School which I left in charge of a better man when I sailed." Mrs. Thornton established a private school in Oregon City, which grew into the Clackamas Female Seminary, and later into the Oregon City Seminary. The Seminary property was acquired by the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1855, and sold to the Oregon City school district in 1867. The proceeds of the sale were given to the endowment fund of Willamette University.

When the pioneer women needed a leader, they found one in Mrs. Thornton. In April, 1848, the women of Oregon City met in the Methodist church to consult on the best means to aid the soldiers in the Cayuse war. Mrs. Thornton was called to the chair, and later elected president of the organization.

Sydney Smith, the eminent humorist, characterized a good man by saying, "He has the Ten Commandments written on his face." Such a man was Judge Thornton. A man of incorruptible honesty, and profoundly sensitive to right and wrong. When offered a consideration for his influence in favor of the Hudson's Bay Company, the offer was promptly declined. An incident related by Eva Emery Dye throws a flood of light on the character of Judge Thornton. There was a slave market in Oregon City in those days, where Indian children were bought and sold. Judge and Mrs. Thornton, looking down upon the pitiful scene, had their sympathies so aroused that they, themselves, purchased several abused children, adopted and educated them. His soul was a sea of sympathy and deeply stirred. Frequent expressions of this fact are found in his brilliant and beautiful diary.

DECEMBER'S AS PLEASANT AS MAY

A couple of observations from Judge Thornton's pen may be

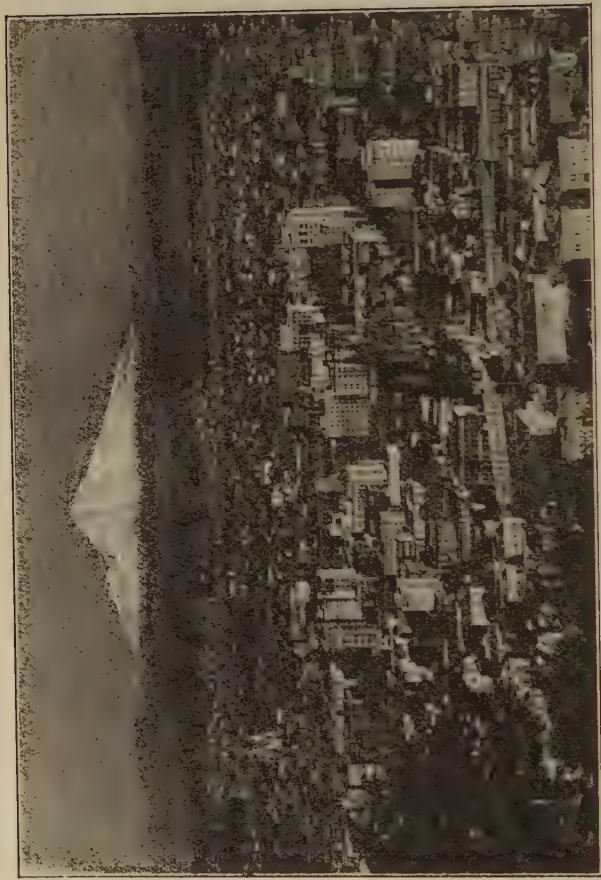
added to this story, which read more like romance than reality. He says that a journal of the weather in 1845-6, kept at Oregon City, shows that between the first of November and the first of March, a period of four months, there were twenty rainy days, and forty clear days; the other days between these periods being either cloudy, or rainy and clear. He also relates that the Rev. George Gary, Superintendent of the Oregon Mission, informed him that on the 25th of December, 1845, he ate green peas, grown in the open air in his garden in Oregon City, and taken from it on that day.

What did these pilgrims find at the end of the trail? "I believe," wrote Judge Thornton, "I never enjoyed more unalloyed happiness than I did in our Oregon cabin, wherein we were permitted to repose after so much toil and suffering. Although we had but little of this world's goods, yet we both enjoyed fine health, which was a blessing to which we had been strangers for fifteen years. The fine, healthy climate of Oregon operated like a charm."

A little later Mr. Thornton returned to the same story, and threw open the window of his soul. "We were comparatively cheerful and happy," are his words; "for although we had lost upon our journey nearly everything that we had owned, yet we did not permit the recollection of these losses to unfit us for the discharge of new duties, or the enjoyment of comforts that were now at hand."

IV.

In the Oregon Country



PORTLAND AND MOUNT HOOD IN DISTANCE

"The whole mountain appeared as one glorious manifestation of Divine power."—John Muir.



I.

THE BEAUTIFUL WILLAMETTE

*"From the Cascades' frozen gorges,
Leaping like a child at play,
Winding, widening through the valley,
Bright Willamette glides away;
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea."*

—SAM L. SIMPSON

OREGON was a beautiful country to the pioneers, and the dwelling place of beauty was beside the Willamette river. We are debtors to J. Quinn Thornton for a literary picture of this scenic wonderland, as it appeared to the first settlers, and of its power to charm. Judge Thornton was a priest of Nature, and the beauty of the world ministered to his soul. For him the valley of the Willamette was more than a dwelling place; it was a means of grace.

RICH IN UNIQUE SCENERY

Emerson pronounced all men poets at heart; they serve Na-

ture for bread, but her loveliness overcomes them sometimes. Mr. Thornton was a poet, and the beauty of the Willamette valley quite overwhelmed him. In a burst of enthusiasm he wrote: "No country I have yet seen equals the beauty of the valley through which the Willamette river flows. The scenery, which is beheld from almost any portion of the open country, is not only beautiful and eminently calculated to excite the imagination, but it is entirely unique."

Beauty is multitude in unity, and Mr. Thornton found this fulfilled in the Willamette valley. Accordingly he wrote: "The surface of the earth presents, in many places, swells of unequal elevation, covered with grass, having no undergrowth of shrubs and brushes and dotted with the most beautiful oaks, that almost cheat the imagination into the illusion that they were planted and tended by the hand of man. Open prairies of inexhaustible fertility, swelling into hills, and then again sinking into valleys, stretch away in picturesque beauty."

Rivers are springs of poetry; and they have their respective charms partly in themselves and partly in their surroundings. Judge Thornton was deeply impressed with these aspects of the Willamette river, and of the effect of the whole upon men of genius. "The Willamette river," he wrote, "is a stream which the ancient poets would have peopled with nymphs, and celebrated in song. Its waters are transparent, and upon their bosom a great variety of ducks, cranes, swans, pelicans, ill-omened loons, and a multitude of water-fowl, with their variegated vestments, glide gracefully, or patter their broad bills among the reeds and grasses upon the shore, or congregate in great numbers upon the sandbars."

Delightful patches of woodland and plain charmed the spectator, and added to the loveliness of the scene. Mr. Thornton described it in this way: "Many of the prairies of the valley are several miles in extent. But the smaller ones, where the

woodland and plain alternate frequently, are the most beautiful, although the prospect is more confined. These plains vary from a few acres to several hundred—sometimes two or three thousand. They are not uniform in their surface, but broken into gentle and graceful grassy swells. Deep shaded recesses along the border of the timber remind the traveler of the inlets of some quiet, sylvan sheet of water.”

Forests of rare beauty adorned the country, and the landscape was more like a park than a wildwood. “The space between these small prairies,” said Mr. Thornton, “is covered with an open forest of tall, straight evergreens. The clusters of trees are so beautifully arranged, the openings so gracefully curved, the grounds so open and clean, that it seems to be the work of art; and the beautiful avenues are calculated to cheat the imagination into the belief that they lead to some farmhouse or pleasant village.”

SUBLIME AS WELL AS BEAUTIFUL

The scenic features of the Willamette are sublime as well as beautiful. Beauty is common enough in nature, but the sublime is rare. The Oregon country, however, is richly endowed with both. This fact prompted Judge Thornton to write: “The features of nature, as looked upon in this enchanting valley, are indeed beautiful; but her snow-covered peaks and her long line of mountains are not only beautiful, but sublime. In the months of May and June every hill and valley is covered with the green of abundant vegetation, that heightens the enchantment of the scene to which the translucent waters of the Willamette give a softer character to an assemblage of objects constituting one of the most beautiful pictures in nature.”

John Ruskin called mountains the beginning and end of all natural scenery. This fact is sufficient to justify the enthusiasm

of Mr. Thornton on the mountain glory of the Willamette. "Far off in the east," he wrote, "the Cascade range of mountains bounds the valley in that direction. Many of the peaks, covered with the accumulated snows and ice of centuries, are in view at the same moment, and from the same point of observation. The warm sun of July shines upon them and they glitter in dazzling whiteness in mid-air, and in awful contrast with the dark basaltic rocks, which in some places present pinnacles, and in others huge and confused heaps, and in others black and rugged precipices that arrest the clouds, and have, during unknown centuries, defied the power of earthquakes and storms, and still continue to contrast their threatening and savage mountain sublimity with the picture of lovely landscape painted upon the sleeping waters of the beautiful Willamette."

This classic passage, however, did not exhaust the admiration of Judge Thornton, nor express fully his feelings. One writer claims that the tendency of natural beauty is to make us view God as "Wonderful." It entrances and enthral men, takes possession of their minds, and arouses the strongest possible sentiment of adoring rapture. Ruskin held that mountains excite religious enthusiasm, purify religious faith, and keep alive the sense of the supernatural; and Wordsworth was so affected by the mountains that his soul cast off her veil, and stood naked, as in the presence of her God.

Akin to these exalted sentiments was the feeling of Mr. Thornton. He wrote: "I think I have never felt that indefinable process of sensation, which is commonly denominated the emotion of sublimity, as strongly as when I have stood at some point in the Willamette valley, and looked in midsummer upon the cold, pure, white, and massive snow-covered peaks of the Cascade range of mountains. No man who has a soul can contemplate these vast natural objects, so splendid in their beauty, and so lofty in their elevation, without feeling in his heart irresistible emotions of sublimity, the remembrance of

which will only cease with his being. He will exult in the view of nature, while his inmost soul trembles at the magnitude of the conceptions inspired by this portion of the material world, terrible in its beauty and vastness."

The mountains were God made visible. God was seen to be great, glorious, majestic, terrible. The spectator was filled with the joy of elevated thoughts; and the world around was none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven.



MOUNTAIN GLORY OF THE WILLAMETTE

EXQUISITE PICTURES

Judge Thornton's pictures of natural beauty are almost celestial in tone and color. They are common enough and easily recognized by dwellers of the Oregon country, but only an artist could paint them. I have selected three. The first is a picture of the "Sunrise." As a work of art it is worthy of the pen of Ruskin, or the brush of Turner.

"The morning," he said, "spread out upon the hills, and at length the sun rose above the plains, and covered it with splendor and glory. The mind cannot conceive, much less the tongue

express, the ravishing beauty of the scene that instantly kindled into magnificence, grandeur and loveliness unequalled. Cloud-formed masses of purple ranges, bordered with the most brilliant gold, lay above the eastern mountains. Peaks were seen shooting up into narrow lines of crimson and drapery, and festooning of greenish orange, the whole covered with a blue sky of singular beauty and transparency. As the sun continued to ascend all the colors of the prism bordered the country, and then a thousand hues of heavenly radiance spread and diffused themselves over it.

"The King of Day seemed to rise from his throne, and cast upon his footstool his gorgeous robes of light, sparkling with unnumbered gems; and Nature seemed to have collected all her glittering beauties together in one place!"

His second picture is a "Sunset" scene. This is the way he describes it: "The sun at length sank behind the mountains, amidst a rich and gorgeous blending of light and shades and colors, such as no painter's skill could imitate, which it is impossible for the imagination to conceive, and which none but the great Artist can repeat. It soon passed into a soft and transparent twilight, and then the stars came out and twinkled far above upon the canopy of heaven, in a manner that suggested the idea that they were the abodes of the sinless and the blessed."

Wordsworth saw God in the light of setting suns; and Judge Thornton said that here, majestic nature, though in solitary grandeur, swelled his heart with grateful emotions of religious enthusiasm.

His third picture is "The Passing of the Storm." After describing the warring elements, he wrote: "The declining sun at length appeared, and a most beautiful rainbow was hung out by it, as a signal that the strife was over and that Nature was again at peace. The sun sank to rest, and night, with its curtain adorned with gems, shut out the day." After the storm,

columns of mist began to ascend from the earth. "Devout Nature," said Mr. Thornton, "seemed in the act of worship; and it was like the incense of grateful hearts going up to heaven for God's providential care and goodness."

Beauty of cloud and sky appealed to Mr. Thornton, and filled him with delight. He saw the glory of it all, and told what he saw in a plain way. "Above the mountain," he wrote, "masses upon masses of clouds had congregated, and were retreating before the wind; sometimes penetrated by the sunlight, and turned into shining heaps of fleecy silver. Lower down, and hanging in the clear atmosphere, were seen radiant clouds, that slowly and gracefully floated across the valley. Still lower were others that were white, still, and motionless, looking like aerial islands, suspended in mid-heaven, above the beautiful valley, that seemed to repose in the bosom of the hills."

Charles Kingsley told his friends never to lose an opportunity to see anything beautiful. And he added: "Beauty is God's handwriting, a wayside sacrament. Thank Him for it, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in, a cup of blessing."

Such, I fancy, was the feeling of the pioneers as they drank in the loveliness of the Oregon country.

BEAUTY FROM HIS BEING BROKE

Philosophers have asked, What is this beauty in things natural that charms us so, and whence does it derive its power to charm?

The answer is this: There must be in beauty itself some analogy to the Divine nature.

God is beautiful, and all natural beauty is an outflow of the beauty of God. "God stirred, and beauty from His being broke," is the fine saying of Faber; and we all love that most beautiful of prayers, "The beauty of the Lord our God be upon us!"

II.

ON TOP OF MOUNT CLEAR

JOHAN BUNYAN located the Delectable mountains near the Celestial City, and saw types and symbols of God in the hills. Likewise from the top of a lofty peak, called Mount Clear, Christian and Faithful saw something like the gate of heaven, and some of the glory of the place. They left the Delectable mountains feeling that deep things, hidden things, and things mysterious are revealed in the hills. Splendid moments have come to many souls on the summit of Mount Clear.

Dr. C. H. Hall, a pioneer preacher and eminent physician, was riding along the eastern slope of the Coast Range, just as the sun was sinking in the west, and bestowing his blessing upon the hills. He dismounted, and watched the spectacle with uncovered head; for he felt as Peter did, when he saw the transfiguration of the Lord.

And before resuming his journey the traveler opened his book of devotion and read: "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein." And when he read the passage:

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?"
And who shall dwell in His holy place?"

It was like a voice from the hills, and the white robes of the mountain seemed to say:

"He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart."

John Minto, a lover of Nature and Oregon pioneer, told the writer that he had experienced all the sensations and reactions recorded in this chapter during his long residence in the Oregon country.

CATHEDRALS OF THE EARTH

On the heights of Canaan, Jacob found the house of God, and the gate of heaven. Moses went up into a mountain to talk with God, and from "A happy place God's glory smote him on the face." With similar feelings, John Ruskin called the mountains natural altars, overlaid with gold, bright with brodered work of flowers, and the clouds which crown their brows he likened to the smoke of a continual sacrifice.

What are the mountains for? Ruskin answered: "They seem to have been built for the human race, as at once their schools and cathedrals: full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons for the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshipper."

He regarded the mountains as one of God's great charities. Of this aspect of the hills, he wrote: "God set them apart as great Cathedrals of the earth, with their gates of rock, pavements of clouds, choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow, and vaults of purple traversed by the continual stars!" Whittier voiced a similar feeling when he wrote:

"The green earth sends its incense up,
From many a mountain shrine."

"Let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker." Such was the feeling of Ruskin when he reached the Alps, and he always prayed. Likewise the Master of religion, who lived in Galilee, made the mountain a place of prayer; and in a mountain retreat, he made His final consecration and was transfigured.

The ancients saw the foundation of the Almighty in the holy mountains, and Mount Sinai was called the mountain of His holiness. They proclaimed the greatness and glory of God. A similar picture dropped from the pen of Ian Maclaren. Dr. William MacLure was dead. Through deep snow, glittering

like diamonds in the sunshine, his friends carried him to the grave, while the mountains stood high in white majesty, and the distant peaks lifted their heads in holiness unto God. Before this picture of life and death the people thought of the "Mountain of His holiness," and it lifted into sublime and awful grandeur the words of David: "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God."

God spake unto Moses, saying: "Come up to Me into the mount." To those who have ears to hear God still speaks from the tops of the hills. Wordsworth's "Mountain Echo" has this distinction. He heard a voice in the hills, and it seemed as if God spake to him. In truth the voice was only a mountain echo, the echo of a shouting cuckoo on the crag; but it suggested a deeper fact, and he wrote:

"Such rebounds the inward ear,
Catches sometimes from afar,
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God, of God they are."

The interpretation magnified the mountains, and Wordsworth struck one of his highest notes.

Robertson of Irvine had a sceptic for a comrade in one of his mountain journeys. Suddenly a storm broke around them—the lightning leaped from crag to crag, and from pinnacle to pinnacle the thunder pealed.

"Hark," cried Robertson, "cannot you hear what it says? It says 'I AM that I AM, yea, Thou art.'"

Then the thunder pealed along the cliffs as if God called, "I AM that I AM," and the distant mountains replied, "Yea, Thou art!"

It is only a step from this summit of thought to the highest peak in the spiritual range, where Nature appears as a Divine apocalypse, a revelation of God.

"What is Nature?" asked Carlyle.

"Ha!" he replied, "why do I not call thee God? Art thou not the living garment of God?"

MINISTRY OF THE MOUNTAINS

Reverence for God and the instinct of worship, the religious nature, are stirred by the mountains. John Tyndall felt this influence in the midst of the Alps. After scaling the crags of the Matterhorn and rounding the bases of wonderful rock towers, which had resisted the storms of ages, he wrote: "I can fancy nothing more fascinating to a man given by nature and habit to such things than a climb alone among these crags and precipices. He need not be *theological*; but if complete, the grandeur of the place would certainly fill him with religious awe."

Similar was the experience of John Muir. In the Cascade mountains he saw Mount Hood standing forth in full canonicals, communing with the setting sun, and exhorting people to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Mr. Muir was so overcome by the spectacle that he wrote: "The whole mountain appeared as one glorious manifestation of Divine power, enthusiastic and benevolent, glowing like a countenance with ineffable repose and beauty, before which we could only gaze in devout and lowly admiration."

Crater Lake is one of the wonders of the Cascade mountains. Mrs. Victor found the grandeur of the place quite overwhelming, and she wrote of a shining moment in her life: "There was a burst of feeling and a flow of tears, and I could only compare the sensation to the feelings which prompted the Seraphim to cover their faces before God." That is beautiful, that is worship. It describes a soul filled with the joy of elevated thoughts, and ascending through nature to nature's God.

Guy Fitch Phelps, the well known poet and author, was deeply moved by this miracle of the hills. This is the way he

told his experience: "As I looked over this pearl of the mountains there came to me a deep, restful, quieting sense of peace. To contemplate so transcendent a scene elevates the mind. One thinks of the heavenlies: of the sea of glass, mingled with fire; of the chastity of spring: of the river of life gushing from the throne; of the throne itself, circled with blazing and unfading rainbows. But the one predominating thing was peace—deep, pure, healing peace."



WHERE BEAUTY ALTERNATES WITH GRANDEUR

What glory beyond glory stirred the soul of Henry M. Stanley when he looked upon the snow-clad peaks of the Mountains of the Moon! Infinity and Everlasting were inscribed on the face of the great African mountain, and Stanley wrote of the effect upon his soul: "The desire and involuntary act of worship were never provoked nor emotions stirred so deeply, as when we suddenly looked up and beheld the skyey crests and snowy breasts of Ruwenzori." Never, he thought, can a man be so fit for heaven as during such moments.

In the mountains of Scotland Carlyle wrestled with a new

vision of God. A lake in the hills seemed to him like a picture of Peace dwelling in the bosom of Strength. But when the sun lit up the hills with golden splendor, a murmur of eternity and immensity, of death and life, stole through his soul; and he felt as if death and life were one, as if the earth were not dead, as if the Spirit of the earth had His throne in that splendor, and his own spirit were therewith holding communion.

Wordsworth had many shining moments in the mountains. He heard the voice of God in the crags, and in lofty peaks he saw characters of the great Apocalypse, the type and symbols of eternity, of first and last, and midst, and without end; and he added: "Gently did my soul put off her veil, and, self-transmuted, stand naked, as in the presence of her God." In those high moments of the soul he was vividly aware of God.

Aurelian McGoggin, in Kipling's fascinating story, was converted by the mountains. McGoggin thought there was no God and no hereafter, and that you must worry along somehow for the good of humanity; and he wanted every one to see that they had no souls, too, and to help him eliminate his Creator.

Kipling remarks: "I do not say a word about this creed. It was made up in town, where there is nothing but machinery and asphalt and buildings, all shut in by the fog. Naturally, a man grows to think that there is no one higher than himself, and that the Metropolitan Board of Works made everything. But in the hill country where you really see humanity, with nothing between it and the blazing sky, the notion somehow dies away, and most folks come back to simpler theories."

Such was the experience of McGoggin. He was not long in the hills until he was converted, and he didn't seem to know so much about things divine.

ASCENSION OF THE SOUL

Ascension of soul and the victory of good over evil are revealed by the hills. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the

Lord?" is an old saying. But the answer is forever new, "He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart."

Ralph Connor pays this tribute to the friendship and inspiration of the hills: "The mountains, with their shining heads piercing through light clouds into that wonderful blue of the western sky, and their feet pushed into the pine masses, gazed down upon Black Rock with calm, kindly looks on their old gray faces. How one grows to love them, steadfast old friends!"

But this was not all. The ministry of the mountains was a means of grace. The folks of the camp, those who wrestled with wrong and conquered it, felt that the mountains in all the glory of their varying robes of blues and purples, stood calmly, solemnly about them, uplifting their souls into regions of rest; and, looking beyond the mountain tops and the silent stars, they became like the mountains among which they lived.

This greatness of soul was the glory of two well known Oregon pioneers. Great men are the mountain peaks in the country of life, and they command the admiration of mankind. So, writing of Dr. John McLoughlin, Judge Thornton said:

"He was a great man, upon whom God had stamped a grandeur of character which few men possess, and a nobility which the patent of no earthly sovereign can confer. His standard of commercial integrity would compare well with the best of men. As a Christian he was a devout Roman Catholic, yet, nevertheless, catholic in the largest sense of the word. While he was sometimes betrayed by his warm, impulsive nature and great force of character, into doing or saying something of questionable propriety, he was, notwithstanding, a man of great goodness of heart—too wise to do a really foolish thing, too noble and magnanimous to condescend to meanness, and too forgiving to cherish resentment. The writer hesitates not to say that old, white-headed John McLoughlin, when compared with other persons who have figured in the early history of Oregon,

is in sublimity of character a Mount Hood towering above the hills into the regions of eternal snow and sunshine."

Similarly, when Mr. H. W. Scott desired a figure to express his appreciation of the person and work of Jason Lee, he found it in the mountains. He wrote:

"We get no proper view of the majesty of our mountain peaks when near them. We must draw back a little, if we would take in their full grandeur. On this view the work of our missionaries in Oregon rises in proportions more and more majestic as we study it from the standpoint of history and of consequences; and though others bore lofty spirits and did great work, no name stands, or will stand, above that of Jason Lee."

To this we may add the fine lines of Allan Weir, Secretary of State for Washington. He said: "The everlasting snows of Mount Hood are not purer, nor fairer, than the unsullied personal character Jason Lee left behind."

MORE WONDERFUL THAN NIAGARA

"America has two wonders," wrote an English woman—"Niagara and Father Taylor." But George Gary found something in the Oregon Country more wonderful than Niagara, and his heart was deeply stirred. The place was the Columbia river, and the occasion was his first trip to the Mission at The Dalles in September, 1844. "We came," he wrote, "in sight of a huge pillar of rock, which presented itself in about the middle of the river. This was an omen of the mighty wonders which soon presented themselves to our view in the most splendid and magnificent view of rocks in pillars and in almost every form, as up, up, up, until within the neighborhood of the clouds. The grandest scene by far I ever witnessed in the works of nature. The mighty columns of basalt, like lofty pyramids lifting themselves up as to heaven, truly made the scene fearfully grand; never was I so awed by nature in any of her forms in

which she has ever showed herself. The far-famed Falls of Niagara dwindle compared with the scenery of this day."

In like manner numberless classic writers have been stirred by the mighty wonders of the hills, and found in them the highest interpretations of life.

In his vision of the war in heaven, Milton makes the contending armies pluck up the mountains and fling them at each other, causing widespread desolation and ruin; but when the Son of God came into the war, each mountain retired to its place, and the flowers of Paradise appeared.

Dante saw no flowers in hell, and the singing bird was unknown; but when he came to the hill of the Lord it was bright with flowers, and melodious with the songs of birds.

Moses went up into a mountain to die, and Jesus ascended from the heights of Olivet. Glory, exaltation and triumph were bodied forth in the crowning of their careers.

Browning's Grammarian lived a useful life, and his friends buried him on the top of a tall mountain. The plain was no place for him. And Wordsworth rejected the vale of years as a type of age, and made his old men look down from the top of a mountain.

When Wellington died, Tennyson planted his feet on the shining tableland, where God Himself is sun and moon.

In Dante's great vision life is a continual ascent from good to better, and from better to best, and, at last, on the heights of victory, the glory of God is made visible. And in Bunyan's vision life is an ascension from the City of Destruction to the heights of Mount Zion. The summit of life is the hill of the Lord.

III.

TENTING ON THE BEACH

ROBERT BURTON cited many authorities to prove that the sea and seasickness is a sure cure for melancholy. Homer saw a spirit in the sea, and beyond the rising and setting sun he located the land of shadows. Sir John Lubbock tells of a poor woman who looked out upon the sea and expressed her delight on seeing for the first time something of which there is enough for everybody. People find in the ocean what they bring to it. Every mood of feeling, every flight of fancy, and every aspect of thought finds expression in the calm depths and rolling billows of the sea.

WITH GOD UPON THE SEA

A sublime and stirring message came to J. Quinn Thornton in the midst of the sea. After crossing the bar of the Columbia river, and sailing out to sea, he was overwhelmed by the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. A brisk wind whipped the sea into waves, and the water broke around the ship in crests of light. Judge Thornton writes in his journal that he stood upon the deck, holding on to a rope, and reveled in the ceaseless combing and dashing of the waves until the glorious orb of day set in the sparkling waters.

Think of that picture! It is a mixture of power, sublimity, and spirituality. See the mighty billows, the great waves, the bright sky, and the golden pathway running across the water. These are all in the picture. Judge Thornton could not find words to describe the effect upon his soul. It is best expressed by the simple entry in his diary that he retired to his room and

prayed. God was in His world, and His servant drew nigh unto Him.

To James H. Wilbur, a ship in the midst of the sea was a symbol of life. When it rose on the crest of a wave, or descended into the trough of the sea, it was like a soul going down into the valley of temptation, or rising on the mountain-top with God. One day he wrote, "I have not ballast enough in my ship to keep me always on an even keel"; but in a splendid moment he added:

"We strive to live, and always feel,
And act upon an even keel;
Then let the wind blow high, or low,
In peace and safety do we go."

Ships without ballast is a live figure. And how it compares with folks, some folks! They are the sport of their environment; and, frequently, they are capsized in a sea of doubt. Jacob said to Reuben: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

SIGN OF JUDGMENT AND RUIN

Our oldest literature makes the sea a symbol of condemnation, judgment and hopeless ruin. In the book of Jeremiah there are two pictures of the sea in this aspect. One is that of a people springing out of the north, and from the sides of the earth, to execute judgment upon Jerusalem and Judah. He describes them as cruel and without mercy, and their voice roareth like the sea. The other is a picture of the fall of Babylon. He describes the enemy as cruel and merciless, and he said, "their voice shall roar like the sea." In one aspect the sea is hard and cruel, and in it the prophet saw a symbol of the captivity of Judah, and of the Persian power breaking down the walls of Babylon and surging through its streets.

The book of Jonah makes much of this aspect of the sea.

Between God and duty, Jonah thought he could put the sea. But he was overtaken by a mighty tempest, and the sailors cast him into the deep. What was the sea to him but a sign of hopeless ruin?

In Turner's great picture the same idea is incarnated. It is a slave ship laboring in a storm. Below is the tossing sea, and above the torn and streaming clouds are drifting into the hollow of night. The frightened sailors are throwing the slaves overboard, and the sea is encumbered with dead and dying forms; but the declining sun, the gathering gloom, and the shadow of the breakers are pronouncing judgment on the guilty ship.

CLASSIC SYMBOL OF SORROW

In the literature of sorrow, the sea is a frequent symbol. Great indeed was the affliction of Job. His children were dead, his property was swept away, and his body was pierced with pain. So he went to the sea for a symbol of his sorrow and compared the sighing of his soul to the roaring of the waters.

David was overwhelmed in a sea of sorrow, and he cried to God, saying, "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me." But with beautiful faith he turned to God and said: "The Lord will command His loving kindness in the day time and in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."

One is reminded by David's picture of the glorious vision of Charles Wesley. Out of a sea of sorrow he uttered his great cry:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

In each experience the sea is a symbol of sorrow, and of sorrow sanctified by God.

Consider Tennyson's song of the sea. He makes the sea stand for the sorrow, the mystery and the pitilessness of death. Arthur Hallam was beautiful in life and brilliant in genius, and of the friendship between them Tennyson wrote: "He was more than my brothers are to me." His love for his friend flowered in "In Memoriam," and his grief over Hallam's untimely death sobbed and sobbed in his song of the sea. It was written in the spring, when the birds were cheerful and the fields were gay; but instead of green grass and fragrant flowers, he saw the gray stones and the stately ships, and instead of the songs of the birds he heard the solemn moan of the sea a few yards away. It was a fit symbol of his sorrow, and he wrote:

"Break, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
.
.
.
And the stately ships go on
To the haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

MIRROR AND TYPE OF GOD

Great thoughts of God and religion are inspired by the sea. Thomas Nelson Page called the sea the "Mirror and Type of God." Old Hebrew poets heard the whisper of God in the voice of the sea, and saw Him walking upon the waves. "The voice of the Lord," they said, "is upon the water, the Lord is upon great waters." Joseph Parker loved to stand on the beach and look out upon the ocean.

"What are you looking at?" asked a friend.

"I am seeing God!" returned the great preacher.

The vastness of the ocean is a type of the greatness of God. Accordingly, Faber likens God to an "Unfathomable Sea"; and

he adds, "all life is out of Thee and Thy life is Thy blissful unity." In a striking apostrophe to God, he exclaimed: "Shoreless Ocean! Who shall sound Thee? Thine own eternity is round Thee, majesty divine." He likened the souls that dwell in God to ships upon a boundless sea; and he added, "We cannot lose ourselves where all is home, nor drift away from Thee." When goodness wearied him, when love and joy were like blossoms that have died, and when men seemed to diminish and invert rather than reflect the beauty of God, Faber longed for communion with the sea. He told his feelings in the following lines:

"O God, that I could be with Thee
Alone by some seashore,
And hear Thy soundless voice within,
And the outward waters roar.

Where all things round shall loudly tell,
Storms, rocks, sea-birds, and sea,
Not of Thy worship, but much more,
And only, Lord! of Thee.

Upon the wings of wild sea-birds,
My dark thoughts would I lay,
And let them bear them out to sea,
In the tempest far away."

Isaiah found the sea a tonic to his faith, and a type of some better thing. In a shining moment he announced that the glory of God shall fill the earth, as the waters cover the sea. The sea is a symbol of God coming down to earth, and lifting mankind up to God. It washes every shore and flows into every river. It is always giving, and yet always full. It makes the springs rejoice and the rivers glad; and it seems to hear the cry and satisfy the need of every living thing. It is similar with God. Accordingly, Faber called God an "Ocean of uncreated Love,"

and the wideness of His mercy he likened to the wideness of the sea.

When the prophet Micah looked out upon the sea he got a glimpse of the pardoning and purifying power of God. One of the functions of the sea is to keep the world clean. God is the moral cleanser of mankind. "From all your filthiness," He said, "I will cleanse you." So Micah thought of God as delighting in mercy, and he said to God, "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." Someone with similar vision wrote:

"Purer than the purest fountain,
Wider than the widest sea,
Sweeter than the sweetest music,
Is God's love in Christ to me!"

Devout minds have always found in the sea an emblem of worship. David gave the sea a place in his divine orchestra, and when he wanted a great swelling note of praise he said: "Let the sea roar and the fulness thereof." In like manner Tennyson called gratitude and praise, "The tides of music's golden sea, setting towards eternity." And Whittier wrote in his "Tent on the Beach":

"Prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far,
And ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star."

SUNSET ON THE SEA

One of the highest visions of the sea makes it the pathway to glory and eternal life. To Saint John, part of heaven was a sea of glass like unto crystal before the throne, and the saints are represented as standing on a sea of glass mingled with fire, having the harps of God. Tennyson described death as "crossing the bar" and meeting one's "Pilot face to face."

In one of his stories Mark Guy Pearse describes a sunset on the sea.

"What's it like?" asked the blind man of his little daughter, as they stood on the beach.

" 'Tis like the King of Glory in his palace," answered the little maid.

"How so?" said the blind man.

"Well," replied the maid, "there's a golden street leading right across the waters up to it; and there is the King of Glory all in His purple robes, and His palace is lit up with splendor."

The blind man said nothing more, but the little maid added:

"Father, don't you think that must be the way to heaven over there?"

"What is death? Frederick William Faber called death "loose sand," and "the murmur of a sea"; and he added:

"Lord, is this death? I only feel
Down in some sea with Thee."

But he saw a brighter picture. The sun was coming down to earth and sinking to rest in a sea of glass mingled with fire. Golden was the sky, and across the water there was a golden street; indeed, he looked for the procession of angels and the harps of God. Yes, he had seen folks die as the day was dying, with a suggestion of victory and glory. So he wrote:

"How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Ever from toil to rest,—
Where a rim of sea-like splendor runs,
Where the days bury their golden suns,
In the dear hopeful west!"

IV.

OUT AMONG THE TREES

*"At cool of day with God I walk
My garden's grateful shade;
I hear His voice among the trees,
And I am not afraid"*—MASON.

AMONG the pioneers of Old Oregon, the noble trees of the forest ranked next to the majestic snow peaks of the Cascades. Both were objects of wonder and admiration, and sources of spiritual uplift. Judge Thornton said the trees surpassed anything he had ever seen, and declared the glory of God. After a day in the woods, he wrote:

"While standing among the trees, that looked as though they were not less than three hundred feet high, and as though they had grown there, deeply rooted in the soil, ever since God said, 'Let the earth bring forth grass, and herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after its kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth,' I exclaimed:

"Surely God made these mountains, and these sublime forests to cover them!"

BREAK FORTH INTO SINGING

Mr. Thornton's first contact with the wooded section of Oregon was refreshing and exhilarating. The day was far spent. Many promontories and summits, of singular and varied forms, stood up against the horizon, while the rays of the declining sun appeared to kindle a strong light, so as to exhibit the general outline in a sort of mellow and sublime beauty.

Among the hills there was a lake, which was a picture of

"peace in the bosom of strength." The rays of the departing sun fell upon the lake, and appeared to impart life and motion to every object. Noisy water-fowl were scattered about in flocks upon the bosom of the lake, which was gay and brilliant with the tremendous luster of the departing sunbeams.

Above the mountains clouds upon clouds were piled, in fantastic and airy shapes, of various and brilliant colors. These were all built up on a sky magnificently illuminated with a vivid yellow luster, that deepened to a bright crimson at the upper edge.

The weary emigrants halted by a stream of cool water of great beauty, that ran down the side of a wooded mountain, and spread itself out in a grassy plain below.

In this delectable spot there was a grove of pine trees of a large size. They were the first the travelers had seen in many a weary league, through many a weary week, and it was like meeting old and much-loved friends. Mr. Thornton loved the trees, and he said the sight of those pines refreshed his eyes and gladdened his heart.

That night the trees gave a concert for the benefit of their visitors. The wind, as it passed through the suspended and waving foliage of the lofty pines, touched them into music. There was a low monotone, that would swell upon the ear, dirge-like yet sweet, and then sink to a whispered lament. The leaves and tender branches answered in different voices from the hillside, as the breeze came sweeping over from the plain, eliciting sweet melodies, like that of the many-toned harp. Tennyson's woods were filled so full with song there seemed no room for sense of wrong, and it was so in this grove of pine trees.

But the concert did not end there. Other voices joined in the performance. The sounds of the babbling streams that came running down the side of the mountain, united with the whisper of the wind in the grass, and the moaning of the branches of the trees, to add their changes and harmony to the anthem of

nature. And even the howl of a wolf in the grassy plain, the hooting of an owl in one of the trees, and the scream of a cougar upon the mountain side, contributed something to the concert, and seemed to soothe and satisfy.

The ministry of the trees was comforting and healing. "While the breeze was sighing among the pines," wrote Mr. Thornton, "and the wild winds rushed in fitful gusts far up the mountain side, where the spirit of the tempest seemed to dwell, and while in the solemn night the stars above seemed to roll sublimely through the sky, all the monotones, though sad and wild, which the many-fingered winds awoke among the rustling leaves, seemed full of music to my care-worn and anxious heart."

Nature is all anthems, and sweet sounds are whispers from God. Knowing this, David gave the mountains and the trees a place in his divine orchestra. When certain sounds were needed he called on the mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, to praise the name of the Lord.

EMBLEMS OF SPIRITUAL TRUTH

Gustavus Hines wrote a cheering account of a camp-meeting, which was held in the Willamette valley in the summer of 1843. It was the first meeting of the kind, for the benefit of the white population, that was ever held beyond the Rocky Mountains. The meeting was remarkable in many respects.

On the first day, Thursday, only fourteen persons were present, and the preacher took for his text, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name there am I in the midst of them."

About twenty persons were present on Friday, and four sermons were preached. Jason Lee, H. K. W. Perkins, David Leslie, and Harvey Clark, a minister of the Presbyterian church, were the preachers.

By Saturday the meeting was one of absorbing interest. Great

grace was upon them all, and some began to inquire, "What must I do to be saved?"

On Sabbath the number present on the ground was about sixty, nineteen of whom were not professors of religion; but before the exercises of the day had closed, sixteen of this number were rejoicing in a sense of sins forgiven, and praising God for salvation through faith.

Among the new converts were several who had been Rocky Mountain trappers and rangers. One of them, who was well known and almost proverbial for his boldness, joyfully exclaimed, "Tell everybody you see that Joseph Meek, that old Rocky Mountain sinner, has turned to the Lord!"

In his report of the meeting to the Missionary Board, Mr. Hines said: "There was only one tent upon the ground, and that was pitched between three trees, two of which were towering firs, and the other a stately oak, fit emblems of the majesty and power of the truths proclaimed beneath their wide-spread branches!"

Of what truths? Trees are emblems of God. Solomon was thinking of a tree when he wrote, "I sat down under His shadow with great delight." When F. W. Faber looked around for a fitting symbol of God, he selected a queenly tree. "The thought of God," he wrote, "is like the tree beneath whose shade I lie."

Trees are emblems of Jesus Christ. Our Lord likened Himself to a tree, and St. Paul compared Him to an olive tree. "I am the true vine," are the great words of Jesus; and He added, "He that eateth of Me shall live by Me." Jesus is the tree of life in the midst of the world.

Trees are emblems of the life and immortality brought to light through the Gospel. St. John saw the tree of life on either side of the celestial river, and he heard One saying: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

Those stately trees on the Tualatin were teachers of men. And where shall we look for teachers more competent than among the trees? Shakespeare listened to "Tongues in trees"; St. Bernard declared that he learned more theology from his trees than from his books; and the eminent scholar in the school of nature, William Wordsworth, wrote:

"One impulse from a vernal wood,
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can."

LIKE A DEVOUT AUDIENCE

John Muir saw the trees in another aspect. The place was the Sierras and the occasion the passing of a storm. This is the way he told it: "The storm tones died away, and, turning toward the east, I beheld the countless hosts of the forests hushed and tranquil, towering above one another on the slopes of the hills like a devout audience. The setting sun filled them with amber light, and seemed to say, while they listened, 'My peace I give unto you.'" To this high interpretation of the trees, the following beautiful lines may be added. Joyce Kilmer wrote:

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray."

Devout souls are like trees. They are sensitive to celestial influences. God signalled to David in the tops of the mulberry trees, and the trees sing in the presence of the Lord. Referring to this, Shakespeare said: "It is useless to forbid the mountain pines to wag their heads, and to make a noise, when they are fretted by the gusts of heaven." The glory of the

Pentecost was in this very fact. The Apostles were stirred by the winds of God, and it was useless to forbid them to speak in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Holiness is the fruit of faith, and fruit is the glory of a tree.

What is the difference between a Moralist and a Christian? Jesus found His answer among the trees. The barren fig tree had only leaves, and the fruitless branch was cut off from the vine and cast away. A Moralist has leaves, but a Christian bears fruit. Henry Ward Beecher listened to two trees, one was barren and the other fruitful. The barren tree said:

"Is not my root as good as yours?"

"Yes, as good as mine," answered the fruitful tree.

"And are not my lower limbs as broad and spreading, and is not my stem as large, and my bark as shaggy?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And are not my leaves as green, and am I not as tall as you?"

"Yes," replied the fruitful tree, "but I have blossoms."

"O! blossoms are of no use," said the barren tree.

"But I bear fruit."

"What, those clusters? Those are only a burden to a tree."

But what does the owner of the vineyard and orchard think? The barren tree is a disappointment; but the other tree, fragrant in the spring and fruitful in the autumn, is the owner's joy and delight.

In some ways a Moralist may be just as good as a Christian; but, by and by, when the Moralist is like a fruitless tree, the Christian will come to flower and fruitage in the garden of God.

To glorify God is the chief end of man; and Jesus said, "Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit."

V.

THE OLD MISSION GARDEN

*"Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads."*—WORDSWORTH.

“GOD ALMIGHTY first planted a garden,” wrote Francis Bacon; “and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures.” Gardening and flower culture were pleasant pastimes at the Old Oregon Mission, and the Mission garden was one of the beauty spots of the Willamette.

H. K. W. Perkins says the seeds for the garden came from New England, and had been carefully carried over the Rocky Mountains.

The garden was a symbol of man’s sympathy with nature. In this the missionaries were not unlike their Master. Jesus was a lover of nature; He made beauty a sacrament of goodness, and found the autograph of His Father in the flowers of the field.

LOVER OF PLANTS AND FLOWERS

The Mission garden was the creation of Cyrus Shepard, and the plants and flowers missed him. Wordsworth thought that plants are sensitive to pain and pleasure, and Lowell used to say that his trees drooped when he went away and rejoiced when he came back to them. These are bits of poetic fancy, perhaps, but the Mission garden might well grieve over the loss of Mr. Shepard. Seven months after his death, Mrs. Shepard wrote:

“I am now sitting opposite the window overlooking the garden planted by my dear husband. The flowers bloom as well,

as when he was here to take care of them, but the tender plants miss his careful hand. Seven months have passed since he left me, and I still look for him in the garden, morning and evening, and can hardly persuade myself I shall not see his straw hat among the vines."

Next to teaching, Cyrus Shepard loved gardening. He knew plants and flowers as well as children. The saying of Bacon was ever in his mind, "A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds"; and his garden was a parable of moral truth. His conversation with Nature ran about as follows:

"What is anger?"

"A prickly thorn."

"What is peevishness?"

"A stinging nettle."

"What is avarice?"

"A choking weed."

"What is revenge?"

"A poisonous plant."

"What are the lusts of the flesh?"

"A swarm of noisome insects, which taint every rising thought and corrupt the imagination."

On the other hand, the good things of life were illustrated by his plants and flowers and trees. And thus they held converse:

"What is love?"

"A crimson rose."

"What is faith?"

"An ivy."

"What is holiness?"

"A lily among thorns."

"What is a Christian?"

"An apple tree among the trees of the wood."

"What are the graces of the Spirit?"

"A chaplet of flowers, which sweeten each rising thought, and beautify the imagination."

H. K. W. Perkins made a pilgrimage to the old Mission in 1844. Old memories were revived: he thought of the school of Cyrus Shepard as a vivid picture of the "beauty of goodness," and of his garden as a rare collection of the beauties of nature. This is what he said about the garden:

"I stopped to linger, for a few moments, around the little inclosure which contained the old Mission garden, originally planted by Brother Shepard's own hand. This was the most pleasant place connected with the Mission. It was well planted with young trees, and a great variety of herbs and flowers. This was always the first place of resort for visitors."

And well it might be. "The simplest flower has o'er the sold a magic power." Luther kept a flower on his study table, and held a flower in his hand in his debate with Dr. Eck. Wordsworth communed with the flowers of the field and found in them thoughts that lie too deep for tears. Ruskin could not pluck a flower without pain, so great was his love for them. Tennyson kneeled upon his knees before a bed of flowers, and called to his companion, "Down on your knees, man, and smell the violets!" Linnaeus looked upon a field of mountain gorse in full bloom, and, in the exquisite phrase of Mrs. Browning, "He knelt beside them on the sod, for their beauty thanking God."

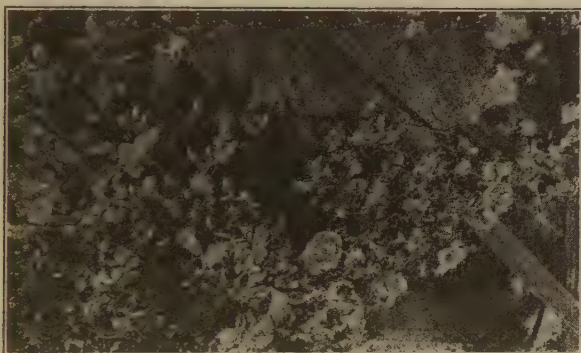
Such, in a modified way, was the experience of the visitors at the old Mission garden. Beauty of form and color stirred their hearts, and filled them with adoring rapture.

STORY OF THE MISSION ROSE

"There is a beautiful flowering shrub in Oregon," wrote Mrs. W. H. Odell, "widely cultivated, and known as the 'Mission Rose.'" The creation of this rose suggests an event and a story.

Mrs. Alanson Beers was the originator of the rose. She came to Oregon in 1837, one of the second group of missionaries sent out by the Methodist Episcopal Church. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Beers, and three children; Dr. Elijah White, wife and two children; W. H. Willson and L. J. Whitcomb; Anna Maria Pitman, Susan Downing, and Elvira Johnson—fourteen persons. They left New York in July, 1836, and arrived in Oregon in May, 1837.

In this group there was a physician, a carpenter, a blacksmith, teachers, and, above all, homemakers.



MISSION ROSE

"It is pink in color, and very fragrant"

There were five women in the party, the first American white women to set foot in the valley of the Willamette.

Mrs. Jane Beaver, an English woman, came with her husband, the Rev. Herbert Beaver, chaplain of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, in the summer of 1836. Mr. and Mrs. Beaver returned to England in 1838.

When these American women arrived the trees might well clap their hands, for it was a great day in Oregon history. Of this aspect of the story, Mrs. Odell wrote:

"A pleasant land met their wondering gaze. Laughing May had decked with flowers of many hues the valleys and slopes. The mighty Columbia, grim in its solitude between dark forests of tall fir trees, rolled grandly past them toward the sea. Fair Willamette came softly down to greet them, robed in its garniture of Spring. The snow clad mountains put on the gorgeous hues of summer sunsets, and in the silver moonlight the lesser hills gleamed out like bannered towers guarded with watchful sentinels."

The occasion was worthy of the display. These five were the only American white women within two hundred and fifty miles, and there were only two others west of the Rocky Mountains. Events moved swiftly. In July Miss Pitman became the wife of Jason Lee, and Miss Downing was married to Cyrus Shepard. H. K. W. Perkins arrived in September, when he and Miss Johnson were married. Miss Downing and Miss Johnson were engaged to Shepard and Perkins before they came to Oregon.

David Leslie, wife and three daughters, came with Mr. Perkins, and these were the first six white families in the Willamette valley. Miss Margaret Smith, a teacher, was also a member of this group.

What is the story of the "Mission Rose?" Mrs. Beers found after her arrival in Oregon, among some mementoes of home, a withered flower. By carefully nurturing the germ she coaxed it into life, and, Mrs. Odell fittingly adds, "from that small beginning has come forth all this wealth of beauty."

What is the rose like? Mrs. Mary A. Gilkey, of Dayton, Oregon, says that the "Mission Rose" was the only rose bush in their old home yard for many years. "It is a bush rose," she wrote, "pink in color, and very fragrant, the flower being two or more inches in diameter."

Mrs. Odell saw in the "Mission Rose" an emblem of some better thing, and she added these words to the story: "So in

many ways, did these dainty women nurture in lowly hearts germs of thought that have grown into a purer development."

SERMONS IN FLOWERS

The last remark of Mrs. Odell indicates that she was a true Rosarian. A lover of roses loves not only the beautiful things he sees, but what they suggest, what they remind him of, and what they bid him aspire to.

The message of beauty is the goodness of God. In Tertullian's day a school of thinkers pronounced the world the work of an evil deity, and set a curse upon it. To a leader of this school Tertullian wrote: "A little flower growing, not in the fair green meadows, but on a thorn bush speaks the praise of its Maker. It is enough for me to offer thee a rose, to put to silence thy words of scorn for the Creator-God."

Adelaide Proctor gave the rose first place in her "Chaplet of Flowers," and it was the herald of a great fact and a great aspiration. This is what she said:

"Take these crimson roses,
How red their petals glow!
Red as the blood of Jesus,
Which heals our sin and woe.

See in each heart of crimson
A deeper crimson shine:
So in the foldings of our hearts
Should glow a love divine."

A cultured man, with sceptical tendencies, tells a beautiful story of how he was brought to faith and God by a little flower.

He was struggling with that infinite, restless craving for some point of fixed repose, which doubt not only cannot give, but absolutely and madly disaffirms.

One evening by the light of the setting sun he was reading his favorite Plato. In the course of his reading he came to the startling sentence:

"God geometrizes."

"Vain reverie!" he exclaimed, as he cast the volume at his feet.

It fell close by a lovely little flower, that looked fresh and bright, as if it had just fallen from the bosom of a rainbow. He broke the flower from its stem, and began to examine its structure. It talked to him about geometrical figures and mathematical proportions, and opened before him the Infinite intelligence.

Suddenly a flash of light seemed to pass before his eyes, his heart began to leap in his bosom, and his mind was filled with radiant thoughts. He craved religious satisfaction, and now he had found it. In the fullness of his joy he took up his beloved Plato, pressed it to his bosom and kissed it—kissed the book and the beautiful little flower. Then turning to the birds on the green boughs, trilling their cheery farewells to the departing day, he said:

"Sing on, sunny birds; sing on, sweet minstrels! Lo! ye and I have a God!"

v.

William H. Gray



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM H. GRAY

"One of the most active, earnest and forceful of the men who helped to carry the day, May 2, 1843, was William H. Gray. He is one distinctly to be named among the fathers of Oregon."—H. W. Scott.



THE OLD OREGON INSTITUTE

WILLIAM H. GRAY

"Gray was an effective and perhaps the most effective promoter of the provisional government of Oregon."—Bashford.

INTIMATELY associated with Marcus Whitman and Jason Lee, not only in the making of Oregon, but in a certain kinship of spirit, is William H. Gray. He came to the Oregon Country with Dr. Marcus Whitman and Henry H. Spaulding in 1836, and to Lower Oregon, as it was called then, in 1842. While he was with Marcus Whitman, he was secular agent of the Mission established by the American Board; and when he joined Jason Lee in the Willamette valley, he became secular agent of the Oregon Institute, now Willamette University, and superintended the erection of the Institute building. He enjoyed the friendship of our pioneer missionaries, and co-operated in their work. We may add that his father was a Scotch Presbyterian minister.

In 1837 Mr. Gray returned to the United States to represent the Mission and obtain additional workers, and came back in 1838. His visit was successful.

William H. Gray was a resident of Oregon for fifty-three years, and looms large in the story of the pioneers. He labored among the Indians six years as mechanic and teacher. He took an active part in organizing the Provisional Government of Oregon, and, as stated by Bishop Bashford, was perhaps its most effective promoter. He was a member of the Legislative Committee that prepared the code of laws for the government of the colony, and represented Clackamas in the second session of the legislature. He practiced medicine at Astoria, and for some years was the only physician between Vancouver and the city by the sea. He was a charter member of the Presbyterian Church on Clatsop Plains, the first church of that denomination in the Oregon country. He took a lively interest in the erection of the historic Methodist Church at Oregon City, and his name is in the list of contributors to the building fund. He was a practical man, and almost a genius in mechanics.

MAN OF EXCELLENT GIFTS

A combination of excellent gifts made Mr. Gray a leader in Old Oregon. He was an attractive man, and ingratiating. In the chronicles of the pioneers he is described as a good looking young fellow, tall of stature, with fine black eyes, pronounced natural abilities, quick feelings, and a good hater where his jealousy was aroused.

He was a man of vision, and saw a little ahead of those he was associated with. This fact explains several things in Mr. Gray's life. He parted company with Marcus Whitman because he could see over his head, and caught a glimpse of what lay beyond; and he was so far ahead of the average man in the Willamette valley, in 1843, that he had to catch him with guile. This was the meaning of the so-called "Wolf meetings."

He was a man of feeling, an intense man. "Nothing great was ever accomplished without enthusiasm," is one of the fine

sayings of Emerson. William H. Gray had this gift in a marked degree. Lee and Abernethy and Hines tried to quench his ardor, but it grew hotter and hotter. "Impossible" was thrown at one of his undertakings. "That word," he replied, "is not in my dictionary."

He was a man of faith. He believed in God. He believed in himself. He believed in other men. Faith is giving SUBSTANCE to things hoped for. Mr. Gray was not satisfied with hoping that everything will come out all right. He converted his convictions into conduct, and tried to make things right.

He loved God's beautiful world. "Nature's music is sweet," he wrote; "all nature adores its Maker in harmonious notes of praise, and I stand before him in awe, admiring and contemplating His works."

He was a good American. He was quick to see that the United States should have dominion from sea to sea, from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore. His attitude toward the Hudson's Bay Company, and the Jesuit fathers, has been criticized by some, but it was the result mainly of his intense patriotism. They sought to retard, and, if possible, defeat the manifest destiny of his country. His country's enemy was his enemy, and his fighting spirit was deeply stirred.

William H. Gray was a flower on the tree of life, and properly called "one of the manliest men that ever came to Oregon."

ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE

"Mother, how could you ever do it?"

The speaker was Mrs. Caroline A. Kamm, of Portland, and she was speaking to her mother, Mrs. William H. Gray.

Mrs. Gray's maiden name was Mary Augusta Dix. She was a handsome, stately brunette, a sweet singer, cultivated

in mind and soul, and, like Tennyson's mother, "dipt in Angel instincts, breathing Paradise."

On the evening of February 19, 1838, Miss Dix met William H. Gray, a daring, athletic young man from beyond the Rocky Mountains. They became engaged the same evening. Six days later they were married, and the following morning, February 26, started westward to join the caravan of the American Fur Company for the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. Kamm had just recounted the early life of her mother. Her home environments, her opportunities of culture, her social position, and her exquisite tastes were recalled.

"I have often wondered," continued Mrs. Kamm, "how you could make up your mind to marry a man to whom you were a total stranger, so short a time from your first meeting with him, and going with him such a terrible journey, thousands of miles from civilization, into an unknown wilderness, across two chains of mountains, and exposed to countless dangers!"

"Mother, how could you ever do it?" she asked.

There was a little pause, in which Mrs. Gray ran back to the days of her youth. Then she put her finger on the **SUBLIME IMPULSE**, which is the secret of all missionary heroism, and which religion alone can create. She said:

"Carrie, I dared not refuse!"

Then she explained her answer, saying: "Ever since the day when I gave myself up to Jesus, it had been my daily prayer, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' And when the question was suddenly proposed to me, 'Will you go to Oregon as one of a little band of self-denying missionaries, and teach those Indians of their Saviour?' I felt that it was the call of the Lord, and I could not do otherwise."

Duty whispered low, "Thou must!" And this beautiful and cultured young woman replied, "I can!" It was a sublime adventure in the realm of the spirit.

Harold Begbie calls this one of the miracles of religion.

"It is really not so wonderful," he wrote, "that religion should transform character and give new birth to personality as that it should inspire pure and holy people with a love for the degraded, the base, and the lost."

Mrs. Gray was a member of the second group of missionary women to cross the Rocky Mountains, the first being Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding, and her presence in the Mission was a benediction. As a tribute to her beautiful life and her sweet, well-trained voice, the Indians called her "the sister of Jesus."

STRIVING FOR A SOCIAL ORDER

The movement for the organization of a civil government in Oregon began at Champoege on the 7th day of February, 1841, and culminated at the same place on the 2nd day of May, 1843. Jason Lee was leader of the first meeting, presided over its deliberations, and advised the draughting of "A constitution and code of laws for the government of the settlements south of the Columbia River." For reasons not fully explained Mr. Lee decided to be less prominent in the movement, and William H. Gray took his place.

Bishop Bashford suggests two reasons for Lee's action. (1) His name was being mentioned for governor; and (2) conditions created by his second marriage had weakened his influence in part of the American colony. But there is another reason, and, I think, more potent and probable. The large influx of settlers had made it unnecessary for the clergy to act as political leaders, and in some quarters there was prejudice against it. With this situation before him, Mr. Lee was wise to act as he did.

Events moved swiftly after Mr. Gray seized the reins. He wrote and circulated a petition for a meeting of all the settlers February 2, 1843, at the Oregon Institute, where Gray was employed and was living. After canvassing the situation, a

general meeting was called for the first Monday in March at the home of Mr. Joseph Gervais. These meetings were called ostensibly to devise ways and means for the protection of flocks and herds against the ravages of wild animals; but when that business was disposed of, Mr. Gray made an effective speech in favor of the protection of their homes and firesides against wild men. He proposed the appointment of a committee of twelve to devise or complete a plan of government, and the motion prevailed. Bashford says that Gray managed the meetings with wisdom.

"Nine-tenths of wisdom is being wise IN TIME," is one of the great sayings of Roosevelt. Mr. Gray achieved this distinction. He acted in the nick of time.

The Champoege meeting, on May 2nd, was dramatic and thrilling. It brought together 102 persons, and they were about evenly divided on the question at issue. Dr. I. L. Babcock was chosen chairman, and the secretaries were W. H. Gray, G. W. Le Breton and A. E. Wilson. In the main the English and French residents were lined up on one side, and the "Bostons" on the other. The opposition had been trained to vote "No" on every motion, regardless of the matter before the meeting. While this was going on the secretaries were able to count the voting strength of each side, and size up the situation. A Provisional Government was the issue.

"We can risk it," said Le Breton; "let us divide."

"I second that motion," said Gray.

Before the chairman could put the motion in the regular way, Joseph Meek stepped out and exclaimed:

"Who's for a divide? All for the report of the committee and an organization, follow me!"

This was so sudden and unexpected that the priest and his voters did not know what to do, but every American fell into line. Napoleon won his most brilliant battles by arriving a

little before the opposing generals expected him. And the battle of Champoege was won the same way.

Le Briton and Gray passed the line and counted fifty-two Americans, and fifty French and Hudson's Bay Company men. When the count was announced, Joseph Meek cried out:

"Three cheers for our side!"

They were given with a will. Members of the opposing faction then mounted their horses and rode away, and the meeting addressed itself to setting up the machinery of government.

This was a big achievement. Years were spent in laying the foundations for that day's work; but the work itself was carried to success in ninety days by a young man thirty-three years old.

FIRST BONE-DRY LAW IN OREGON

The issue between the wets and the drys is no new thing in Oregon. In December, 1845, Mr. Gray, from the committee on ways and means, reported a bill on ardent spirits, which expressed the views and gained the approval of a decided majority of the people. Under the Act it was unlawful to manufacture, sell, barter, give, or trade any ardent spirits of any kind whatever, directly or indirectly, to any person within the Territory of Oregon. This law was bone-dry.

At the session in 1844, the Legislative Committee passed a similar bill, which was a popular measure among a majority of the citizens. It was entitled, "An Act to prohibit the Manufacture and Sale of Ardent Spirits." This law was less stringent than the one sponsored by William H. Gray.

Was the law enforced? In a report of his work a law enforcement officer said in substance as follows:

"I found a distillery in a deep, dense thicket, eleven miles from town. The boiler was a large size potash kettle, and all the apparatus well accorded. Two hogsheads and eight barrels of slush or beer were standing ready for distillation, with

a part of one barrel of molasses. No liquor could be found, nor as yet had much been distilled."

Ten volunteers accompanied the officer to the spot, and at once they upset the nearest cask, making a river of beer in a moment. Nor did they stop till every cask and all the distilling apparatus was broken in pieces and utterly destroyed. When they returned to town, their report was received with general joy.

The owner of the still, however, was of different mind. For within two hours of his arrival the officer received written challenge for a bloody combat. There was murder in his heart.

What was the result? In a few days the law-breaker was indicted, fined \$500, and disfranchised for life.

Powerful interests brought about the repeal of the prohibition law in 1846. Governor Abernethy vetoed the liquor bill, and plead for a referendum to the people, or a return to the less stringent law of 1844.

But the appeal fell upon deaf ears. Mr. Gray pointed out that the Hudson's Bay Company and the liquor interests were in the saddle that year. The usual thing happened. The good of the people was not considered, and the governor's veto was not sustained.

PICTURES OF THE PIONEERS

William H. Gray had the eye of an artist, and we are debtors to him for remarkable sketches of the pioneers. His pen pictures sum up not merely the outward appearance of men and women, but their spiritual significance also. I have selected the following photographs to indicate his skill in this direction, and as coming within the scope of this book.

JASON LEE AND CYRUS SHEPARD

"Jason Lee—a man of light hair, blue eyes, fair complex-

ion, spare habit, above ordinary height, and a little stoop-shouldered, with a strong nerve and indomitable will, yet a meek, warm-hearted and humble Christian, gaining by his affable and easy manners the esteem of all who became acquainted with him."

"Cyrus Shepard was a devoted Christian, and a faithful laborer for the advancement of the objects of the Mission and the general welfare of all in the country. We have never learned that he had an enemy or a slanderer while he lived in it."

"Jason Lee had undertaken a work he meant to accomplish. His religion was practical. Work, labor, preach and practice his own precepts, and demonstrate the truth of his own doctrines. Religion and labor were synonymous with him, and well did the noble Shepard, though but a lay member of the Mission and the Church, labor and sustain him. These two men were really the soul and life of the Mission."

"During the first winter, 1834-5, they were wholly occupied in building their houses and preparing for the cultivation of the land for their own subsistence. There was no alternative—it was work or starve. Jason Lee set the example. He held the plow, with an Indian boy to drive, in commencing his farming operations. The first year they produced enough for home consumption in wheat, peas, oats and barley, and abundance of potatoes; and a few barrels of salt salmon, which Mr. Lee put up at the Willamette Falls late in the season of 1834."

THE WHITMANS AND SPAULDINGS

"Dr. Marcus Whitman was a man of easy, 'DON'T-CARE' habits, that become all things to all men, and yet a sincere and earnest man, speaking his mind before he thought a second time, giving his views on all subjects without much consideration, correcting and changing them when good reasons

were presented, yet, when fixed in the pursuit of an object, adhering to it with unflinching tenacity. A stranger would consider him fickle and stubborn, yet he was sincere and kind, and generous to a fault, devoting every energy of his mind and body to the welfare of the Indians, and the objects of the Mission; seldom manifesting fears of any danger that might surround him, and at times he would become animated and earnest in his argument or conversation. In his profession he was a bold practitioner, and generally successful. He was above medium height; of spare habit; peculiar hair, a portion of each being white and a dark brown, so that it might be called iron-gray; deep blue eyes, and large mouth."

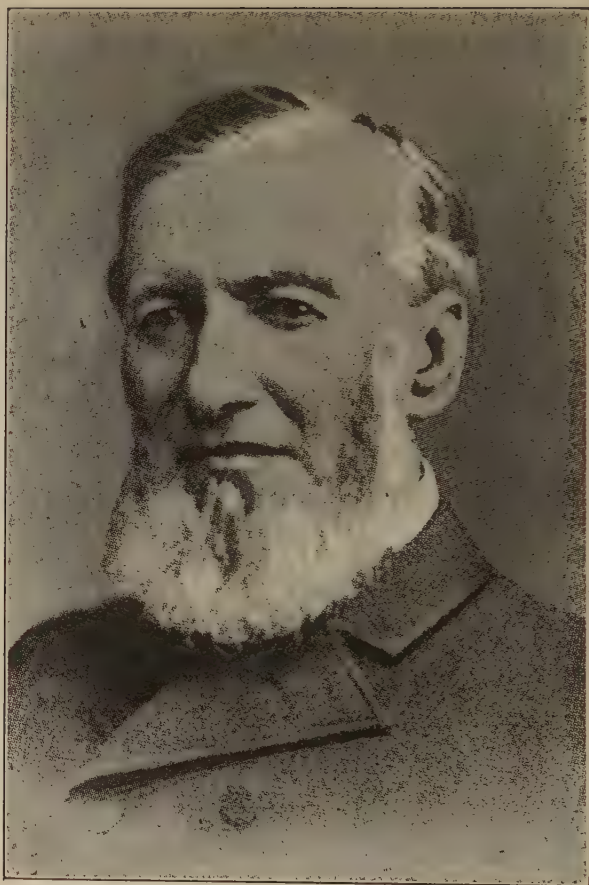
"Mrs. Whitman was a lady of refined feelings and commanding appearance. She had very light hair, light, fresh complexion, and light blue eyes. Her features were large, her form full and round. At the time she arrived in the country, in the prime of life, she was considered a fine, noble-looking woman, affable and free to converse with all she met. . . . She was a good singer, and one of her amusements, as well as that of her traveling companions, was to teach the Doctor to sing, which she did with considerable success—that is he could sing the native songs without much difficulty."

"H. H. Spaulding was a man with sharp features, large, brown eyes, dark hair, high-projecting forehead, with many wrinkles, and head nearly bald. He was of medium size, stoop-shouldered, with a voice that could assume a mild, sharp, or boisterous key, at the will of its owner."

"Mrs. Spaulding was above medium height, slender in form, dark brown hair, blue eyes, of a serious turn of mind, and quick in understanding language. She could paint in water-colors, and had been taught, while young, all the useful branches of domestic life. With the native women she always appeared easy and cheerful, and had their unbounded confidence and respect."

VI.

Circuit Rider Days in Oregon



WILLIAM ROBERTS

"His face was well worth looking at, good humor twinkled in his eyes, and his lips were more used to smiles than to frowns."



I.

FROM NEW YORK TO BAKER'S BAY

*"God rides out! And founds three states;
Their scourger, their defender
Guides their loves and tones their hates,
Leads them into splendor!
God—in the Circuit Rider's breast—
Once more, God built a world—Our West."*

—MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

SEVENTY-EIGHT years ago (1846) the *Whiton* sailed from New York for San Francisco and the Columbia River. Friends of the passengers accompanied the ship down Long Island Sound; and when they parted farewells were exchanged and they sang that song of the sea:

*"Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole."*

On the ship there was an interesting group. It consisted of

William Roberts, his wife and two sons; and James H. Wilbur, his wife and daughter. Roberts was the new superintendent of the Methodist Mission in Oregon, and Wilbur was going to Oregon as a missionary. Both were under forty years of age, and both were driven by a celestial gale.

The Whiton was a slow-going craft as ships go now-a-days, and they were seven months on the sea. They sailed down the coast of South America, around the rocky point known as Cape Horn, up the Pacific Ocean to San Francisco, and thence to the Columbia River. The ship left New York, November 27, 1846, and dropped anchor in Baker's Bay, June 23, 1847. The voyage was long, tedious, eventful.

Roberts and Wilbur were picked men. Roberts was a gentleman of culture, eloquent in the Scriptures, and the best appointments in his conference were open to him. Indeed, as a pulpit orator he ranked with Dr. George Cookman, one of the famous preachers of that day, and they were appointed to the same pulpits in Philadelphia. The culture of his mind, the charm of his manner, the elegance of his diction, and the music of his voice, lingered long in the memory of Oregon pioneers.

And Wilbur, what a man he was? One can truly say of him as Wordsworth said of his mountain hero:

"Plain his garb;
Such as might suit a rustic Sire, prepared
For Sabbath duties; yet he was a man
Whom no one could have passed without remark,
Active and nervous was his gait; his limbs,
And his whole figure breathed intelligence."

Wilbur was a fervent preacher, a flaming evangelist, and under his ministry the Church was quickened and purified. Concerning one of his circuits, he wrote:

"Some twenty souls we did expel,
Who had gone in the road to hell."

But Wilbur did greater works than these; for in one circuit he saw six hundred people pledge themselves to a life of temperance, and a great multitude yield themselves unto God.

Roberts thought deeply; Wilbur felt intensely. Both were granite-like men; one was a stone in the rough, the other was a polished shaft. In a way each was the complement of the other. Both were sensitive to God, like a ship to the wind; and both rested in His providence, as a ship rests in the sea.

LIVED WITH INVISIBLE THINGS

Wilbur lived with invisible things, and it made him heroic, almost sublime. On the sea he wrote:

"I often think of home, friends, and kindred; but we have given up all for Jesus' sake. I think this hour if I could be made the owner of the territory of Oregon by going there and living, away from all our friends and kindred, I think, I should decline the offer. But at the bidding of the Church, which to me is the voice of God, I go there as cheerfully as I would to the land of my childhood. When I consider what God has done for me I drink into Isaiah's spirit, and say: 'Here am I send me!' And I feel that it would be a privilege to go anywhere as a servant of the Most High."

Just as a tree lays down its life, gives itself for the life of the ship, so Wilbur gave himself for the sake of the Lord Jesus.

From the beginning of the voyage, the Kingdom of God and His righteousness lay on their hearts. Each Sunday they conducted two services, except when prevented by storm or sickness, and a meeting for Bible study in which all on board took part. In personal work Wilbur was like Andrew, Simon Peter's brother; he engaged in hand-to-hand conflict with passengers and crew, and led them to Jesus. Bibles and tracts were distributed freely; and Wilbur visited the fore-castle to talk with the sailors concerning the welfare of their souls. The steward, he said, was a Roman Catholic, having the form of godliness

without the power; but he came to see that the spirit giveth life, and asked God to give him a new heart.

To the cook Wilbur read Wesley's sermon on "A Call to Backsliders," and the man grew in grace until Wilbur was able to call him, "A Saintly Soul." One day he wrote: "I am trying to labor more with the sailors, and I feel the Lord is blessing me in so doing." Wilbur came to see that labor is love, and work is worship.

Besides, passing ships were greeted in the name of the Lord, and they were supplied with Bibles and tracts. So, likewise, as Beecher said, we should pass no man's path without hailing him, and, if need be, giving him supplies.

A SPECTATOR OF GOD

Man is a spectator of God and His works; and not only a spectator, but an interpreter. Wilbur fulfilled this law. To him Nature was a mirror of celestial life, and a book of holy doctrine. He wrote in his journal: "There is nothing new; heaven is above us, the ocean beneath us, and God all around." After the passing of the storm Joaquin Miller said: "The very clouds have wept and died, and only God is in the sky." Both thought of nature in terms of the spirit. To see God in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath, and to say with the seraphim, "The whole earth is full of His glory," is part of the joy unspeakable.

The stars talked to Wilbur out of the sky, and, after a midnight vigil, he wrote:

"I thought while all the stars I saw,
How true they are to obey God's law;
And how unlike they are to man,
Who seems disposed to thwart His plan."

Down the coast, near Cape Horn, Wilbur saw an island of surpassing beauty; mountains rose in grandeur, and great

peaks lifted their heads in holiness unto God. When the sun came down to earth, and the highest hill stood forth with a golden crown, and with garments fringed with crimson and gold, it was like the mountain of the Apocalypse; and the waves, breaking in music along the shore, suggested the voice of harpers harping with their harps, welcoming triumphant warriors home.

To Wilbur, the channels and gulfs leading to the sea were emblems of human life; the passing of ships through the paths of the sea reminded him of the flight of time; the wide sea was a symbol of God and eternity; and going into port, with painted ship and flying colors, was like a victorious soul completing the voyage of life, and entering the haven of its desire. Likewise, Longfellow wrote:

“Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound are we.”

Under the equator the windows of heaven were opened, and rain fell in torrents. To Wilbur this was an emblem of some better thing. So, like the prophet of Israel, he asked God to pour water upon the thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; and he looked for showers of blessing.

EXPERIENCES IN THE DEEP

When the *Whiton* was one day at sea she ran into a terrific storm, which was repeated, over and over, during the voyage. One aspect of the sea is quite celestial, and the sailors say, “The gentleness of heaven is on the sea”; but in another aspect, “The Mighty Being is awake, and doth with His eternal motion make a sound like thunder everlastingly.” In one of these gales, Wilbur wrote: “The night is dark and boisterous; the wind is whistling, the sea is roaring, the waves are raging, the sailors

are hallowing, and the passengers are staggering." Later, returning to the same subject, he wrote:

"The wind today has blown a gale,
Nor have we carried any sail;
The waves in maddening fury rise,
And we mount up toward the skies.

Then down we go into the deep,
Nor can we our positions keep;
We reel and stagger to and fro,
All in commotion do we go.

The trunks and chairs are tumbling down,
The dishes are in pieces found;
The cook and steward don't agree,
We have some trouble here at sea."

But even then, when the sea was in its wildest mood, it talked of the wisdom, power, and splendor of God; and its solemn music chanted the ancient refrain: "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" Wilbur saw the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep; and his heart was a golden censor full of incense.

In the Pacific Ocean a startling experience befell them, one that was almost tragic.

"Man overboard!" was the quick, impulsive cry. It was a danger signal, which ran along the deck, into the cabin, down to the staterooms, and caused great commotion.

The man was James H. Wilbur. He had been helping the sailors paint the outside of the ship, when the plank on which he stood tipped on end, and he fell into the sea.

He tried to catch the staging, and save himself; but the ship threatened to draw him under, and he could not do it.

A rope was thrown to him by a man on board the ship; but the rope was short, and Wilbur could not reach it.

Boards, benches, and doors were thrown into the sea; and swimming to a door he seized it, and kept on top of the water.

But it was fifteen minutes before a boat reached him, and he was rescued from the deep.

In his deliverance Wilbur saw the finger of God, and he made the following record in his journal:

"In looking over my position of yesterday I cannot but think how mercifully I was preserved from fear while in the water. I felt as much composed while in the water as I ever did in all my life; and I cannot but believe that God manifested Himself in sustaining me while in the deep. Had I thought of the danger I was in from sharks I might have been agitated and embarrassed in keeping myself on top of the water; for, very frequently, we see sharks about the vessel for hours together. But, at this time, there were no sharks, or God shut the sharks' mouths that they did not hurt me."

The rest of the story is natural enough. Wilbur stood on deck, looking into the western sky. The sun was coming down to earth, and his burnished feet rested on the waves. Wilbur gazed at the spectacle, but it was more than a sunset. It was the angel of the Lord descending from heaven in the midst of the sea; and, opening his Bible, the good man read: "He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of the great waters."

Referring to his experience in the deep, Wilbur used to say that he found religion a good thing on the land, on the sea, and *in the sea*.

GRATITUDE AND JOY

During the voyage the ship was a field of holy endeavor, and the workers shared the usual conflict between doubt and duty. But God fortified their faith. Wilbur dreamed a dream. In his dream he dropped into a large blacksmith shop to have a bit of work done, and the master-workman told him to blow the bellows.

A great supply of coal was thrown on the forge, and he blew, and blew, without seeing any sign of fire.

Turning to the master he said, "Sir, I am working to no profit, and the work is hard."

The master smiled, and replied, "Friend, you are not the judge; the work is going on though you cannot see it."

Then he drew from the coals a block of iron, red hot through its entire length, and proceeded to beat it into a different shape.

Wilbur understood the vision, and the interpretation thereof; he thanked God, and took courage.

San Francisco was reached in the month of April. Looking through the Golden Gate, Wilbur saw the hills crowned with trees; and in the bay the waves rippled to the shore with gentle melody, and broke in crests of light. He listened to the song of the sea. It was jubilant with praise, and, in a burst of emotion, he exclaimed:

"I cannot but weep tears of joy and gratitude when I consider how mercifully we have been preserved up to this hour. O, my soul, bless and praise thy God!"

San Francisco was a small place in those days, having sixty-four tenements all told.

William Roberts preached the gospel in San Francisco, and in Monterey; and James H. Wilbur organized the first Sunday school in California. They planted the cross on this part of the shores of the Pacific sea, and gathered around it the nucleus of a church.

BUNYAN'S GREAT BOOK

A companion book of the voyage, which they prized next to the Bible, was Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*; and in entering the Columbia River, they saw much to remind them of the visions of Bedford's great seer.

It was 6 o'clock in the morning when the man aloft cried:

"Land, ho! Land, ho!" And they felt as Christian did, when he saw the reflection of the sun upon the golden city.

The four men who came out in a whale boat to meet the ship contained a suggestion of the two men with shining faces, and golden raiment, who met Christian on this side of the river of death.

Cape Disappointment, and Baker's Bay, and the effort to pass the one, and reach the other, reminded them of the deep waters, through which the Pilgrim passed, and of the waves and billows that broke around him, and swept over him.

The remains of the Peacock and Shark in the sand, where the vessel was wrecked, proclaimed afresh that there is a way to hell even from the gate of heaven.

And when the Whiton was safely anchored in Baker's Bay, it was like the voice of Hopeful saying to Christian, "Be of good cheer, brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good!"

Soon after his arrival in Oregon Wilbur was appointed to the Oregon Institute, now Willamette University, and he ascended the Willamette River in a small boat.

The story of the journey is quite heroic. The first day he got as far as Butteville, where he stayed over night with a settler, whose name was Hall. The second day brought him to the mouth of the Yamhill river. He lay on the ground that night with a bear skin for a cover, and a couple of blankets; but his rest was broken by howling wolves, and screaming beasts. Besides, it rained and the water fell on his unsheltered head. One of his helpers, a Kannacker, kneaded a bit of dough, which he baked on a board, and broiled a piece of beef, for their breakfast. After breakfast prayer was said, and they started up stream. But the stream was swift, and the water was shallow, and they were forced to wade the river and pull the boat. Wilbur was up to his waist in water, and rain fell from the clouds. The third night he slept on the ground again, and the next day the boat moved upwards about ten miles. Wilbur was in the

water most of the day. They went into camp again, and remained over Sunday.

Wilbur wrote: "Never did I spend a Sabbath like this since I experienced religion. I had little satisfaction in conversing with the men; they seem to be the devil's own subjects, and determined to do the devil's work."

The next day, five days from Oregon City, tired and hungry and sick, he arrived in Salem, where he was received with great cordiality, and entertained by Josiah L. Parrish.

Wilbur added to the record, as a sort of postscript, "I should have said that I took supper with Sister Willson, and never do I remember to have eaten a meal that I relished so well."

MOUNTAIN-LIKE MEN

William Roberts made his home in Oregon City; he visited The Dalles, travelled through western Oregon and Washington, eastward as far as Idaho and Utah, and south as far as San Francisco. He preached the gospel, organized churches, and endured hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Jason Lee established a mission, which had served its day; William Roberts organized a church.

Jamse H. Wilbur was constructive; he built churches, one being the first church in Portland; established schools, and his life among the Yakima Indians was a benediction. In some of his undertakings he was architect, carpenter, painter and pastor.

Wilbur and Roberts died within a few months of each other; they and their wives are buried in the same lot in Lee Mission cemetery, and the same monument marks their graves. In life they were united; in death they are not divided.

The voyage of the Whiton is over, and the heroes and heroines of the voyage are asleep; and, yet, they rise before us in mountain-like grandeur, and stand forth in our church life like the peaks of the Cascades. They were not adventurers,

driven into the wilderness by lust for gain and glory; but, as Wilbur said:

"The love of Christ did them constrain,
To seek the wandering souls of men."

A SONG OF PRAISE

Wilbur was a saint; he walked with God in white, without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.

In Jesus Christ, son of God and son of man, Wilbur saw the only hope of our poor wayward race; and to him he ascribed all he was, and all he hoped to be. Accordingly, he wrote this tribute, and laid it at the feet of his Lord and Master:

"What can I do my God to praise?
My heart and voice to Him I'll raise,
And in His service I will spend,
The little time to me He lends.

All that I am above the lost,
I owe it to the Saviour's cross;
He sought me when I long had been,
A hardened rebel, dead in sin.

He gave Himself my soul to save,
The realms of glory He did leave;
A Man of sorrow and of pain,
The Lamb of God for me was slain."

II.

WILLIAM ROBERTS—PRINCE OF THE CHURCH

NEHEMIAH DOANE designated William Roberts *Primus inter pares*, or first among equals, and added that he was always considerate and agreeable to his brethren; and Mr. J. K. Gill, a well known Methodist layman, once remarked that Dr. Roberts would have graced the Board of Bishops by his character and scholarship, and upheld its highest traditions by his eloquence and executive ability.

It is the aim of this chapter to recall the characteristics and rehearse the achievements of this remarkable, but almost forgotten worthy.

JASON LEE'S SUCCESSOR

William Roberts was the friend and peer of Jason Lee. He knew the great pioneer missionary well, and entertained him in his home in Paterson, New Jersey, in 1839; and Mr. Roberts was present as a member of the Missionary Board in July, 1844, when Jason Lee made his defense of the Oregon Mission, and won his vindication.

The real successor of Jason Lee, as Superintendent of the Oregon Mission, was William Roberts. In point of time George Gary stands between Lee and Roberts. But in noble gifts, in missionary ardor, in sustained enthusiasm, and in forward looking plans for the Kingdom of God, Roberts took up the mantle of Lee. Gary was a shadow thrown by a passing cloud. Lee and Roberts were God's own sunshine.

William Roberts was thirty-four years old when he came to Oregon. He was of medium height and size, a Chesterfield in appearance and manner, and his figure and poise drew the

instant attention of the passers by. His face was well worth looking at, good humor twinkled in his eyes, and his lips were more used to smiles than to frowns.

The pulpit was his throne. As a preacher he was clear and forcible, his voice was like a bell in tone and carrying power, his elocution was almost faultless, when most impassioned he was most self-possessed, and his sermons were evangelical in spirit and charmingly eloquent.

As an administrator and man of affairs, Mr. Roberts was quick in decision and energetic in execution.

A STAR IN THE HAND OF CHRIST

Conversion was the door through which God came into the life of William Roberts. He was sixteen years old when the light from heaven broke into his soul. Straightway he entered upon a religious life, and pursued it unto the end.

After his conversion life had a new meaning for the lad. It was the whisper of God calling him into the ministry of the Lord Jesus. Obedient to the call the next five years of his life were spent in study. Medicine, mathematics and physics, and especially the sacred sciences, engaged his attention. Voice culture was also on his list, a study in which he took great pride and never relinquished.

His favorite figure of a Christian minister was that of a Star in the hand of Christ. Mr. Roberts received this distinction at the age of twenty-one, when he was employed as junior preacher on a Circuit in the Philadelphia Conference. At the end of the year he was admitted on trial in the Conference, and appointed junior preacher of St. George's Church.

Moral warmth and spiritual earnestness characterized his sermons, and his auditors were deeply stirred. He was soon regarded as a rising minister of superior talents and pulpit ability, and filled several of the most important appointments in the Philadelphia and New Jersey Conferences.

He was a man equal to his office, and this led to his selection by the Missionary Board to superintend the work of the Church in Oregon and California.

Several qualities of mind and heart made William Roberts one of the best loved ministers of his day. He was approachable as a child, cordial in his fellowships, entertaining and instructive in conversation.

He was one of the most unselfish of men. Those who knew him best said he was not self-seeking, was no wire-puller, soliciting patronage under cover of disguise, but was glad when promotion came to the lot of his brethren.

He was appreciative. Though a man of superior pulpit ability, he was never known to depreciate the talents of his brethren. On the other hand, he encouraged them in their efforts, and caused the fire in their souls to burn higher and hotter.

Religion was the chief thing in his life. It was not impulsive or irregular, but uniform. He had the utmost confidence in the future of Christianity, and often spoke of his deceased brethren as in the immediate presence of God.

He loved his brothers in the ministry. For over half a century he never missed meeting with them in their annual gatherings; and on the day before his death he called all their names he could think of, and invoked the blessings of God upon each one of them by name in their work.

APOSTLE OF THE PACIFIC COAST

William Roberts was the apostle of Methodism on the Pacific Coast. His field of labor extended from Southern California to British Columbia, and from Idaho and Utah to the Pacific Ocean.

The mere outline of his work is sufficient to indicate its laborious and responsible character. For two years he was superintendent of the Oregon Mission, and four years of the Oregon and California Mission Conference. He was pastor

at Salem one year, and five years of Portland First Church. He was Superintendent of the Puget Sound Mission District one year, and of missions in Idaho four years. He was agent of the American Bible Society seven years, and Presiding Elder of Portland District six years. He was superannuated in 1875 on account of impaired health; but later he was restored to the effective relation, and was pastor at Forest Grove, Astoria and Dayton.

As a "Prophet of the Long Road," Roberts stands close to Asbury. Dr. H. K. Hines says of this phase of his work: "His journeys were long and dangerous. Yet he never faltered in his work. During the four years of his superintendency (of the Mission Conference) he visited California each year, held an annual meeting of the preachers there, traveled very widely and was entirely responsible for the appointments there as well as in Oregon."

Highways and railroads were unknown in those days, and travel was difficult. Mrs. Kesiah Belknap tells us how Dr. Roberts traversed the country in 1849. There was a camp-meeting in the Belknap Settlement, which Mr. Roberts attended. Mrs. Belknap wrote: "Dr. Roberts and his wife came from Salem on horseback, and they had a pony packed with their tent and blankets. They pitched a little tent, had their bedding and books, and were right at home. They visited around and dined with the brethren, but when they wanted a quiet hour they went to their own little tent."

Where is Idaho? This question puzzled Bishop Kingsley in 1865. He remarked in an address in Portland that he had never known the geographical whereabouts of Idaho until he came to Denver. He had purchased a map in Cincinnati and had sought to know, but had failed. After his arrival in Colorado he ascertained that Idaho really lies west of the Rocky Mountains. This discovery led to interesting results. Bishop Kingsley arrived in Oregon too late for the Conference session,

but he met the preachers in an informal way. Before he left the state William Roberts was taken from the Willamette District and made Superintendent of Missions in Idaho. Mr. Roberts went to Idaho in October, spent two or three weeks in Boise, and then located in Idaho City. Here he preached twice each Sunday, and had an interesting Sunday school.

In October, 1866, William Roberts visited the Mormon stronghold in Salt Lake City. A news item of the period said: "William Roberts is in Salt Lake City seeking to find an open door for preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ to the Mormons, who sit in the region of darkness and in the shadow of death." He was the first Methodist preacher, probably, to make a survey of religious conditions in Utah, and to report his findings to the Bishop and the Church.

The following facts are worth while. Mr. Roberts wrote his appeal to Bishop Kingsley in Salt Lake City, October 20, 1866, which was published in the *Western Christian Advocate* and in the *Pacific*. He also wrote a long and exhaustive article for the *Pacific* on the Mormon situation in Utah. On his report the Oregon Conference, at its session in 1867, adopted a report on Utah which had in it the force and fire of a volcano. That year the western part of Utah was included in the Austin District of the Nevada Conference.

Mr. Roberts returned to Idaho in November, 1866. In announcing his safe return the *Pacific Christian Advocate* said: "This gives us relief from the painful apprehension that he might have fallen into the hands of the 'Danites,' whose official work is the murder of all who are judged inimical to Mormonism."

The relation of William Roberts to Methodism on the Pacific Coast is entirely unique. He was detailed from time to time to lay the foundations of the Church in Oregon, Washington, California, Idaho and Utah, and he did it efficiently and faithfully.

THE CIRCUIT RIDER

William Roberts was a Circuit Rider, and typical of that class of men who became "the friends, counselors and evangelists to the pioneers on every American frontier."



"A LITTLE FLOWER SPEAKS THE PRAISE OF ITS
MAKER."—Tertullian. (Page 193)

On some frontiers, however, the Circuit Riders were a standing riddle. Some wondered whether they sprang out of the soil, or fell down from the clouds; whether they were agents of the third George, charged to restore the colonies to the British Crown, or messengers of the Prince of Peace; whether they were secret followers of Loyola, or devil deceived men; but those who spoke against them as evil doers saw their good works, and glorified God in the day of visitation.

Great were the trials of those early preachers. Onward they marched, outward they pushed, over hard roads, through trackless forests, in a wild and wilderness country they hastened on errands of mercy. Pulpits impugned their motives, the press maligned their integrity, the ballad singer and the witling made

them the subjects of ribaldry and jests. Some of them were egged, some stoned, some beaten with rods, and some covered with coats of tar. Loved by some, they were hated by others; received kindly in one place, they were scornfully rejected in another. But, though burdened by sorrow, chased by foes, pressed by disappointment, they did not yield to discouragements, nor give up in despair.

Where shall we find a match for the heroes of the Circuit Rider's heroic age? If they were untaught in the learning of the schools, they were peerless in their mastery of the mysteries Divine. If they were poor in this world's goods, they were rich in mercy and good works. If they were poorly fed and poorly clad, they had on the wedding garment and enjoyed the King's feast. If they were frail in body, they were flush in spirit, having reached the fulness of the measure of the stature of Christ.

Besides, their work was a benediction. They found men in darkness, and left them in the light; they found men sorrowful, and left them glad; they found men under the iron hand of hate, and left them under the gentle power of love; they found men in fear of death and hell and the judgment, and left them in the hope of immortality and eternal life.

William Roberts stood in the forefront of this heroic band—Oregon's first great Circuit Rider.

A TEMPLE FOR THE LIVING

Christian civilization is a temple for the living. William Roberts worked on this temple, and he was a wise master builder. I have selected a paragraph or two from one of his addresses, which indicate the aim of his life as well as the quality of his thought and the style of his oratory. He had just sketched a picture of the great cenotaph on the banks of the Jumna, of its parks and terraces, and the words of the Koran inscribed on its marble walls. Then he added:

"As I look another building rises up before me. Its park is this northwest coast. It is terraced up by vast mountain ranges. Its borders are washed by a magnificent ocean. Its fountains and reservoirs are rivers and lakes and inland seas.

"The materials for this edifice are gathered out of all lands. The great body of its walls and domes are of white Anglo-Saxon marble, first found in the North Sea. This is inlaid with a trifle of black marble from Africa. Then come the treasures from every country and city under the stars—the large-brained German with his industry; the long-headed, open-faced Scot, with his broad plan and enduring purposes; the sprightly artistic Frenchman with his love of glory; the stolid enduring Slav from awakening Russia; the witty hopeful son of Erin; the freeborn, hearty, liberty loving men from Scandinavia; the aspiring Japanese; the uncomplaining Chinaman; from all lands and from all islands of the sea, they come and are wrought into this temple of liberty.

"Up and down all its sides, and over all its wide arches, inwrought by the faith and patience of the saints of today, you can read the full gospel of the Son of God, while standing beneath this vast dome myriads shall sing of Liberty and Righteousness.

"Brothers, it is an ambition worthy of the immortals to build our lives into such a structure, which is not a tomb for the dead, but a temple for the living."

William Roberts built his life into this structure—fourteen years in the Philadelphia Conference, and forty-one years on the Pacific Coast, making fifty-five years in the Christian ministry.

III.

MAKERS OF METHODISM IN YAMHILL

YAMHILL is one of the oldest battle grounds of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Oregon. It appeared in the calendar of Methodist events in 1847. Yamhill Circuit was the name of a rural charge with an area about seventy-five miles long, and extending from the Willamette River to the Coast range. It included Washington and Polk as well as Yamhill county.

FIRST PREACHERS IN YAMHILL

The first pastors of the circuit were William Helm and Josiah L. Parrish. Mr. Parrish came to Oregon with Jason Lee in 1840, and was a man of great power in Oregon Methodism for fifty-five years. He was born in 1806; converted by the grace of God in 1816; quickened into newness of life in 1824; licensed to preach in 1830; received into the Genesee Conference in 1838, and later ordained deacon; a charter member of Oregon Conference in 1853, and his ordination as elder, by Bishop Ames, was one of the first of our name and order on the Pacific Coast.

Josiah Parrish was a blacksmith by trade, which he learned from his father. He entered his father's shop when he had to stand on a stool to blow and strike. God had need of his skill as a blacksmith, however, as well as his gifts as a preacher, and his first appointment in Oregon was that of "Mission Blacksmith."

As missionary to the Indians, and as Indian agent, he was eminently successful. He served four years as missionary to the Clatsop Indians, and five years as Indian agent. The Indians

loved him and trusted him, and they called him "a man of peace." Mr. Parrish was proud of this encomium, and it is inscribed on his tombstone.

He was a pioneer and leader in the work of education, and his devotion to Willamette University was sustained by great enthusiasm. He helped in the organization of the Oregon Institute in 1842, and was one of the trustees. When the institution was transferred to the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1844, he was identified with the management. On the death of David Leslie, in 1869, he became president of the Board of Trustees. Mr. Parrish was driven by the fire and energy of God, and his life fulfilled St. Paul's beautiful saying: "Faith working by love."

His last days were spent in Salem, where he was lovingly known as "Father Parrish." For many years he made a weekly visit to the Oregon penitentiary and preached to the prisoners.

This good man traveled the Yamhill Circuit seventy-eight years ago (1846), and planted the trees of the Lord.

It is worthy of note, however, that another Methodist preacher was in the Yamhill country before Josiah L. Parrish. This honor belongs to David Leslie. He resided at what is now the town of Wheatland, in Yamhill county, and two of his children were born there, the last in 1840. They were respectively the fifth and eighth white children born in the Willamette Valley.

THE PIONEER CIRCUIT RIDER

Pleasant glimpses of the pioneer Circuit Rider are found in the chronicles of the period in which they lived. Mr. A. E. Garrison, with a wife and six small children, arrived in Oregon about the middle of December, 1846, and settled one mile west of where Amity now stands. He scarcely had his house up and covered when he was visited by William Helm, who was gathering up the lambs of the flock. The country at that time

was full of Indians, and there was only one family above Mr. Garrison on the Yamhill River.

The visit of the man of God was like a light from heaven, and it seemed to throw a halo around the house of Mr. Garrison. Accordingly, twenty-eight years later, he wrote: "It was like an Angel's visit to me, and while I retain my memory I shall not forget that happy hour." The old family Bible was taken down from the shelf, and after reading a portion of it the minister prayed.

"Oh! that prayer," wrote Mr. Garrison; "every word found lodgement in my heart. That was a joyful day to myself and family."

It was a day of the Lord, filled with visions, and lights and tastings of the Holy Ghost, and Mr. Garrison was stirred into life and power. Two weeks later he attended a quarterly meeting at Salem. The distance was twenty miles, the rain and wind were terrific, but Mr. Garrison said: "By the help of the Lord I got there, and it was a happy meeting to my soul."

Abraham Garrison became a local preacher, and also his brother Joseph. One Sunday they were appointed to conduct the evening service at a camp meeting. Abraham asked Thomas H. Pearne how they should conduct it. Dr. Pearne replied:

"Well, Abe, you preach like the heavens and earth were coming together; and Joe, you exhort like you would blow off those oak limbs that hang over the altar!"

It was good advice. For no preaching is effective that is not passionate. It is said that Jesus could tolerate all other faults or deficiencies, but He could have no part nor lot with men destitute of enthusiasm.

John McKinney was appointed to the Yamhill Circuit in 1849, and his assistant was C. O. Hosford. During the summer of that year a camp meeting was held at Dayton, which was attended by William Roberts and James H. Wilbur. An

old chronicle says that the preachers sent to the Yamhill Circuit were men of deep piety, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and they enjoyed glorious revivals.

The result was seen in a growing religious community. In 1849 there were three Methodist Churches in the Oregon country, located respectively at Oregon City, Salem, and Yamhill Circuit. Seven years later, 1856, Yamhill Circuit was the ranking charge of the Conference in point of membership. It reported 200 members, and there were 90 members at Oregon City, 61 at Salem, and 40 at Portland.

Many notable preachers traveled the old Yamhill Circuit. The accomplished and noble Nehemiah Doane preached there in 1853; the saintly and scholarly John Spencer preached there in 1855; the judicious and masterly Robert Booth preached there in 1856; the eloquent and persuasive William Roberts preached there as superintendent of the Oregon Mission and presiding elder of Willamette District, and in August, 1888, in the parsonage at Dayton, he crossed the river, bravely and triumphantly, like Standfast in Bunyan's beautiful story. Some aspects of this sacred event are given on page 303 of this book.

THE ODELL FAMILY

The Odells were a noted family in Yamhill Methodism. John Odell, who settled near Dayton in 1851, was the founder of the family. He was alive to the awful need of God, and did what he could to supply it. He built a church near his home in Indiana, which was used as a place of worship for more than forty years. The name of the church was "Nebo Chapel," after the Mount of Vision. He also built the first church in the vicinity of Dayton, about 1857, which was long a regular appointment of the Yamhill Circuit, and now merged in the Webfoot church. Its name was "Ebenezer Chapel."

George Meredith calls vision the golden key of all the possible. This master key opened many doors for John Odell. His

son, W. H. Odell, tells of hearing his father discussing with one of the circuit preachers a plan to promote some interest in the kingdom of God, which required considerable financial outlay. But the minister replied:

"You will never be able to accomplish that, and your liberality and free hand will prevent you from ever being able to amass wealth."

To amass wealth, however, was not a ruling passion with John Odell. His heart was fixed on the higher values, and he laid up for himself treasures in heaven.



"MORE WONDERFUL THAN NIAGARA."—Page 173

John Odell married Sarah Holman in 1820, and she shared his enthusiasm for sacred things. A tragic story is told about her father. When a young man in Kentucky he was engaged to act as guard of a government supply team, with another young man. While enroute the party was surrounded by Indians, and taken prisoners. The goods were confiscated, the teamster was burned at the stake, and the guards were doomed

to the same tragic fate. But two old Indian women rescued them, and adopted them in lieu of their lost sons. James Holman, the father of Mrs. Odell, was held in captivity three years before he made his escape.

Hospitality was a cardinal virtue in the home of John Odell. A prophet's chamber was one of the appointments of the house, and it was frequently occupied. His most distinguished guest was Bishop Ames. When he came to organize the Oregon Conference in 1853, the Bishop journeyed by boat to Dayton, on the Yamhill river, where he was met by John Odell, who entertained him over night, and the next day sent him to Salem, the seat of the conference, mounted on a gentle horse. The Bishop's guide on the journey was the son of his host, W. H. Odell, then a young man of twenty-two, and for over fifty years an outstanding figure in Oregon Methodism.

Robert McTeer, a son-in-law of John Odell, was leader of the class at Dayton for many years; and Abram Coovert, who married a daughter of John Odell, was one of the pillars of the church at Webfoot.

FIRST THINGS AT DAYTON

The first Sunday School in Dayton was organized in 1859. At the quarterly conference, held June 4th of that year, the pastor, Luther T. Woodward, reported: "Dayton Sunday School consists of seven teachers and 40 scholars. W. H. Odell is superintendent. This is the first Sunday School in Dayton."

There were four other Sunday Schools on the circuit at that time, namely, Ebenezer Chapel, Unionvale, Amity, and Hopewell. The pastor said in his report: "Brethren, here is a work particularly your own, and one of the most important and hopeful in the Church. Here, with the blessed Bible in your hands, with the aid of the best books ever published for children, and that beautiful and choice little Sunday School Advocate, your's is an untold and unending influence."

General Joel Palmer and Andrew Smith were the landlords of Dayton in the middle of the last century. The Smith donation land claim contained 558 acres, and that of General Palmer 401 acres. Each of these men gave a block of land to the Methodist Episcopal Church for a parsonage. They received their patents from the United States Government in 1866, and a few months later the deeds were executed to the trustees of the church. On the 10th day of February, 1868, Andrew Smith issued a second deed conveying another tract of land to the church. The writing affirms that Andrew Smith "bargained, sold and donated seven lots in the town of Dayton to the trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the use and benefit of said Church forever." The Church was built on these lots.

As early as 1859 steps were taken to build a Methodist Episcopal Church in Dayton, and a building committee was appointed. The committee consisted of Andrew Smith, the donor of the land, D. M. Jesse, L. T. Woodward, pastor of the Church, and W. H. Odell.

The Church was completed and dedicated in 1862, probably in August. Bishop Matthew Simpson preached the dedicatory sermon, and Dr. Thomas H. Pearne, first editor of the *Pacific Christian Advocate*, assisted in the service. One member of Bishop Simpson's congregation was present at the opening of the Community House, Sunday, September 11, 1921. It was Mrs. Mary A. Gilkey, a well known Oregon pioneer and lifelong member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

GREW FOR SERVICE STRONG

What became of the young man who served as guide for Bishop Ames in 1853, and whose Christian activities began in the Yamhill Circuit? He made right use of the divinity within him, and grew for service strong. Two words tell the story of his life—preparation and service.

William Holman Odell became a student in Willamette University, where he fell under the gracious influence of Dr. F. S. Hoyt, the president, whom he held in reverence to the day of his death."

In 1855 he married Mrs. Samuel R. Thurston, an accomplished woman and widow of Oregon's first delegate to Congress. For several years they lived on a farm in Yamhill County, then they moved to Lebanon and took charge of Santiam Academy. This move was the beginning of a new career, and one of marked distinction.

From Lebanon the Odells moved to Albany, where they taught in the public schools. In 1864 Eugene was their home, where Mrs. Odell opened a private school, and Mr. Odell took up the practice of surveying. He held the office of Deputy United States Surveyor of Public Lands from 1864 to 1871, when he became Surveyor-General of Oregon.

In 1876 he was one of the Republican nominees for Presidential elector, and was appointed messenger to take Oregon's vote to the national capital. He was editor and publisher of the *Salem Statesman* from 1877 to August 18, 1884, and during the last two years of that period he served as State Printer.

About this time he was appointed Postmaster at Salem, serving under President Arthur, and continuing in that office during the administration of President Cleveland. Later he was assigned to the work of allotting lands to the Indians on the Siletz Indian Reservation, and in 1895 Governor Lord appointed him Clerk of the State Land Board, which position he filled for four years.

Mrs. Odell died March 31, 1890. Four years and two months later, May 23, 1894, General Odell was married to Mrs. Carrie Taylor of Kentucky. She died in Salem, July 4, 1919. Both of these good women served in Willamette University and both are honored with memorial rooms in Lausanne Hall, useful tokens of Mr. Odell's affection and esteem.

Much of the life of W. H. Odell belongs to the history of Willamette University. He was the fourth president of the Board of Trustees, his predecessors being Jason Lee, David Leslie and Josiah L. Parrish. *

For many years he was chairman of the Board of Trustees of First Church, Salem, and represented the laymen of the Oregon Conference in the General Conference of 1900.

MORNING IN HIS SOUL

The last days of William H. Odell were full of dignity and beauty. Though overtaken by physical infirmities, his mind was clear, and his soul grew brighter day by day. In a written statement found among his papers after his death, he said:

"With an unfaltering trust I hope my soul will be given a blissful entrance into the Paradise of God, in communion with loved ones and the redeemed of the Lord forever." Then he added: "May there be no sadness of farewell when I depart."

"I have lived my full measure of life," he went on to say; "there is no work that I can do or service that I can render for good. Under the blessings of a kind Providence I have been spared thus far, and this is my daily prayer:

"Dear Father in Heaven, in Thine own good time take me to Thyself in peace. This blessing I ask in the Name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, in Whom I believe. Be it so. Amen."

He wrote these things not because life was a burden or because he was unappreciative. On the other hand, he added: "Life is pleasant, and the loved ones are cheerfully kind and helpful, all of which I accept with gratitude and thanksgiving for the past; and trustingly for the future say, 'Dear Lord, Thy Will be done.'"

His prayer was not unanswered. Death came like a shadow thrown lightly by a passing cloud. On Wednesday afternoon, April 26, 1922, he returned from Salem, sick and weak, and before midnight he was given that "blissful entrance into the Paradise of God," for which he prayed.

To those who stood by he said: "I am very sick. I think this sickness is unto death." Then he recalled the blessings of a kind Providence, and words of praise dropped from his lips.

For ninety years he walked with God; and God took him, quietly and peacefully, unto Himself. Devotion to Christian ideals, stewardship of life and property, and perfect control over his own spirit, were outstanding aspects of General Odell's life. He was a king and priest unto God through Jesus Christ.

A few months before he died William H. Odell wrote an article entitled "Longing After Immortality," which was really "An Old Man's Confession of Faith." In his last days Milton used to say: "I am thinking of immortality. I am pluming my wings for flight." This is what Brother Odell did. The starry skies never lost attraction for him, and he could say with Faber: "Something draws me upward there, as morning draws the lark."

IV.

TAYLOR STREET PULPIT

“PORTLAND is a small and beautiful village on the left bank of the Willamette, eight miles from the mouth. It contains about one hundred inhabitants and has an air of neatness, thrift, and industry.”

This is J. Quinn Thornton's description of the future metropolis of Oregon, as it was in 1847.

FIRST PREACHERS

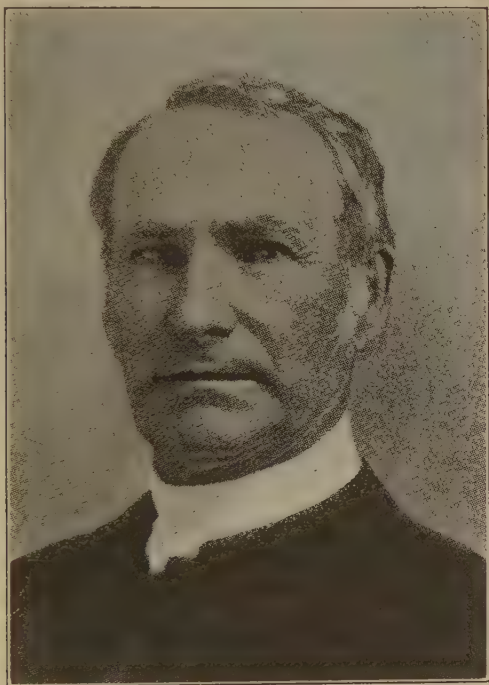
The First Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in this "small and beautiful village" in 1848. C. O. Hosford visited the people one week-end, going from house to house, and announced a preaching appointment for William Roberts, Superintendent of the Oregon Mission.

That service bore noble fruit. In 1849, James H. Wilbur and J. L. Parrish were appointed to the Oregon City and Portland charge. Oregon City was the metropolis of Oregon at that time and the center of its religious life.

Wilbur was quick to discern the future importance of Portland, and flung himself into the work with enthusiasm. God said to him, as He said to Moses: "Let them build Me a sanctuary that I may dwell among them." In 1850, the command was fulfilled and the first home of Portland First Church was dedicated to the service of God.

We are debtors to a contemporary of Wilbur for a pleasant description of Portland's first pastor. The record reads: "Stalwart and strong, the great forest that stood where Taylor Street Church now stands (Third and Taylor Streets), fell before his axe. The walls of the old church rose by his saw and hammer,

and grew white and beautiful under his paint brush ; tired bodies listened to his powerful preaching on Sunday, poverty was fed at his table, and sickness cured by his medicines." He was a man of marked physical prowess, imperial will, and deep consecration.



JAMES H. WILBUR

In 1850 the charge was named Oregon City, Portland and Columbia River, and James H. Wilbur and J. O. Raynor were appointed pastors. In those days Portland was part of a big Circuit, which included all the land between the rivers—the Willamette, the Clackamas, the Columbia, and portions of the regions beyond. In 1853 it was called Portland and Portland

Academy, with H. K. Hines and C. S. Kingsley preachers in charge. The Academy was founded by James H. Wilbur and was the beginning of that remarkable system of secondary schools conducted by the Methodist Episcopal Church in pioneer Oregon.

The history of Taylor Street pulpit would fill a goodly volume. During the next thirteen years Portland had the following pastors: P. G. Buchanan, 1854; William Roberts, 1855-56; David Rutledge, 1857; W. S. Lewis, 1858-59; Isaac Dillon, 1860-61; David Rutledge, 1862-64; B. C. Lippincott, 1865.

FIRST BRICK CHURCH IN OREGON

Dr. C. C. Stratton came to the pastorate in 1866, and served the church two years. During his administration, a great forward movement was undertaken. The congregation moved out of the little church erected by Wilbur, in a village of one or two hundred people, into a great brick building befitting the aspirations of a metropolitan city. The new church on Taylor Street was the home of the society for almost fifty years. Dr. Stratton was one of the great preachers of the Pacific Coast and his career in Oregon, Utah and California as pastor and college president was a remarkable one.

The Taylor Street Church, as it was commonly called, was 107 feet long and 66 feet wide on the outside of the walls. The basement was twelve feet high in the clear, and the main audience room was thirty-six feet between the floor and the ceiling. The building was designed by Mr. Nestor, an experienced and competent architect, and was spoken of as the "first good, substantial brick church in Oregon." Ground was broken for the new building in June, 1867.

The cornerstone was laid Thursday, August 1, 1867. Bishop Edward Thomson made the address and assisted in laying the stone. On Sunday, April 11, 1868, the congregation held farewell services in the old First Church, and the following Sunday,

April 18, the basement of the new church was occupied and dedicated. Dr. Wythe, then pastor at Salem, preached in the morning, I. D. Driver in the evening, and a children's meeting was held in the afternoon. At the close of the morning sermon Governor Gibbs gave a statement of the financial condition of the Church for the trustees. They had expended \$20,000 on the building; they were in debt \$1500, and it would take about \$15,000 to complete the structure and furnish it in first class style. During the day subscriptions to the building fund amounted to \$4300, of which the children's meeting gave \$250 toward the erection of the spire.

The old church, however, did not cease at this time to be used in the service of God. It was occupied for some time by the Lutheran Society of Portland, of which Rev. A. A. Myers was pastor.

The audience room was finished two years later (1870), during the second pastorate of William Roberts. He was assisted by James H. Wilbur in raising the necessary funds.

The architect's plans for Taylor Street Church called for end and side galleries, and a seating capacity of about 1000. The side galleries, however, were not built until the popular pastorate of Dr. Alfred Kummer, almost twenty years later.

August, 1867, was a golden month in Portland Methodism. On Sunday, August 4, the new church in East Portland was dedicated. Bishop Thomson preached the sermon and James H. Wilbur assisted in the service. There was an indebtedness of several hundred dollars to be provided for. Brother Wilbur made the appeal for the sum required. The congregation responded generously, and soon the entire amount was subscribed. In the chronicle of that day's doings it is written: "The church is very neat, commodious and substantial. Father Royal has done an excellent work in projecting, and carrying through with success, such an enterprise." This was the beginning of the great church now known as Centenary-Wilbur.

TWO TAYLOR STREET PULPITS

Sixteen years passed away in the annals of First Church, with the following pastors: J. H. Wythe, 1868; William Roberts, 1869-70; G. W. Izer, 1871-73; Robert Bentley, 1874-75; C. V. Anthony, 1876-77; J. H. Acton, 1878-80; G. W. Izer, 1881-83. At the close of Dr. Izer's second pastorate, a friendly division of the church took place, and "Grace Church" was organized. Its first place of meeting was a neat chapel on the corner of Thirteenth and Taylor Streets.

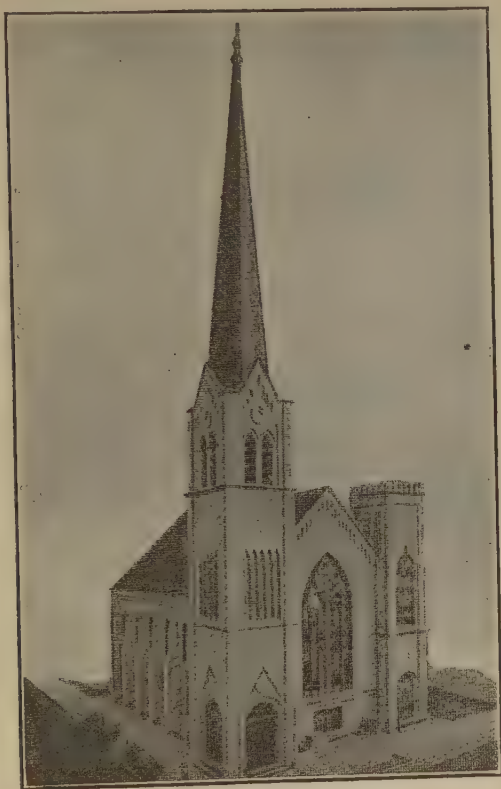
In the fall of 1868 Dr. Wythe delivered a notable series of lectures in the new church at Third and Taylor, on "Science and Infidelity," which attracted marked attention. The price for the course was \$3, and the proceeds went into the building fund. The lectures were afterwards expanded into a book, which was deemed worthy of a place in the course of study for Methodist preachers.

Old First Church (Taylor Street), the mother church, continued its onward way under the ministry of G. W. Chandler, Dr. Alderman, Alfred Kummer, Charles Edward Locke, now a Bishop of the church, H. W. Kellogg, H. J. Talbott, F. B. Short and Benjamin Young.

During the same period Grace Church was served by E. W. Caswell, Ross C. Houghton, G. W. Gue, Henry Rasmus, H. D. Atchison, J. R. T. Lathrop, Clarence True Wilson, W. H. Hepe and J. H. Cudlipp. The present home of First Church on Twelfth and Taylor Streets was built during the pastorate of Dr. Houghton, and Bishop H. W. Warren made the address at the laying of the cornerstone.

Dr. Houghton was a great power at Grace Church. His extensive and varied culture, his high literary achievements, his graceful and dignified manner, and his quiet humor, kindling sometimes into sparkling wit, gave his ministry a delightful flavor.

Before Grace Church was erected a great tabernacle stood on the site. D. L. Moody, and other notable evangelists, held city-wide meetings there.



TAYLOR STREET CHURCH

"First Good, Substantial Brick Church in Oregon."

The two churches maintained separate organizations for about thirty years. During that time a change came about in the mind of Christian people. The division of 1884 was the result of a belief that a church of six hundred members is too big for

efficient service in the Kingdom of God. When that belief passed away, as it did, the reunion of the two organizations in 1913 was just as natural as the division in 1884.

Since the reunion, First Church has had for its pastors, Drs. Benjamin Young, F. L. Loveland, Joshua Stansfield and the present minister, B. Earle Parker.

First Church has always been a revival church in its spirit, and a missionary church in its organization. South Portland enjoyed the active support of First Church and Grace Church fostered the work in North Portland. Epworth Church and the mission in South Portland are the results.

A BIG CIRCUIT FORMED

In 1853, when Portland became a station, the Vancouver, Cascades and The Dalles Circuit was authorized by the Oregon Conference, and the First Quarterly Conference of the new circuit was organized in the residence of E. R. Scott at Fairview, with C. S. Kingsley, Presiding Elder, and James Gerish, preacher in charge.

The first Sunday School was organized the same summer in the Scott home.

The Second Quarterly Conference was held in October at the Columbia Schoolhouse, and J. P. Powell's class was formed. This was known as the White Schoolhouse of the Lebanon Class. It afterward became the Powell Valley class, and finally Gresham.

The Third Quarterly Conference was held in the winter of 1854 at The Dalles—A. F. Waller, Presiding Elder; Gustavus Hines, pastor, and James Gerish, associate. A church building was reported at Sandy.

Mt. Tabor Church, Portland, and St. John's Church, Portland, belonged to this circuit, and were organized about 1854.

In 1875 Louis Albert Banks was appointed Junior preacher

on a part of this circuit at a salary of \$25.00 per month. This was the beginning of a remarkable career.

Bishop Fowler used to tell how Dr. Durbin passed from lowly conditions to his great position as a pulpit orator. A similar achievement must be credited to L. A. Banks. It is a long way from the old East Portland circuit to the pulpit of Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn, then and now one of the foremost pulpits in Methodism; but after a striking pastorate in Boston this western boy was called to that appointment, which he served with marked success.

As an author Dr. Banks has achieved great distinction. Over sixty volumes have come from his pen, and he has contributed in a large way to papers and magazines. His first venture in the field of literature was a small volume on temperance published in Portland. In early life, in every possible way, Mr. Banks arrayed himself against the saloon.

His signal service in the beginning of this movement indicated remarkable courage, and the result was almost tragic. A demonized man, stirred to madness by the appeal of Dr. Banks, said in his heart, "Such a fellow is not fit to live," and tried to rid the world of the agitator by the gunshot route. But God had other work for His servant, and Dr. Banks escaped with a painful wound.

Matthew Arnold used to say, "There are three kinds of genius: extraordinary understanding, extraordinary conduct, and extraordinary exertion." And he added, "The three things that improve genius are proper exertion, frequent exertion, successful exertion." Louis Albert Banks is a fulfillment of this statement. He was on his job all the time, and on it with all his might. During his residence at Vancouver, Wash., he was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, editor of a paper, and principal of the public school; and in each department his exertion was proper, frequent, successful.

V.

WILBUR IN SOUTHERN OREGON

*"One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown."*

—O'SHAUGHNESSY.

OREGON METHODISM faced a new era in 1853. Bishop Ames made the first Episcopal visitation in that year, and the Mission was organized into a Conference. Forward looking plans were adopted for Christian work in the Puget Sound country, and in Southern Oregon.

FIRST THINGS IN SOUTHERN OREGON

Jason Lee visited the Umpqua in the spring of 1838, probably preaching the first sermon in Southern Oregon in the vicinity of Roseburg. In the summer of 1840, in company with Gustavus Hines, he explored the valley of the Umpqua, and conducted five religious services.

The first Sunday School was organized in the Umpqua country in 1852 by Addison R. Flint, a layman, and his home was the place of meeting. Mr. Flint was an engineer by profession, and built the first railroad in South America. He was the first secretary of the American Bible Society in Southern Oregon, and the second principal of the Umpqua Academy.

William Roberts appointed Joseph R. Smith pastor at Rogue River in the spring of 1852. Thomas F. Royal, who followed Mr. Smith on the Rogue River Circuit in 1853, describes him as tall in person, graceful in manner, with a kind and honest face, his voice clear and strong, and his hand open and generous. He labored in Jackson county one year, but no Church organization was effected. Mr. Smith located in 1854, became

a leading lawyer of the state, and represented Oregon in Congress.

In March, 1853, Bishop Ames formed the "Southern Oregon" district, embracing all the country from the summit of the Callapooia mountains to the California line, and appointed James H. Wilbur superintendent. There were only two appointments, Umpqua and Rogue River. Wilbur was pastor at Umpqua, and Smith at Rogue River; but Smith did not go to his appointment, and T. F. Royal, who arrived in the country in the fall of 1853, took charge of the work.

During the year churches were organized at both points. At the Conference of 1854 Umpqua reported seventy-eight members and probationers, and Rogue River thirty-nine. Jacksonville was the location of the Rogue River church, and it was organized on the first day of January, 1854.

One year later, the first Sunday in 1855, the Jacksonville church was dedicated to Almighty God. The Rev. Ebenezer Arnold, Presiding Elder of Northern California District, preached in the morning, and James H. Wilbur at night, after which he conducted the dedication service. This was the first church built in Southern Oregon, and the only church in Jackson county for many years.

Enthusiasm for education was like fire in Wilbur's bones, and he kindled the same enthusiasm in others. The Umpqua Academy was a monument to this fact. After Wilbur had been on the field two years and four months, the following report was submitted to the Oregon Conference:

"The Umpqua Academy house is 30 x 40 in size, and two stories. The lower one is nearly completed, and has been occupied nine months of the year. There have been 102 different students, and the total of tuition bills is about \$900. The school stands high. Situated in a healthy place, near the center of Umpqua valley, and in a community generally religious, it bids fair to become all its friends could require. The cost of

the academy to this time is \$4000. There has been paid \$3,197.25. The indebtedness is \$802.70. Subscriptions not yet paid amount to \$844."

The first principal of the Academy was J. H. B. Royal, and for many years it was the only school of this grade between Sacramento and Salem.

One of the wonders of the Oregon Church in those days was its educational program. It established Willamette University, Portland Academy, and Santiam Academy, and others were added from time to time. In 1854 the Puget Sound University was authorized and trustees appointed. Education was a human need, and the Oregon Conference made it a form of Christian service.

The first sermon in Roseburg was preached by John W. Miller in the saloon of Rose's hotel. Brother Miller was appointed to the South Umpqua charge in March, 1854, by Bishop Simpson, and the service at Roseburg was held, probably, soon after.

GOOD SOLDIERS OF JESUS CHRIST

In a letter to John Spencer, Wilbur photographed himself and his work in Southern Oregon. The letter is dated January 25, 1856. For over sixty years it lay among the papers of John Spencer, when it was given to the Oregon Methodist Historical Society by George H. Greer of Dundee, Oregon, a son-in-law of Mr. Spencer.

John Spencer was a remarkable man. Dr. William Roberts says that in spite of limited educational advantages, of feeble health and bodily sufferings, Mr. Spencer became a master in the language and literature of his mother tongue, and acquired a working knowledge of German, Latin and Greek.

Religion was the first thing with John Spencer. Dr. Roberts called him a holy man of God, who fathomed the depths of religious experience, and was satisfied in his utmost soul with

what he regarded as evidence of entire sanctification. Wilbur was attracted to him by his scholarly mind and deep piety, and they became very dear friends.

Traveling the Umpqua district was a perilous job in those days. Wilbur said in his letter: "On my first round of quarterly meetings the Indians in the south part of the district became hostile, and the day after I came through the canyon they killed several persons on the road where I had just passed over."

One Sunday he failed to fill an appointment at Jacksonville, where John Flinn was pastor, and his soul was cast down within him. But no small thing kept him away. This is what he said to his friend about it: "The Indians are every now and then falling upon the travelers on the road and killing them, and taking all that is valuable."

His indignation, however, was mixed with gratitude, and he added: "By the goodness of God we have been able to abide in our quiet dwelling."

A CONQUERING EVANGEL

Wilbur was an evangelist, and his chief joy was leading folks to Christ. "His controlling passion," wrote T. F. Royal, "was an all-consuming desire for saving souls." Mr. Royal, in his later life, looking back through the years, could still see Wilbur with his strong arms resting upon the shoulders of an unsaved man, his shining face bathed in tears, and his voice in melting tenderness urging immediate self-surrender to the claims of Jesus Christ.

His appeal was not in vain. Concerning this aspect of his work, Wilbur wrote: "Quite a number have professed faith in Christ; they take up the cross and pray in meeting, and seem to be ready for every good word and work. Indeed, Brother Spencer, when I consider the great things God has done for this neighborhood I feel like calling upon my soul and all that is within me, to bless His holy name!"

What had God done for the Umpqua country? In a few words Wilbur tells the beautiful story. He wrote: "Here, where there was no society a little more than two years ago, and where sin abounded as much as at any point, perhaps, between the mouth of the Columbia river and Jacksonville, God has turned and overturned until we have over fifty members in Society, and the people generally around us are pious."

Desire to be perfect took possession of many souls, and their quest was rewarded. "Many," wrote Mr. Wilbur, "are panting after holiness, and some have entered into this blessed state."

But this strong man of God, like the prophet Elijah, sat under a juniper tree, and bemoaned the decay of faith. "War," he wrote, "is spreading desolation over the land; morals are waning, and piety in most places is bleeding to death."

Table-rappers, or spiritualists, buffeted his faith, and seemed to challenge his work. One of his preachers was carried away with this "strange witchery," and Wilbur wondered what it would lead to. He failed to see that spiritualism is not necessarily a sign of religious decay. On the other hand, it is frequently a result of faith running to excess.

His reaction to the adversary voiced itself in the letter. To his friend, Wilbur addressed these stirring questions:

"How do you prosper in your hill circuit?"

"Have you peace, and prosperity?"

"Does piety flourish at all your appointments?"

"Are you able to go to all your appointments full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost?"

His ideals of the ministry are expressed in these vital questions. He was telling his friend just what he, himself wanted to be. Accordingly, he added:

"It seems more necessary, I have thought, in this country than in any place I have ever known. Without the unction little, very little, will be done by any of us who have been called to this high and holy service."

“Unction” is a good word, a beautiful word. It means just what Jesus had in mind when He said: “He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel.”

WILLOWS BY THE WATER COURSE

Isaiah compared the fruits of a revival to willows by the water course. And the figure aptly applies to Wilbur's work in Southern Oregon. I. D. Driver was converted in one of his camp-meetings, and joined the Oregon Conference in 1858. What a man he became! His penetrating genius, his skilful interpretations of the Word of God, and his aptness in debate, prompted Mr. Moody to call him “A Modern Socrates.” The Stratton family was represented in the first board of trustees of Umpqua Academy, and in 1858 C. C. Stratton entered upon his great career as a minister of the sanctuary. As a preacher, Dr. Stratton was a bright particular star, and he filled many high positions in the Church. Christopher Alderson was mining on Gold River in 1853, and three years later he was going about telling folks what he found in the river of life that proceeds out of the throne of God. Stanley O. Royal was a member of the first graduating class of Umpqua Academy, and when death overtook him he was one of the leading members of the Cincinnati Conference. Robert A. Booth, one of the strong and consecrated leaders of the Oregon Church, was a student at Umpqua, and is the author of a history of the famous old school.

These are some of the trees of the Lord that have flourished on the banks of this vital and vitalizing river, and their influence has been a healing power in the land.

VI.

BISHOP SIMPSON IN THE BELKNAP SETTLEMENT

RELIGION AND CULTURE were first things in the Belknap Settlement. As a result the settlement became a center from which light and truth radiated through all the upper Willamette valley. The first church south of Salem was organized there, the first Sunday School south of Salem was conducted there, and the second session of the Oregon Conference was held there. It was a community of Christian folk, and the fame of their faith spread abroad through all the country round about.

FIRST THINGS SOUTH OF SALEM

On the fifth day of May, 1847, four men and their families started to cross the plains. The four men were Oren Belknap, Ransom Belknap, Lorenzo D. Gilbert and Samuel F. Starr. After a tedious journey of six months the party arrived in the Willamette valley, and wintered near where Corvallis now is, in the neighborhood of Mr. John Stewart. In the spring of 1848 the party started south to find land claims, and they all located in the valley that became known as the Belknap Settlement. October fifth, 1848, another group of five families arrived in the valley, all connected with the family of Jessie Belknap.

The first church was organized in the summer of 1848, with a membership of fourteen. October 12, 1848, one week after the second party of immigrants arrived, the number of members was increased to twenty-eight. The place of meeting was the cabin home of one of the settlers, a Mrs. Wright.

In the spring of 1849 a Sunday School was organized with a membership of thirty. J. W. Starr was elected superintendent, and Mrs. Kesiah Belknap, a gifted, consecrated and versatile woman, was assistant superintendent, secretary, librarian and teacher. Alvan F. Waller said this was the only Sunday School south of Salem at that time.

Ebenezer school house was built in 1850, after the men returned from the mines in California. It was constructed of logs and became the center of the community's social, intellectual and religious life. Oregon Conference met for its second session in this building in 1854.

In 1860 plans were made and material gathered for building a church, which, when finished, was appropriately called "Simpson Chapel."

A TYPICAL CIRCUIT RIDER

John McKinney was the first pastor of the circuit. He was appointed in 1847 by William Roberts, and his charge included all the Willamette valley south of Salem. We are debtors to Mrs. Kesiah Belknap for a life-like picture of this faithful pioneer preacher and the social friendships inspired by his monthly visits.

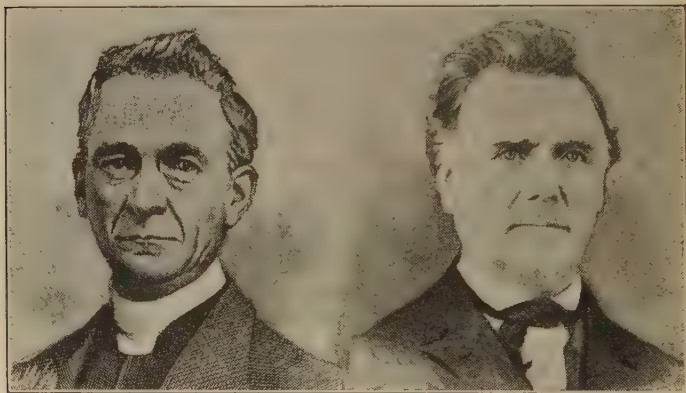
"The rainy season is coming on," she wrote, "and the creeks are bad to cross, for there are no bridges, only Indian trails, and they cross the creeks where ever they come to them. So we don't get together very often. But Father McKinney always manages to make his visit once a month, and sees us all in our homes, and exhorts us to be loyal to the Lord."

Hardships did not deter him. He took a ditch at a leap, and the rush of his spirit carried him to the top of any hill of difficulty.

How did this old hero-priest travel his big circuit. Let Mrs. Belknap answer. She wrote: "Father McKinney travels on horseback with a big blue army blanket, which has a hole in

the middle to put his head through, and a wide-brimmed grey hat to keep the water from running down his back. He is always pleasant and cheerful, like a ray of bright sunshine on a dark cloudy day, and his presence seemed to cheer up the whole family."

Concerning one of his early visitations Mrs. Belknap wrote: "Father McKinney visited all the families in the neighborhood, and, he said, they all received him gladly and gave him a royal entertainment, fit for a prince. Each family had set up the standard of Christ, and dedicated their home to the Lord by setting up a family altar and having daily prayers."



ALVAN F. WALLER

GUSTAVUS HINES

They took life seriously, and obeyed at every step the best that they knew. So around their altars they kept company with invisible things, and their children grew up in the atmosphere of God.

ENLARGING THE STAFF

The year following, 1849, after a conference with William Roberts, three preachers were appointed to the big circuit, and they had preaching twice a month.

Who were they, and what manner of preachers? Mrs. Belknap sketched them and their sermons in a delightful way.

"Alvan F. Waller," she wrote, "was here the first Sunday in June and gave us one of his strong sermons on the need of the church taking a firm stand, and building on a solid foundation. The house was crowded, and every one seemed interested."

"John McKinney," she continued, "will preach in two weeks, and will give us one of his nice gentle sermons on what great things can be accomplished when all the people have a mind to work. He will be followed by J. O. Raynor, who will give us the terrors of the law, tell us the Israelites were slain for breaking the commandments, and finish with a word of exhortation to remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

She adds that John W. Starr, a local preacher and "Minute Man," comes with his calm, persuasive way, saying, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

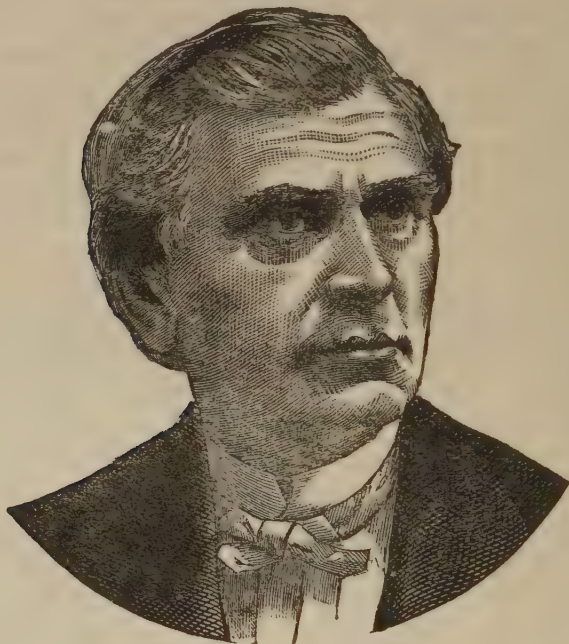
Each preacher was the complement of the other, and in the round of services the people received a full and well-rounded gospel.

Great grace was upon the people. They kept the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Members of other churches joined in the work, and the story reads: "We all work together, no jars or discord, but all labor for the one great cause of saving souls."

Great grace was upon the church. It grew in numbers and influence, and was deemed the proper place for the Oregon Conference to meet for its second annual session. The time was fixed for the middle of March, and Bishop Simpson was appointed to preside. Vexatious delays, however, kept him from arriving on time, and his safety was the occasion of much anxiety.

"Tomorrow," Bishop Simpson wrote in his dairy, "the conference begins in the Belknap Settlement, which is four days

journey from Portland, where our boat will stop. I hope, however, by traveling Saturday night to reach my brethren Sabbath morning."



BISHOP SIMPSON

The boat on the Willamette River had just made its last trip on account of low water. So the Bishop had to get a team and guide to take him to the seat of the conference; but the guide took him out of the way, and it was Sunday morning when he reached Corvallis.

Hamilton Campbell, one of the mission party that came on the Lausanne, had instructed his hired man, if the Bishop came, to go to John Stewart's and get a good horse and saddle, and take him to the seat of the conference.

The man was swift to obey. He guided the Bishop over the last lap of the journey, and the Bishop's arrival at the conference was dramatic and thrilling.

BISHOP SIMPSON

Spiritual effects are difficult to analyze, says Ian Maclaren, because they are largely an atmosphere, but certain circumstances assist. Both the circumstances and the atmosphere favored Bishop Simpson.

Thomas H. Pearne, Presiding Elder of Willamette District, had been elected president of the Conference, and, as such, preached on Sunday morning. Just as he was closing his sermon Bishop Simpson stepped into the room, and some one near the door gave him a seat.

The subject had been talked over in the morning, "If the Bishop should come," they asked, "would any one know him?"

"No," was the answer. None had ever seen him.

But when the stranger came in Dr. Pearne thought by his looks, and by the look of his grip, that he was a preacher. He ceased preaching immediately and, amid breathless silence, said:

"If the stranger who has just come in is Bishop Simpson he will please come to the front."

The stranger had traveled all night over corduroy roads and stump roots, through mud of uncertain and varying depths, had changed from wagon to saddle and made the last of his long and most trying journey on horseback, and, though bespattered with mud, he stepped forward amid a storm of emotion, which broke forth in shouts and hallelujahs.

Mrs. Belknap says: "I was there and surely the scene was beyond description."

When order was restored the Bishop told the Conference of his interest in their work, and his endeavors to meet them earlier; of his experiences at sea, and how he came to being shipwrecked at the mouth of the Columbia River; and

then, to indicate his feelings when in the greatest peril, he recalled Henry Kirk White's song of the sea, and quoted two stanzas, as follows:

"Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and widely blowed
The wind that tossed my floundering bark.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!"

A celestial gale swept over the congregation, and the souls of the people were like waves driven by the wind and tossed. The chronicle says, "When order was restored the Bishop announced that he would preach at two o'clock."

THE BISHOP'S SERMON

The settlement was on tiptoe, and by two o'clock the log schoolhouse was filled with devout and expectant people. Refreshed by food, and rested by a few minutes sleep, the Bishop stood in the midst. He was in fine spirits, and his sermon was a sacred oration.

But it was more than an oration. It was a smile of God. His theme was "Winning Souls," and the need of moral warmth and spiritual earnestness in the ministry received from the Lord Jesus. As he unfolded his message the preacher dropped out of sight, and Jesus stood in the midst, full of the fire and energy of the Holy Spirit. The text was soon forgotten, and, for that matter, the words of the sermon did not linger long; but they could never forget the patient, earnest, beautiful face of the Master, nor rid themselves of the music of His voice as He went about, saying: "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

A door opened, and there stood before the congregation the greatest Evangelist of all the Christian ages. He preached Christ all through Judea, all through Asia Minor, in Greece and in Rome. He organized churches, and won to Christ thousands of souls.

A question from the Bishop called forth an answer, which indicated that this man was aflame with holy realities, and driven by quenchless enthusiasm.

"I have served Him," said St. Paul, "in frequent traveling, amid dangers in crossing rivers, dangers from robbers; dangers from my own countrymen, dangers from the Gentiles; dangers in the city, dangers in the desert, dangers by the sea, dangers from spies in our midst; with labor and toil, in hunger and thirst, in frequent fastings, in cold, and with insufficient clothing."

"What pay do you receive for such service?" asked the Bishop.

"These hands," said St. Paul, "have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me."

At this point in the sermon a remarkable transformation took place. The speaker seemed like another person. He suited the action to the word, and the word to the action, in a manner that fulfilled all the canons of Hamlet; his face was alight, as from an inward flame, and his voice was soft and beautiful and charged with the Divine significance of life.

Satan came also among them. He broke into the dialogue, chided St. Paul for his unselfish devotion to the ideals of Jesus, and tempted him to renounce the ministry and have a care for himself.

Then the Bishop lifted himself to his full height, drew his coat tightly about his person, and, speaking with great firmness, quoted the triumphant words of St. Paul: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have

received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

"When the course is finished, what then Paul?" asked the Bishop.

"I have fought a good fight," answered the hero of Athens and Rome, "I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a CROWN!"

Through a rift in the sky glory beyond glory appeared, and, in a moment, the congregation was caught up into the third heaven, and hearing words which it is not lawful to utter. Shining faces and tearful eyes were common enough, and all felt themselves surrounded and possessed with the glow of a passionate faith.

It was as if an angel of the Lord had spread his wings over them, and had shed down a shower of golden truths.

Bishop Simpson closed with a fervent and beautiful prayer, penetrating like music to the inmost soul. Harvey K. Hines likened its graciousness to the dew of heaven; and Mrs. Kesiah Belknap testified that the music of the Bishop's prayer was still going in her soul after a lapse of fifty years.

BRINGING FORTH FRUIT

The Conference was composed of heroic and forward looking men. Though the Christian community was small, and scattered over a vast area, the Conference decided to establish a religious periodical in Oregon, and recommended Thomas H. Pearne as the editor. During the ensuing year a press was purchased and the materials necessary to publish a paper, and on the first day of September, 1855, the first number of the *Pacific Christian Advocate* appeared.

The preachers went to their charges full of the Holy Ghost, and with power. The result was a wide-spread revival of religion, and great ingatherings into the church; and the Confer-

ence of 1855 reported an increase in membership of 950, a gain of 60 per cent.

The outstanding charges in those days were Calapooia (now Brownsville), Yamhill, and Mary's River, with a membership of 200, 180 and 161 respectively. Belknap Settlement was included in the Mary's River Circuit.

Marysville (now Corvallis), was the head of Mary's River Circuit. John Stewart was there when the Belknap party arrived in 1847, and John McKinney preached for them that winter. Brother Stewart's house was the place of meeting.

The Belknap, Starr and Hawley families were included among the immigrants of 1847-8. They all located in the Belknap Settlement, and they and their descendants have rendered notable service in Church and State. Few communities have equalled it in supplying teachers for our schools, preachers for our pulpits, and leaders in civic affairs. It will not be invidious to add that Hon. W. C. Hawley, member of Congress from Oregon, belongs to one of these pioneer families, and grew to manhood in the Belknap Settlement. Before his election to Congress he was a member of the faculty of Willamette University, and President for many years.

VIII.

FAMOUS PREACHERS OF OLD OREGON

THERE is a Bible story of two young men who started from the bottom of a canyon, climbed the face of a precipice on their hands and knees, smote the garrison of the Philistines, and won a great victory on the heights beyond.

TWO CIRCUIT RIDERS

That is a human story with many parallels. In 1858 two young men stood for admission at the bar of the Oregon Conference. They were brought up in a canyon, so to speak, where vision was limited and opportunity circumscribed; but they climbed the precipice on their hands and knees, mounted higher and higher with the passing years, until the topmost summit of achievement was reached.

These young men had several things in common. Both were pilgrims of the Old Oregon Trail, making the overland trip by ox team; both resided in Southern Oregon, and came under the influence of James H. Wilbur; both began their ministry as Circuit Riders in the Oregon Country, devoted their life to the work of God on the western coast, and came to their coronation within a few miles of each other.

These men were alike in spirit, but unlike in mental endowments. One was a polished orator; the other was a profound logician. One charmed his auditors by the culture of his mind, the melody of his voice, and the elegance of his diction; the other gripped his hearers by the originality of his thought, the force of his arguments, and the novelty of his interpretations. One won renown as a preacher of the grace of God, and came to be ranked with such pulpit orators as Jesse T. Peck and

Thomas Guard; the other became famous as a defender of the faith, and was called by Joseph Cook and D. L. Moody, "A Modern Socrates."

One of these young men was Charles Carroll Stratton; the other was Isaac D. Driver.

A BRILLIANT CAREER

There is nothing more brilliant in the annals of Oregon Methodism than the career of C. C. Stratton. One fact is enough to prove it. Eight years after his admission into the Conference he was appointed pastor of First Church, Portland, one of the most substantial and active Christian congregations west of the Rocky Mountains, and he is the only man to enjoy that distinction in seventy-five years, whose ministry commenced in Oregon. To be able to overcome such a handicap in so short a time is a sign of extraordinary genius.

But Dr. Stratton did greater works than these. At the General Conference of 1872 search was made for a man to represent Methodism in the Mormon stronghold in Utah. The Bishops were saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" The choice fell upon Oregon's unique and brilliant preacher, who was a member of the General Conference, and whose fame had spread far and wide. What glory he brought to Salt Lake City! His pulpit was a bush that burned with fire, and multitudes flocked to see the flame. One of the fruits of his ministry in that city was a substantial brick church.

After finishing his work in Salt Lake City he was transferred to the California Conference, and appointed pastor of First Church, San Jose. Quickly his fame as a preacher spread everywhere, causing him to be elected president of the University of the Pacific. To this institution he gave ten of the best years of his life, and no period of its history surpassed the spacious days of Dr. Stratton.

At that time he was easily the peer of any man on the Pacific

Coast in the educational field. He was approached by the founder of Stanford University on the matter of his becoming the head of that institution, but deeming his health, then somewhat impaired, as inadequate to the task, the place was not accepted. But he spent the rest of his days in educational work, being successively president of Mills College, of Willamette University, and Chancellor of Portland University.

During the years of his apprenticeship in the Oregon Conference, his work extended from Jacksonville to Olympia, being pastor at Dallas, Roseburg, Jacksonville, Oregon City, Olympia, Portland and Salem.

In these appointments Dr. Stratton laid the foundation of his great career. I count it one of my joys to have heard him preach when he was just past the meridian of his course. It was a great occasion, and he took for his text: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

What was the preaching like? His sermon was characterized by smoothness of diction, clearness of style, and lofty conceptions of truth; his eloquence was broad and transparent, like a noble, full, majestic river; his mind was polished by daily association with great thoughts, and stored with knowledge from the world's best literature; his utterance was rapid, like a mountain stream; his soul was alive with the optimism of faith, and his spirit was clothed with the singing robes of praise.

A DEFENDER OF THE FAITH

Dr. I. D. Driver was a valiant man, and fought the battles of the Lord. As a defender of the faith he was unapproached in his day, if not unapproachable. With the rod of his mouth he smote the godless shrines of men, and glorified God. This brought him great fame, and much satisfaction. Near the close of his life he wrote: "The thing that gratifies me now is that

I had the courage of my convictions to defend the faith against the champions of the world."

In forming Isaac D. Driver nature furnished the material for heroic work. His body was large, closely built, and had the endurance of iron; his eyes were keen and penetrating, his jaw was heavy and firmly set, and his mouth could be closed so tightly that the division of the lips was almost imperceptible; his brain was cast in a gigantic mold, and his mind was like a volcano, a burning, seething, blazing mass of ideas; and his heart was a mixture of gentleness and courage, which made him, in one aspect, as fearless as a lion, and in another, as tender as a child.

There is another picture of him, copied from a photograph on the memory of one of his admirers. "A remarkable looking man was Brother Driver," wrote Herbert C. Thompson, "a man who could be singled out in a crowd. His face was full of character and will, a strong face, marked with meaning lines, eyes that burned like live coals under bushy eye-brows, a square, wide, uncompromising mouth, with thin lips, like a trap; hair tousled above his bald forehead and above his neck and ears, a strong neck and stocky well-set-up figure, all betokening energy and courage with a certain irascibility."

A LIGHT FROM HEAVEN

Grace brought the finishing touch to this finely equipped man. Bunyan saw a man with a book in his hand. This was the first glimpse he had of Christian, and it was significant of much. Our first glimpse of I. D. Driver is similar. He used to tell how he peeled a bundle of hickory bark, and lying flat before the dingy blaze read the Bible into the night, while the family slept. Searching the Scriptures was the habit of his life, and to know them better he acquired a working knowledge of Hebrew and Greek.

The Evangelist who showed Brother Driver the wicket-gate

and exhorted him to be faithful to the light, was James H. Wilbur. When Bunyan's Christian saw the cross of Christ the burden fell from his back, and he saw it no more. Christian felt glad and light; and as he looked at the cross three Shining Ones came to him, and said: "Peace be unto you!" When they left, Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing. One September night, 1856, in a camp meeting at Pine Grove, on Deer Creek, Mr. Driver met the three Shining Ones, and received their benediction. Of the glory of that hour T. F. Royal wrote: "I shall never forget that glorious victory, for I shouted with Brother Driver until the morning light."

It was a shining moment in the life of I. D. Driver, which lifted him out of his sin and unbelief, and he felt free and clean, born from above and made alive unto God.

God will take care of you. The supreme gift of life is the thought of God caring for the souls He has made. Dr. Driver enjoyed this gift. "I have been providentially led," he wrote, "since I was ten years of age. When I look at what I am by His grace, I feel I am the least of all saints. My glorying is in Him; that is all I have to glory in."

Straightway after his conversion I. D. Driver entered upon his great evangel. The first nine years were spent at Oakland, Jacksonville, Eugene, Corvallis, The Dalles and Oregon City. Then he was appointed agent of the American Bible Society, and his field included Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana. He was seven years in this work, and during those years his lectures on the religious fundamentals were built.

"There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." This could be said of Dr. Driver as well as of Joshua, though in a different sense. D. L. Moody, the evangelist, used his genius to defend the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, and to combat all sorts of absurdities; and an infidel lecturer from England, who met him in debate, gave up the conflict, saying: "There is no question Driver cannot answer."

A TILT WITH INGERSOLL

Dr. Driver went to hear Ingersoll lecture against Christianity, and the scene at the conclusion was like that of the prophet who "hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord." In Dr. Driver's own words we have a vivid picture of that encounter. This is how he told it:

"In my tilt with Colonel Ingersoll, after he accused the ministry and the whole Christian system of falsehood and duplicity, I said to him:

" 'Colonel, thirteen times in your lecture you appealed to the Christians with the expression, "Honor bright, which is the best?" Now I throw back your own expression, "Honor bright."

" 'Colonel, which does your mission comport with better. Christ that sowed the good seed, or the One that sowed the tares among the wheat?

" 'If you are on the side of primitive truth, why don't you go to Asia or Africa or some other place where there is native soil, where you can sow your own seed and cultivate your own products? Why do you do like the One who sowed the tares, and confine your mission to the work of destruction?

" 'You go from one place to another sowing your tares among the wheat, just like the One whom Christ described that sowed his tares among the wheat and went his way.' "

This is the difference between Faith and Unbelief in a nutshell. Faith is the tree of life in the midst of the world, and the fruit of the tree is sweet and wholesome; but Unbelief says to its followers, "Let us destroy the tree and the fruit thereof."

IX.

THE LIGHT-GIVING WORD

STORY OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC ALTAR-BOY

CARLYLE wrote in the *Sartor Resartus*: "It is with man's Soul as it was with Nature; the beginning of Creation is—Light. Till the eye has vision, the whole members are in bonds. Divine moment, when over the tempest tossed Soul, as once over the wild weltering Chaos, it is spoken: Let there be Light!"

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

This "Divine moment" was the life-long joy of a Roman Catholic Altar-boy, who became a Methodist Circuit Rider. Joseph Hoberg was born in Prussia. His parents were devout Roman Catholics, and he was brought up in that Faith. He never saw a Protestant Church until he was eleven years old, when he chanced to see a building dedicated to Luther's interpretation of the gospel of Christ. Two members of his family took holy orders in the Roman church and he himself was in training for the priesthood, for he was an altar-boy nine years. He said that in those nine years he seldom missed a day in his service to the priest.

The Bible was a sealed book in his father's home, and Joseph never read a word of the sacred writings until after he was twenty-three years old. About this time he married a Protestant Christian girl, and she introduced him to the Holy Scriptures. The Roman Church in Prussia seemed suspicious of the democratic ideals of Jesus, and men and women of that faith were not permitted to see the real Man of Galilee. Joseph Hoberg

was a victim of this system, and it might have engulfed him if God had not put a good woman in his way. As it came to pass the darkness of superstition was chased away by the glorious light of the gospel, and, henceforth he could no more be a papist than a pagan.

WALKING IN THE LIGHT

Accordingly, he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at a quarterly meeting in Galena, Ill. The next day he did three things: He bought that excellent little manual of doctrine and practice for the people called Methodists, the "Discipline"; he purchased the winged theology of John Wesley, which we call the "Hymnal"; and, desiring to keep abreast with the doings of the Kingdom of God, he subscribed for the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*. He thinks the *Advocate* was his schoolmaster. If all new members of the Methodist Church would do likewise, they would go on to perfection faster.

Through the *Advocate* Brother Hoberg was drawn to the Sunday School, became, he says, a Sunday School "crank," and the passion never left him. Bishop Vincent's weekly article on the Holy Land set him on fire, and the fire kept burning because he kept pouring on the oil of truth. Brother Hoberg never lost interest in the Sunday School, and never ceased to keep informed about the needs and activities of the church.

While yet a probationer Joseph Hoberg was appointed class leader, and in Lansing, Iowa, he was elected Sunday School superintendent, which office he held continually until he joined the Oregon Conference in 1869.

He came to Oregon in February, 1866, and located in Salem. Two months later he was elected superintendent of the Sunday School of First Church. In a few months the attendance leaped from 160 to 380. He was a live wire in those days, and the pastor, Dr. J. H. Wythe, made good use of him. Before long he was local preacher, Sunday School superintendent, trustee,

steward, and leader of three classes. In addition he organized a mission Sunday School in South Salem, which finally developed into Leslie Church.

Alvan F. Walker was engaged at this time in erecting the first brick building of Willamette University, known now as Waller Hall, and he engaged Joseph Hoberg to have oversight of the details of construction, and, being a painter by trade, he did the painting on the building. He used to say, with a feeling of honest pride, "Some of my work may still be seen."

C. C. Stratton persuaded Joseph Hoberg to seek admission into the Oregon Conference. Over fifty years ago he received his first appointment from Bishop Kingsley to Lafayette Circuit, which consisted of nine appointments. After ten years of this kind of work, and, as he said, all too early, he was compelled by physical disabilities, to ask for a change of relation.

Some years later he yielded to the appeal of the Oregon Sunday Schools, organized the first county convention in the state, and was president of the State Sunday School Association.

REJOICING IN THE LIGHT

Joseph Hoberg was an optimist, a man of triumphant hope. How could he be otherwise? Think of the advance since he joined the Conference in 1869! At that Conference H. K. Hines reported the Puget Sound District, then an outlying mission field, with a mere handful of members; James H. Wilbur reported for the country east of the Cascade Mountains, just a mission district; William Roberts came down from Idaho and reported his work to Bishop Kingsley, and there was not much to report. What hath God wrought! Under the eyes of Brother Hoberg, the little one became a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.

Joseph Hoberg craved religious satisfaction, and he found it in a prayer meeting soon after uniting with the church. This is the way he told the story:

"At the first prayer meeting I ever attended the pastor said, 'We have come here to talk with God. He is our Father. He loves us more than an earthly parent can. He wants us to be happy. Anything we ask of Him, He will give it.' I believed the preacher—he had buried my baby. So I was the first to ask, and, bless the Lord, He heard me, and I was converted, made a new creature in Christ Jesus; and, thanks to Him, I have stayed converted all these years, and I am happy all the day long."

The last years of his life were years of waiting for the opening of the golden gate. He wrote one of his friends, saying:

"My dear wife went on a visit to the glory land in December, 1916. She is so well satisfied that she don't want to return. So I am going to her. I am all ready—grip packed—only waiting till my Lord shall say, 'Come.' My, it is grand to serve the Lord. To be at peace with God and man. Glorious!"

August 15, 1922, in the ninety-fifth year of his age, his Lord
- said, "Come."

X.

AQUILA GLOVER

FIRST METHODIST CLASS LEADER IN CALIFORNIA

AQUILA GLOVER was a California pioneer of 1846. He was a member of the ill-fated Donner party, so many of which lost their lives in the Sierra Nevada mountains. Mr. Glover left the party in the nick of time, pushed ahead with his family a few days in advance, and reached the valley of the Sacramento in safety. He was a man of faith; his faith made him a hero, and placed him in the foreground of Methodist activities in California.

HERO OF THE SIERRAS

Where duty calls, or danger, be never wanting there. This call came to Aquila Glover, and he struck a high note in the grand music of heroism. He organized a rescue party, and led them through almost impregnable fortresses of ice and snow for the relief of "Starvation Camp." One writer says of the expedition: "They were willing to enter upon the hazardous enterprise, without any other reward than the satisfaction derived from the consciousness of the fact that they might be instrumental, in the hand of God, in rescuing from the jaws of death a multitude of men, women, and children." They risked life to save life, which is among the highest and best we know.

What know we greater than the soul? A man in "Starvation Camp" kept a diary through those desperate days. It is a mirror of their distress, and of their unconquerable souls. On different days he wrote:

"These are tough times; but we are not discouraged, for our hope is in God."

"Began this day to read the 'Thirty days prayer.' Almighty God, grant the request of unworthy sinners."

"Offered our prayers to God this Christmas morning. The prospect is appalling, but we trust in Him."

"Last of the year. May we spend the coming year better than we have the past. This we propose to do, if it is the will of the Almighty to deliver us from our present dreadful situation."

"We prayed the God of mercy to deliver us from our present calamity, if it be His Holy will."

"The sun shining brightly renovates our spirits. Praise the God of Heaven!"

"Hides our main subsistence. May the Almighty send us help."

"Our hides are nearly all eaten up; but with God's help spring will soon smile upon us."

"Aquila Glover arrived from California with provisions."

O man, great is thy faith! He trusted God for deliverance, and would have trusted Him though no deliverance came. Was not Aquila Glover God's answer to this man's prayers?

A HUMAN STORY

A human story is that of William Eddy and Mary Graves. They left "Starvation Camp" in search of food. For dinner on New Year's day they ate the strings of snow shoes and an old pair of moccasins. Finally, in utter despair, Mr. Eddy said to Mary Graves:

"Mary, don't you feel like praying?"

"O, yes," she replied with sobs and tears, "I do, but I never prayed in my life! Do you pray?"

Mr. Eddy said he did not know how to pray. Neither was on speaking terms with God. But in an instant their souls

broke loose, claimed a God-given right, and both were on their knees. In their last and most fearful extremity they turned to God for help, and cried mightily unto Him.

The chronicle says. "There was in those prayers a luxury, the remembrance of which was delightful."

God was swift to answer. For that night those starving pilgrims had venison to eat, and their hearts were filled with gratitude to the Giver of all good.

Mr. Glover arrived at the camp just as the last rays of the setting sun were departing from the tops of the mountains. The relief party was received with a delirium of joy. Many in the camp had died of starvation, and when the survivors saw their deliverers some laughed, some cried, and all asked, "Have you brought anything for me?" It was a day of the Lord, and they were happy.

METHODIST CLASS LEADER

The Oregon and California Mission Conference was organized September 5, 1849, in the chapel of the Oregon Institute, Salem, by authority of the General Conference of 1848, in accordance with instructions from Bishop Waugh, and under the superintendence of William Roberts. It included in its jurisdiction, "Oregon, California and New Mexico."

William Roberts and James H. Wilbur made a religious survey of San Francisco in 1847. The former preached in the city and on a war ship, and the latter organized a Sunday School.

Chauncey O. Hosford was in Oregon when William Roberts arrived to take charge of the Mission, having crossed the plains in 1845. The following year he became a student in the Oregon Institute, and was licensed to preach in 1847, being at that time twenty-five years of age.

To rejoice in the Lord always was a vital matter with Mr. Hosford. He used to tell how religion and business were mixed

in one of his undertakings, and the result. He went from house to house selling articles, and at the same time would sing a hymn, read a bit of Scripture, and offer prayer. Folks enjoyed his enthusiasm, and called him "The Happy Peddler." He was singing out the joy that he felt.

William Roberts was quick to recognize the gifts and graces of the young preacher, and put him to work. As noted in a previous chapter, he was sent to visit the families in Portland, and to announce a preaching appointment for the superintendent. This was some time before James H. Wilbur came to Portland to establish a church and plant a school.

California was tugging at the heart of Mr. Roberts, and he selected C. O. Hosford to go there as a servant of God, and of the Lord Jesus Christ. "I was sent to California in the summer of 1848," wrote Mr. Hosford, "under Brother Robert's instructions with a letter of introduction as a Methodist minister. With the crowd of gold-seekers I stopped at old Hangtown for several weeks, where I preached every Sabbath to larger congregations than I have ever preached to since. Those were the first sermons ever preached in the mines of California."

Mr. Hosford departed from Hangtown and came to San Francisco, where he planted the cross of Christ, and gathered the nucleus of a church. Of this mission he wrote: "In the fall I went down to San Francisco, where I preached from the first Sabbath all winter in West's Boarding House. I formed a class there of thirteen members." Aquila Glover and his wife headed the list of members. He was appointed Class Leader, and the class and prayer meetings were held in his house.

Aquila Glover drew his inspiration from the skies. This fact made him leader of the party that went to the relief of "Starvation Camp"; and it placed him at the head of the first

Methodist Class in San Francisco, a rescue party of a different sort.

A BIT OF ROMANCE

Asenath Glover crossed the plains and mountains with her brother and family. There were few women in California in those days, and Miss Glover was one of the five unmarried American young ladies in San Francisco.

She was converted under the ministry of C. O. Hosford, and received into the church.

During the winter he won her for himself, as well as for the Lord, and in the spring of 1849 they were married. In May they came to Oregon and were employed for several years in the active work of the ministry. For forty-eight years they fought the battle of life together, and now they are at rest. The last years of their lives were spent at Mt. Tabor, Oregon. Mrs. Hosford loved flowers so well that one of her friends wrote: "So much she loved the dewy children of the sod, her own soul grew into a perfect flower of God."

XI.

CLINTON KELLY—NOTABLE PIONEER

A NOTABLE man arrived in Oregon in 1847, and settled on a donation land claim, two miles east of the little village of Portland. He was forty years old at that time, a native of Kentucky, and had been a Methodist preacher thirteen years. He founded a home among the trees, which for generous hospitality, high Christian example, and devotion to every good cause, his friends pronounced ideal. When he died, twenty-seven years later, all classes of the community for miles around attended his funeral, thus indicating the love and veneration in which he was held, and Dr. William Roberts voiced their feelings in the words of David concerning Abner, "Know ye not that there is a prince, and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

The name of this great and princely man was Clinton Kelly. His life was a smile of God, and he grew in favor with God and man.

KEPT THE HOME FIRES BURNING

Bishop Kavanaugh was entertained once in the home of Mr. Kelly, and he gave a graphic picture of his home life. They were old time friends, having been associated together in their early ministry in Kentucky. When the Bishop asked the proprietor of a Portland hotel if he knew Clinton Kelly, the hotel keeper replied:

"Yes, everybody knows Kelly."

Describing the family residence Bishop Kavanaugh said: "The sitting room is thirty feet square, a floor surface of 900 square feet—requiring 100 yards of carpet to cover it." Then

he added: "But so extensive a drain on the carpet makers was obviated by dispensing with the useless article."

The Bishop saw a large pile of potatoes on the farm. "How many are in the pile?" he asked.

Mr. Kelly replied, "About 5000 bushels."

"Are these all you have?" asked the Bishop.

"All except about twelve acres."

"How many other vegetables have you on the place?"

"About enough to feed a colony," was Mr. Kelly's reply.

At bedtime the members of the family were called into the large room for evening prayers. Father Kelly arose and repeated:

"Jesus, great shepherd of the sheep,
To Thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O, the wolf is nigh."

Next morning a similar service was held. The family sang the hymn beginning,

"Jesus shall reign where e'er the sun,
Doth his successive journeys run."

Bishop Kavanaugh reported to the folks in Kentucky that Clinton Kelly had grown rich in Oregon, but had maintained his faith and piety. The Bishop belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Whether the evening hymn was an accident, or a flash of humor, is unknown, but there is no doubt about the following incident. Clinton Kelly had for his guests a group of ex-confederate soldiers, and at evening prayers he sang:

"Show pity Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live!"

FAITHFUL IN THE LIGHT

Clinton Kelly treated life seriously, and obeyed at every step the highest that he knew. Dr. William Roberts said he was a good man, full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost. Then he added: "As a citizen, a man of business, a philanthropist, and a Christian, Father Kelly was a grand old man; and in all the elements which go to make up a substantial moral character he appeared to fine advantage." After paying this high tribute to the character of Mr. Kelly, Dr. Roberts stressed his tireless industry, his unselfishness, the practical character of his religion, his fidelity to duty, his broad benevolence and charity.

Father Kelly, as he was commonly known, believed in God, and went through life making melody to the Lord.

Human values stood high with Mr. Kelly, and his face was set against things that preyed upon them. He hated slavery, and left Kentucky to get away from it. An old chronicle says: "His great love of humanity was most apparent in his constant advocacy of measures for the suppression of intemperance, helping the freedmen, and promoting every principle of Christian civilization." When a fellow of the baser sort invaded one of his campmeetings with a barrel of beer, Mr. Kelly was equal to the occasion. With quiet confidence he turned the faucet and spilled the liquor on the ground. Resisting the devil was vital in his religion.

Desire to be perfect struggled for expression in Mr. Kelly, and his soul was filled with the fire and energy of God. He found in Christ a complete Saviour from sin, and his personal testimony, corroborated by a consistent and blameless life, was this: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

No virtue is safe that is not passionate. Mr. Kelly's religion was a great enthusiasm, and he was driven by the winds of God. For a number of years he punctually attended the Mt. Tabor Sunday School with his large family; he gave most of

the money to build Lee Chapel, which stood not far from the present location of the Clinton Kelly Memorial Church; he was the largest contributor to the Church on the East Portland Circuit, and when paper money was depreciated he paid the Lord in gold. The records of East Portland Circuit relate that he preached frequently at Lee Chapel, Mt. Tabor, and in the regions beyond.

Browning speaks of men being drunk with truth. Father Kelly sometimes experienced this sensation. Dr. Isaac Dillon, a former editor of the *Pacific Christian Advocate*, saw him in those splendid moments. This is what he wrote: "As a speaker Clinton Kelly was deliberate and clear, comprehensive and profound, opening up often times to delighted audiences new veins of divine truth, astonishing and grand."

Mr. Kelly's eloquent and effective speech stirred the souls of the people. "We saw," writes Dr. Dillon, "a whole audience melted into tears as Clinton Kelly arose at the close of the first sermon he had heard touching the war, and drawing out his purse took therefrom a piece of coin and proceeded to comment on the words, 'United States of America,' as found thereon. Such expressions of profound love for country was never heard surpassed in pathos and power."

A CHRISTIAN DEATH

The last days of Clinton Kelly were full of faith and hope, and his death was triumphant. Bishop Shepard once said, "How beautiful is a Christian death!" Clinton Kelly's departure is worthy of this distinction. When he was going down to the river he said: "I have no way to express my love and devotion and homage for the Lord Jesus. I now seem to be in the jungle and tangle-brush, so to speak, on the banks of the river; but when I get down to the banks, the light will shine from the other shore."

He was not disappointed. The chronicle of his death says:

"His workmen and family and neighbors were called together on several occasions during his illness, and such counsels and testimony given as his large experience and earnest convictions would prompt. When he could not longer address them he dictated utterances to be read." His ruling passion, laboring for the good of others, was strong in death.

A SACRED PLACE

Clinton Kelly's grave is a sacred place. It is on the east side of the church erected to his memory. When Dean Stanley of Westminster Abbey visited the graveyard at Wesley's Chapel, London, he said to the chapel-keeper:

"Is this ground consecrated?"

"Yes," answered the chapel-keeper.

"By what Bishop?" inquired the Dean.

"By depositing in it the bones of that good man, John Wesley."

"A very good answer," replied the Dean.

Likewise the pioneer graveyard, adjoining the Kelly Memorial Church, was consecrated by depositing in it the bones of that good man, Clinton Kelly.

IX.

WHEN THE DESERT WAS IN BLOOM

"The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."—ISAIAH.

OREGON METHODISTS were deeply stirred, and many were led into the way of a new life. Jones and Sails, as they were commonly called, were outstanding figures in the great awakening. They were God's own sunshine, inspiring thousands of lives, and bringing them face to face with God.

T. L. Jones and T. L. Sails were alike in spirit, and in manner each was the complement of the other. Jones was evangelical in temperament, full of human sympathy, and his enthusiasm for God was contagious. The face of Sails was a *Te Deum*, and his soul was a fountain of irrepressible happiness.

Both Jones and Sails were subjects of a profound religious experience, which unmade and remade their souls. T. L. Sails was converted in the old Taylor Street Church, Portland. In a shining moment he saw the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. The vision dominated his life, inspired his courage, and became the theme of his ministry.

SOMETHING BETTER THAN GOLD

T. L. Jones was a gold miner by occupation, and lived a rollicking and aimless life. But he found something better than gold. Of his new treasure he wrote: "I had been so intent on making money that religious matters received scant attention. But God's Spirit convicted me of sin, and I saw my lost condition." Then he cried to the Lord for mercy, and the hand of God grasped his hand. It was a splendid moment in his life, which lifted him out of his sin and unbelief. Of that experience

he said: "This made me so happy that I knew not how to express my feelings." It was a taste of the joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Conversion is the miracle of the religious life, and T. L. Jones soon realized its significance. He had been brought up to look upon baptism as the birthday of a Christian, but, though baptized eight years before, he had never known the joys of regeneration. This, however, was different. He says, "When the light broke into my soul, everything was changed; my aspirations, desires, and hopes were all turned into a new channel." Henceforth, his birthday as a Christian was the day of his conversion.

The change lifted Mr. Jones out of himself, and introduced him forever to the spiritual life. In fact, he was a new creature in Christ. He went back to his old environment in the mines, but he found something had gone out of him. This is the way he puts it: "I occupied the same cabin among my former associates; but I was in a new world, because Christ was being formed in my soul the hope of glory." The worldly life had lost its hold on him, and his heart was singing and making melody unto God.

It was not long before the young convert was called to wrestle with the new meaning life had taken on. At first he resisted the call to service, thinking he never could pray or speak in public. But one day, under the shade of a tree, he promised God he would do his duty. His first taste of the joy of service was delightful and satisfying. He had talked to God in a public meeting. "Perhaps," he said, "my prayer lasted a minute. I was never able to recall a word of it, but that night as I wended my way home I could hardly feel the ground under my feet for the joy welling up in my soul."

FINDING HIS CALLING

God designates his ministers, and soon after his conversion

Thomas L. Jones was called to preach. His soul was stirred with a new sense of duty, which frequently broke through. "At our camp meeting," he says, "and when the pastor held revival meetings, the fire would burn in my soul until, sometimes before fully realizing what I was doing, I would mount a bench and exhort sinners to come to Christ."

Father Kahler, one of the saints of Southern Oregon, was a discerner of spirits, and he knew that the new convert was separated unto the Gospel of God. So when a man was needed for circuit work he said to the presiding elder: "We have thought that Brother Jones might sometime make a preacher."

A committee, consisting of the presiding elder and pastor, waited on Brother Jones, and the following conversation took place:

"We want you to accept a license to preach, and take charge of this circuit."

"Impossible!" replied Mr. Jones, "I cannot preach, I never preached in my life."

"But we believe it to be God's will," urged the committee, "and your friends here think that God intends you for a preacher."

Brother Jones went to his cabin and spent the night in prayer. He knew it was the call of God. To that call he was afraid to say no, and lacked the courage to say yes. In the morning, however, his wrestling soul had a new vision of God, and life had a new meaning. In a few days he was licensed to preach, and appointed to his first charge.

The new preacher faced no easy task. "My charge," he writes, "was ninety-five miles long and seventy wide, consisting of sixteen appointments. Our preaching places were miners' cabins, settlers' shanties and little school houses." His first appointment was about fifty miles from home.

Finding a suitable text for the occasion was a serious problem

for the young preacher. He wrestled with it until Friday. He finally decided on the great words of St. Paul:

"Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

God discovers himself to those who will bring heart and life to His service. To Brother Jones the text was like a rainbow spanning the heaven of heavens, and its message became the keynote of his ministry.

THE SUBLIME IMPULSE

The fire and energy of God rushing in upon the soul is familiar enough in the New Testament. Old writers said, "The Holy Ghost fell upon them." Mr. Jones sought and found this blessing. He describes the sensation as follows: "After preaching there came the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It deluged my soul. My heart was like a small cup under great Niagara." He was filled with the fullness of God. Self was lost in Christ, and his servant said: "Not I; but Christ liveth in me."

Apostolic results attended the preaching of this spirit-filled man. Look at one meeting. His sermon was on the Last Judgment. As he proceeded he seemed to see the people dropping into a bottomless pit, and the people trembled in the presence of a rayless and hopeless eternity. Suddenly he cried: "If any of you people want to escape hell, arise to your feet!" Nearly all in the house arose, and before the revival closed almost the entire community were converted. There was great joy in that neighborhood, and the flowers of faith burst into bloom.

Henceforth Jones and Sails were linked together, and the fruit of their labor is a romance in Evangelism. At Oregon City the membership of the Church was doubled in a single

year. At Drain one hundred and three persons were brought to Christ. Seventy-six people were converted at Sheridan, and at Salem First Church, where the meeting continued for seven weeks, about five hundred enthroned Christ as Lord in their hearts. It was said that every student taking the college course in Willamette University was converted.

It was a day of the Lord. Religion became passionate, and devout souls were driven by a sublime and conquering impulse. Yielding to its sway, W. W. Brooks, though a "tight-wad" by nature, gave \$24,000 for evangelistic work in Africa. Lizzie McNeal, E. A. Shoreland, and John G. Tate became missionaries in Africa, where Tate and Shoreland laid down their lives.

A new day dawned in Oregon Methodism. Stagnation had overtaken the Church, and there were signs of decay. "Can these dry bones live?" is an old question. The breath of God quickened the Oregon Church into newness of life.

LIVING BY FAITH

Daring faith won the admiration of Jesus, and was frequently encouraged by Him. "Great is thy faith," He said to a certain woman, and she received what she sought. "If thou canst but believe," was His suggestion to a certain man, "all things are possible to him that believeth." Faith brings the soul to God, and is a miracle working wonder.

T. L. Jones relates an incident that is full of daring faith. During his absence from home, on account of illness, the faith of Mrs. Jones was severely tested.

One morning the family had used the last dust of flour for breakfast, and the children said, "Ma, where is our next bread coming from?"

Mrs. Jones replied, "I do not know, but God will send it."

She took the baby in the morning and went to the garden to hoe potatoes. Laying the baby down in the fence corner upon

a little blanket she worked until about ten o'clock. As she left the house she told her niece to start dinner, and the girl said:

"Aunt Mary, there is nothing to cook."

Mrs. Jones told her to put on some dry beans, of which there was a plenty in the house, and go ahead as if they had all that was necessary for dinner. About ten o'clock the girl called, saying:

"Aunt Mary, come to the house, somebody is here."

On reaching the house, to the surprise of Mrs. Jones, there stood one of the official members from a country appointment. He was accompanied by one of the stewards, and his wagon was at the door loaded with flour, meat, fruit and vegetables.

"How is this that you come in the middle of the week?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"I started to the mill this morning," the visitor replied, "and when I got about half way there the thought occurred to me that I had better go to the parsonage, perhaps Mrs. Jones is out of flour. I immediately returned to the house and my wife wished to know why I had come back, and I told her that I thought I ought to go to the parsonage with flour and provisions."

On the way he called upon the neighbors, told them of his sudden impulse, and his wagon was loaded.

There was a singing heart in the parsonage that day, and a soul that understood. Some would call it a coincidence, but a woman's faith called it an answer to prayer. The ancient message still holds, "According to your faith be it unto you."

SAILS GOES HOME

In the prime of life Thomas L. Sails descended into the valley of the shadow of death. His triumphant soul passed through the valley, climbed the foothills beyond, and mounted from peak to peak until the topmost summit was reached. There

glory beyond glory broke around him, and he passed through the golden gate into the greater glory beyond.

"Prepare to meet thy God," was the theme of his last sermon.

His physician requested T. L. Jones to tell his comrade that his passing hour was near. When the message was delivered, Mr. Sails said:

"All right, Brother Jones, I'll be at the depot waiting for you. Be loyal to God, and preach a full gospel. Tell the people that Christ can save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him."

He proceeded to make arrangements for his funeral, suggesting the preachers who should take part, and the hymns to be sung.

He selected Centenary Church, Portland, where he enjoyed a delightful pastorate, as the place for his funeral service, and asked to be buried in Lone Fir Cemetery.

Among the hymns to be sung at the church was "Jerusalem, the Golden," and the dying man requested that his favorite hymn be sung at the grave, not omitting the stanza,

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

His wishes were carried out. T. L. Jones preached the funeral sermon; and a great company of preachers and laymen mourned for Thomas L. Sails, and celebrated his triumphant faith in triumphant song.

VII.

Under a Sacred Tree



LEE MISSION CEMETERY

*"To a mysteriously united pair
This place is consecrate; to Death and Life,
And to the best affections that proceed
From their conjunction; consecrate to faith
In Him who bled for man upon the cross;
Hallowed to revelation; and no less
To reason's mandates; and the hopes divine
Of pure imagination;—above all
To charity, and love, that have provided,
Within these precincts, a capacious bed
And receptacle, open to the good
And evil, to the just and the unjust;
In which they find an equal resting place."*

—WORDSWORTH.



I.

VENERABLE AND HONORABLE SHRINES

*"Yon tall pine tree,
Hath now its own peculiar sanctity."*

—WORDSWORTH.

WORDSWORTH'S pine tree was situated in a mountain graveyard, an emblem of pain and sorrow, and consecrated to triumphant hope and glorious victory. My tree is sacred to ideals and visions, and situated in the most religiously romantic spot on the Pacific Coast.

MACHPELAH OF OREGON PIONEERS

The spot is God's Acre, and the Machpelah of the Oregon pioneers. The last grave of the old pioneers is that of Josiah L. Parrish, and by it is the grave of his devoted wife, who gave the land for a cemetery, and founded an Orphan's home near by. Both came to Oregon on the Lausanne in 1840, and both spent their lives building up the temple of the Lord. The tombstone of Mr. Parrish carries the inscription: "Missionary to the Indians, Called by them, 'The Man of Peace'." To this encomium we may add that Brother Parrish was the first Methodist preacher ordained in Oregon, served the church as

"Missionary Blacksmith," as well as missionary to the Indians, preached in the Oregon penitentiary, and was president of the Board of Trustees of Willamette University.

The cemetery crowns a gentle knoll overlooking a fine landscape on every side. Toward the west, and in the immediate foreground, lies Salem, the capital of Oregon, by the "Beautiful Willamette." Across the river rise the green Polk County hills stretching away to the blue of the Coast Range. To the east, beyond Salem prairie, and over the Waldo hills, sweeps the line of the Cascades, with the sentinel peaks of Hood, Jefferson, and the Three Sisters guarding the holy ground and sacred dust.

The first grave to be opened in this sacred spot was that of Anna Pitman Lee, and her infant son. Old Oregon knows nothing more pathetic and romantic than the story of this beautiful and brilliant young woman. She was the first white woman married in Oregon, and the first white woman of Oregon to enter the portal of the sky. Her husband, Jason Lee, was away from home at the time of her death, fulfilling the command of duty, and, as an old chronicle says, "the afflicted band of missionaries committed to the grave the body of this youthful mother, with her son clasped in her arms."

Almost four years later Lucy Thompson Lee was buried in the same spot. She died March 20, 1842, a little over two years after her marriage to Jason Lee. She came on the *Lausanne*, and is described as a woman of rare moral and intellectual endowment, finely educated and every way qualified to cheer the heart and sustain the courage of the great missionary in his dangerous and self-denying toils. What Tennyson said of Arthur Hallam may be written of her, "The finger of God touched her, and she slept." Her sickness was brief and not considered dangerous. She died in the arms of her husband, leaving to his care an infant daughter, then but three weeks old.

Jason Lee's grave is among those of the dear ones he loved so well. He died March 12, 1845, at the age of forty-one, in the city of his birth in Lower Canada. After a lapse of sixty years the Methodists of Oregon brought home his sacred dust, and interred it in the cemetery that bears his name, when a great company, including many representative people in Church and State, met to pay honor to his memory. His little three-year-old daughter was the burden of his dying days, and the last act of his life was signing a message to Rev. and Mrs. Gustavus Hines, in which he said: "I must hold you responsible, under God, to train that child for heaven."

It was a sacred trust, and sacredly discharged. The little girl became one of the most accomplished graduates of Willamette University, gifted in mind and soul, and a shining light in the faculty of that institution. In her full orb'd womanhood she lay down to rest by her mother's side.

Cyrus Shepard was a beautiful character, and his grave is in this sacred spot. Like Pascal, he was seldom an hour free from pain; and like Richard Baxter, he had about every disease named in the books, and some besides. Cyrus was frail in body, but mighty in spirit,—a great saint, and a great mystic in the depth of his piety, and the fervor of his love to Christ. He died in great triumph with the dying year of 1839.

OTHER NOTABLE SHRINES

The mausoleum of Alvan F. Waller is near my tree. What a large and unique place he filled in Old Oregon. He came on the Lausanne in 1840, built the first Protestant church west of the Rocky Mountains at Oregon City, built the first church in Salem, erected the first brick building on the campus of Willamette University, was one of the founders of the *Pacific Christian Advocate* in 1855, and chairman of the first Publishing Committee. He came to belong to the Oregon country, like the peaks of the Cascades, and when he died Dr. William

Roberts said, "We are almost jealous of death's selection, and grudge this man to the grave."

Gustavus Hines was buried here in 1874. He preached the Centenary sermon on the Lausanne in 1840, explored the Umpqua with Jason Lee in August of the same year, delivered the Independence Day address at Champoeg, July 4, 1843, and presided the next day at the meeting to adopt laws for the government of the Colony. His person was large, his voice had great force and compass, his appearance was commanding and majestic, and his brethren called him "a noble worker for Jesus."

A tall monument marks the graves of William Roberts and James H. Wilbur, and their devoted companions. These four came to Oregon together in 1847. Mr. Roberts was Superintendent of the Oregon Mission, and founder of the Church in its organized forms in Oregon and California; and Mr. Wilbur built the first church in Portland, opened the first school in Portland, founded the Umpqua Academy, pioneered Methodism in Southern Oregon, and achieved success and renown as a missionary to the Indians. Born within a year of each other, Roberts and Wilbur died in the same order, and each attained the ripe age of seventy-six.

There is another famous grave in this old burial-ground. It is the grave of Erastus Otis Haven,—scholar, editor, college president, preacher with classic style and fervent oratory, and the first resident Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the Pacific Coast. He came to Oregon from San Francisco in 1881 to fill speaking engagements, and preside at the Annual Conference in August; but death overtook him before the Conference met, and he went home to God at the age of sixty-one. His monument is a memorial of the Pacific Coast Conferences, and it bears this inscription: "His life was Beautiful, His death Triumphant, His Work Abiding."

The grave of W. Scott Lewis tells a beautiful and pathetic

story. He was a flaming evangelist, who, under God, kindled revival fires in Portland, Salem, Oregon City and Corvallis, and died at The Dalles, after a brief illness, at the age of thirty-eight. He had just been appointed presiding elder of Walla Walla district; his wife and child had gone east for a visit, and he died in the home of I. D. Driver. One can almost feel the charm of his personality, and the fervor of his eloquence in the inscription on his tombstone. It reads: "He spoke, and words more soft than rain brought the age of gold again."

MORNING OF THE RESURRECTION

Othere graves of notable folks are to be found in this sacred spot. It is the last resting place of Isaac D. Driver, Harvey K. Hines, Nehemiah Doane, George M. Booth, John H. Roork, D. L. Spaulding, Daniel L. Rader, Wesley M. Erskine, Thomas Cochran, John McIntire, Wm. C. Stewart, and many more Methodist preachers. Here, also, are the graves of Mr. and Mrs. J. Quinn Thornton, and those of W. H. Odell and his life companions. Standing one day in City Road graveyard, London, John Wesley said: "I should like to be buried here, and on the morning of the resurrection rise with all my children round me." Such, I fancy, will be the joy of this goodly company in Lee Mission cemetery when the trumpet of God shall sound, and the dead in Christ arise.

Whittier said a fine thing in a beautiful way when he wrote: "With drooping head and branches crossed, the twilight forest grieves." My tree was burdened with grief, and its sorrow found expression in dirge-like tones, and whispered laments.

II.

FLOWERS OF THE SHADE

*"Shall I tell you what powerful fairy
Built up this palace for me?
It was only a little white Violet
I found at the root of a tree."*

—ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

“SWEET breathed flowers of the shade” is Wordsworth’s tribute to the violets, and Bacon loved the violets because, above all other flowers, they yield the sweetest smell in the air. There were violets under my tree; they did not abolish the shade, but made it beautiful and fragrant.

This is a parable of life, and one of God’s keys to the mystery of sorrow and pain.

THE SHADOW OF GOD

Browning called sorrow the shadow of God, and in it flowers of rare beauty come to perfection. “He hath sent Me to heal the brokenhearted,” said the Man of sorrows; and likewise, “Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.” Both are flowers of the shade, and both proclaim the redemption of sorrow.

The world is charmed into gladness by the beauty of these flowers, and sweet with their breath. In the shadow of death we sing, “Jesus, lover of my soul,” and “Rock of Ages, cleft for me”; and on monuments of marble we read, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.” Pain and sorrow are not abolished by Jesus, but made beautiful and sweet.

Glorious things are spoken of the shadow of God. In it

Job received a new vision of the Almighty, and was able to say, "Now mine eye seeth Thee!" David pronounced his afflictions a means of grace. Our Lord was perfected through suffering. And St. Paul learned to glory in infirmities that the power of Christ might rest upon him.

"Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer," said the Christ of the Apocalypse. "Behold I will give thee a crown." Adelaide Procter saw a woman tear the crown from her brow, and fling it away; and then she traveled through the world searching for flower or gem to take its place. But, finding nothing of equal beauty, she took up her slighted sorrow, and said: "Proudly now I wear it, set with stars of light, upon my brow."

"Where will God be absent?" asked Browning. He answered, "In His face is light, and in His shadow healing, too." And it was in the "Sanctuary of Sorrow" that Tennyson found the great world's altar stairs that slope through darkness up to God.

FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY

Beecher called pain and sorrow the tools by which God fashions folks for better things.

Wordsworth looked upon sorrow as a prime factor in the creation of character. The hero of one of his tales is a soul by force of sorrows high, uplifted to the purest sky of undisturbed humanity; and the heroine went from fair to fairer, day by day, a more divine and heavenly way. Then this foremost interpreter of life added: "Even such this blessed pilgrim trod, by sorrow lifted towards her God."

Emerson thought the main enterprise of the world is the up-building of a man. So did Luther. The natural man, Luther said, is like flax, which must be combed and threshed and torn before it comes to the use for which it was grown. He is like the ore out of the iron mine. It is smelted in the furnace; it

is forged into bars upon the anvil; a new nature is at last forced upon it, and it becomes steel.

Coulson Kernahan said of the ministry of pain: "From a harp or violin, which is out of tune, comes not music but discord. It may be that even as a musician screws tighter and tighter each separate string till the whole instrument be in harmony, so the racking of nerves which we call pain may be no more than the hand of God tuning the strings of men's souls to sweet accord, that out of discord may come harmony, out of brief suffering shall come eternal bliss!"

Blessed are the mourners! This is told of a father, whose heart was broken with grief. Gladly he would have died for his child, but that could not be. So he sat by the cot, and watched the life of his little one ebb away. When the end came, the father knelt by the lifeless form and prayed, saying:

"Lord Jesus, lover of little children! Take my little maid. If she is with Thee, all is well. Guard her, dear Jesus, until I come to Thee for her."

That night he looked up into the tops of the hills, and into the starry skies, and said:

"Where is my little maid?"

And, lo, above the mountains, and beyond the stars, he saw the Good Shepherd with the child in His bosom.

The vision vanished. But the wind had a voice, and the stars talked to him out of the sky, and they repeated over and over, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Pain and sorrow and death in human life are the results of a serious moral rupture, and not directly chargeable to God; but, under God, they are ministers of mercy to mankind.

OUR SWEETEST SONGS

Once more I looked at the violets under the tree. With glowing faces they lifted their eyes to heaven in thankfulness

for the warmth and the light, and their fragrance went up as incense unto God.

"This shall be a sign unto you," said the fairy.

Then I recalled the literature of sorrow, scattered through all the country of thought, from the "Book of Job" to Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and knew of a truth that—

"Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thoughts."

So the little white violets "built up this palace for me"; and, in this house not made with hands, I caught a glimpse of the meaning of pain, and of the relation of these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, to the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

DE PROFUNDIS

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord!" David is not alone in this cry. Difficulty, defeat, disease, pain, old age, death, come to man in order that he may discover the depths and secrets of his own nature, and from those depths cry unto God!

Such, in fact, is the *de profundis* of Jason Lee. "May heaven save you," he wrote, "from the pangs I feel.

"But in the midst of all I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice, that my companions are where they can never suffer and that I too shall join them in that glorious realm.

"Glory to God in the highest! I can exult in the midst of the furnace. 'One like unto the Son of Man' is with me, and I expect to come forth without the smell of fire upon my garments."

III.

TONGUES OF PENTECOST

*"With drooping head and branches crossed
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves."*

—WHITTIER.

MY TREE had another aspect. It was confident, hopeful, jubilant. Whittier's tree spoke with tongues of Pentecost; and old Hebrew prophets saw the trees clapping their hands, and rejoicing before the Lord. Think of a tree acting this way in a graveyard! But, in this aspect, my tree was a symbol of the Christian conquest of pain and death.

THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

In the Interpreter's House, I read what great Christians had written on the wall. St. Paul was very sure of victory. "Death is yours," he wrote; and from time to time he added such sayings as these: "To die is gain," "Death is swallowed up in victory," "He abolished death," and "The last enemy to be destroyed is death!" The day of his death was to be the day of his coronation. St. Paul looked upon pain and death as the consequences of sin; but, by the grace of God, he gloried in distress, and triumphed over death.

"Death," wrote Lord Bacon, "is a Friend of ours, and he that is not ready to receive him is not at home." It is a saying of Coleridge that man has three treasures—love, light, and calm thoughts; and three friends, more sure than day and night—himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death. Sidney Lanier called

Death the sweetest and dearest of all the angels to him who understands; and Adelaide Procter sang beautifully of the "Beautiful Angel, Death."

On the wall Wordsworth wrote his thoughts concerning life and death. He likened the world to a school, life to a teacher, and death to a graduation. He called Death "the comforter," "the quiet haven," a shadow thrown lightly by a passing cloud"; and, in one aspect, he declared that death is "replete with vivid promise, bright as spring." No wonder he wrote this beautiful prayer:

"Glorify for us the West,
When we shall sink to final rest."

Tennyson called death a second birth, and declared its true name is "Onward." "We go," said Mr. Beecher, "to the grave of a friend, saying, a man is dead; but the angels throng around him, saying, 'A man is born!'" Swedenborg thought the inhabitants of heaven are continually advancing toward the spring-time of their youth, so that those who have lived the longest are really the youngest.

Whittier saw in death, "A covered way," "A silent sea," and "A muffled oar." The covered way opened into light, wherein no blinded child can stray beyond the Father's sight. God is on the silent sea, His hand guides the muffled oar, and no harm from Him can come to us on ocean or on shore.

Longfellow wrote that death is the "Portal of the skies," and spoke of the death of a good man as a step into the open air, out of a tent already luminous with the light that shines through its transparent walls.

"Death," said Victor Hugo, "has its revelations. Light comes to us with our grief. I have faith. I believe in the future life." And he thanked God for the right to suffer, since it brings with it the right to hope.

THE DEAR HOPEFUL WEST

These "tongues of Pentecost" are the sunlit leaves of the tree of life. What hopeful and triumphant interpretations of life, of pain and sorrow and death! Is this hope fanciful, or faithful to human experience?

"On the roaring billows of time men are not engulfed," wrote Carlyle, "but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity." Such was the experience of Jason Lee. We have seen him passing through deep waters of affliction; indeed, he might well have said, "All Thy waves and Thy billows have gone over me!" But when he looked deathward, he looked over death and upward. In a shining moment he saw the Spirits of two beloved companions awaiting his arrival in heaven, and ready to welcome him to that bright abode.

Mr. Lee died among his kindred, and early friends in the forty-second year of his age. His joy was not ecstatic during his long illness, but his faith was firm and his hope unwavering. When the Rev. Mr. Brock, the Wesleyan minister in Stanstead, in one of his visits, inquired of him the state of his mind, he replied with much assurance:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

In a letter to the Missionary Board, addressed to Brother Lane, February 7, 1845, he said:

"Rest assured, beloved brethren, 'For me to live is Christ, to die is gain.'"

About ten minutes before he expired he raised his eyes toward heaven and seemed to be gazing with intent fixedness upon celestial objects, while a heavenly smile played upon his countenance, and his immortal and happy spirit, had glided away to his eternal rest.

John Wesley gloried in the fact that Methodists die well, and he asked concerning a deceased woman: "Did she die in triumph, or only in peace?" Cyrus Shepard died in great tri-

umph. When the surgeon was cutting off his diseased leg, he frequently exclaimed:

"God is good! God is good!"

Just before his departure, he said: "All is peace! peace! Oh, what glory! glory!"

One that stood by said, "Surely he is dying!"

"Yes," Mr. Shepard replied, "I am dying, but dying to live again. I shall soon be over Jordan."

He wrestled with the billows of a strong and stormy river; but God sustained him, and took him safely across.

In his last illness Alvan F. Waller conversed freely of death, viewing it calmly as though he was going on a journey. When he was dying he called for a song, and said to the Angel at the golden gate:

"Let me into rest eternal!"

The passing of William Roberts was like that of Standfast in Bunyan's wonderful story. There was a great calm at that time in the river, and when Mr. Roberts was about half-way in he stood awhile and talked with his companions and friends.

"I have no special manifestation of the Divine presence," he said, "but all is clear and bright."

As he neared the other shore he said to a brother minister: "My work is done, all done; I have nothing now to do but gather up my feet and die."

The day before he died he called the roll of the Oregon Conference, so far as his memory would permit, lingered lovingly on the names of his brethren in the ministry, and invoked the blessing of God upon each one of them by name in their work.

Mrs. Roberts lived to be almost a hundred years old. She was blind in her last days, but her memory was a store-house of Scripture words. God's word was the joy and the rejoicing of her heart; and she went down to her grave, like an autumn leaf, with the glory of God upon her face.

The monument of Bishop E. O. Haven records that his

death was triumphant. A few hours before his departure he sang softly :

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

"Father, are you better?" asked his son.

"O, yes," he replied, I feel the beginning of a new life."

His song was the music of heaven begun on earth, and the new life that he felt was the everlasting life.

This is the way these pilgrims went up on high. As I looked upon their venerable shrines, the triumphant words of Bunyan were easily recalled. He wrote: "Glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with heroes and chariots, with trumpets and pipers, with singers and players upon stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city."

A RELIGIOUS TEACHER

Dr. James M. Buckley called death the world's most powerful religious teacher, and pain is a close second. But, thank God, their ministry is limited to this present evil world. Of the heavenly country it is written, "There shall be no more pain," and, "There shall be no more death." When the need of their distressing and tragic ministry is removed, they are to be abolished. Meanwhile the saints of the Most High pass under the rod, and pass through the valley of the shadow of death, supported by the exceeding great and precious promise:

"My Grace is sufficient for thee."

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CORRECTION: Third line, page 79, lectures instead of "lecture"; third line, page 203, Breton instead of "Briton."

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